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PAST TIMES AND PASTIMES

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THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN, K.P.

PAST TIMES

AND

PASTIMES

BY THE

EARL OF DUNRAVEN
K.P., C.M.G.

IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. I

HODDER AND STOUGHTON
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FOREWORD

When I bethought me to spend the autumn evenings in jotting down reminiscences, I had no desire to write a biography or an outline of history. I could not have done so even if it had been my wish, for the material necessary for the purpose was lacking, and I could not view Irish politics with an impartial eye. Nevertheless, when I came to think about politics and events in Ireland, some material was available, and I have referred to it. In all other respects I had to rely entirely on memory, for the following reason.

In the summer of 1894 my yacht *Valkyrie II.* was in collision with *Satanita* at Hunter's Quay on the Clyde, and sank in about four minutes. Of course everything went down with her, and, for a long time after, the disappearance of anything was accounted for by "It must have gone down in *Valkyrie*." About some of the objects I had my doubts; but, unquestionably, a diary that I had kept did go to the bottom of the sea in over twenty fathoms of water, and I never had the courage to re-write the diary or to start another. I could not, therefore, place events in proper chronological order. I was forced to deal with topics rather than years; and so, sitting musing by the fire on winter evenings and talking to myself, I just

tried to gather together the withering leaves of memory as they came fluttering down, and made notes of my impressions of episodes and subjects, just as they presented themselves to me, without reference to dates. If, therefore, my recollections of facts and people and occurrences overlap, or are in dates inexact, the blame attaches to *Satanita* for sinking my ship and my diary, not to me.

DUNRAVEN.

January 3, 1922.

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I

IRELAND

Early Recollections

I was born in Ireland, at Adare in the good little old county of Limerick, the one exception in a family of six; and my natal advantages were impressed upon me at an early date. As a very small boy I used to wander about among the nearest tenants' houses, and would be hoisted on to a table to make a speech. I always made the same speech, concise and to the point—"I am an Irishman bred and born," and it was always greeted with more applause than has often been given to later and more ambitious efforts. My grandfather died in 1850, and up to that date my father and mother lived at Dunraven, in Glamorgan; and my early years, full of all the joys of childhood, were spent there; but, as in memory I always project myself to Adare, I confine my early recollections to Ireland.

I remember both my grandfathers—my maternal forebear, Thomas Goold, Serjeant-at-Law, very slightly; in fact, all I remember about him is his rescuing a very small boy eating grapes at Dunraven from the attack of a tame (so-called) eagle. He must have been a notable man; but all I know about him is that he was a great athlete and a "man of parts," that he dissipated a large fortune, and in middle life took to the law, amassed another fortune, and rose

to the top of his profession in Dublin. He was a strenuous and vehement opponent of the Act of Union—made, I think, the last speech against it in the Irish House of Commons. How prophetic were the speeches of the Irish "die-hards" of those days! With what accuracy they foretold all the disasters—financial and other—that would befall Ireland from abolishing her constitution and depriving her of the right to legislate for herself! And how clearly they foresaw the evil consequences to Great Britain!

For a trace of my grandmother, Mrs. Goold, I search my memory in vain. Not so with my paternals. I remember them very well. That grandfather was devoted to shooting and fishing and a country life. I do not think he was interested in politics, science, or art. I knew him as a kindly, delightful old gentleman, but all crippled up with gout—a martyr to it. Denied all the field sports he had loved, he built himself a house—I verily believe as much for something to do as for any other reason, for he had a very good house already. I remember my grandmother very well—a charming and benign old lady. During the thirty odd years the house took in building my grandparents lived in the old house, pulling it down bit by bit, and inhabiting remnants until a few rooms in the new house were ready for occupation. The discomfort must have been awful; but the building was their hobby, and I suppose they did not mind it. Every stone quarried, and every tree cut for the building, was native produce. My grandfather employed no architect, no contractor, just took the ordinary stonemason and village carpenter, trained them, and built a goodly house. Every bit of carving in stone and wood is the work of native village talent; and the work is very good.

In Irish controversies any one who received a

Peerage or promotion about the time of the Union is stigmatised as a "Union Peer"—and the stigma is supposed to attach itself to all future generations. But, among the many misstatements made about facts and motives in Ireland, few are more glaring than that the Union was consistently and universally detested in the country, and that the support given to it in Parliament was entirely venal. I am not defending the Union. It was scandalously brought about, more especially in that the Irish Parliament was not allowed to appeal to the people; but the proposal met with considerable honest support, especially among the Roman Catholic clergy. The strongest opponents were to be found among the people of Dublin and the Northern Orangemen; otherwise, counties vacillated. County Limerick certainly did so. The assumption that every man was venal who supported the Union is outrageous. It is not my business to defend the memory of my great-grandfather: but he was made a Baronet in 1781, a Baron in 1800, a Viscount in 1816, an Earl in 1822; and that looks more like steady progression than reward for a vote for the Union, though for aught I know he may have been in favour of it. Be all this as it may, my father is likely to have been politically impartial by heredity; and I think he was. Field sports did not attract him. Neither did politics, though he sat as a Liberal-Conservative for Glamorgan for nineteen years—the last Conservative to sit for that county till my cousin Colonel Wyndham-Quin was returned for the Southern Division in 1895. The bent of his mind was towards science. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he took his degree, and then studied astronomy for three years at the Dublin Observatory under Sir William Hamilton. Archæology he was devoted to; and he was a great friend

of Montalembert, who dedicated to him a volume of his great work *The Monks of the West.* He was one of the founders of the Irish Archæological Society, of the Celtic Society, and of other similar associations. Devoted to Ireland, he visited every spot of archæological interest in that country, so replete with monuments of the past, and wrote an invaluable classical work—*Notes on Irish Architecture*, in two volumes, published after his death, edited by Miss Margaret Stokes. In fact, his activities were very largely and successfully devoted to scientific subjects and to the cause of education in Ireland. He was a Commissioner of Education.

In about 1855, I think, my father was actually received into the Church of Rome; but he must have been far on his way there long before, for my earliest recollections are of some impalpable difference existing between my father and mother. My mother was a very earnest Protestant, of, I think, a rather Low Church type, and remained so. My father and his brother-in-law William Monsell (afterwards Lord Emly) were prominent founders of St. Columba College. I fancy they must have been in that phase of religious thought that accepts the ritual, doctrine, and dogma of Roman Catholicism, but rejects the absolute authority of Rome. Armagh was the seat of a church before it came under the authority of Canterbury, and consequently of Rome, and in founding St. Columba they doubtless strove to revive the ancient, and in some respects independent, Irish Church. St. Columba Irish Collegiate School was a proselytising enterprise. Its object was to bring the word of God before the people in their native language, to provide Ireland with an Irish-speaking ministry. It is interesting to note the opinions expressed, and the conditions existing then,

as derived from printed letters, etc., bound up in a book I have just found at Adare entitled *The College of St. Columba.* The College was, I gather, founded, or the preliminaries were completed, about 1841. The letters are undated, but are bound up with a *Statement of the College of St. Columba,* dated 1850. The number of people speaking Irish is calculated at 3,740,217, those speaking English at 3,061,610; and the calculations would appear to be accurate, as the relative numbers are given for each county. Doubtless, by Irish- and English-speaking, the habitual, but not necessarily the exclusive, use of either language is meant; still, it is to me very surprising to learn that sixty or seventy years ago Irish was the vernacular to nearly four millions of people. It is no wonder that enthusiasts against the errors of Rome sought means of exposing them in the language dear to more than half the population. The writer of the letter describes the extraordinary power of the language over the people as only to be compared with a charm. He says they looked upon Irish as a holy language which evil beings cannot speak. He describes the Irish as very intelligent, fond of reading, and anxious for instruction, but kept in ignorance by their priests. He appeals to England for assistance on the ground that it was by England that Romanism was first brought into Ireland. The scheme was evidently a vast success in its inception. Lists of co-operators, donors, and subscribers contain the names of apparently all the "Nobility and Gentry and Clergy" of Ireland and all, or most, of the Archbishops and Bishops of Great Britain. The first two names of the list of founders are those of my father and of my uncle by marriage, William Monsell. Very shortly after, the Tractarian Movement swept them both into the arms of Rome, with consequences

that deflected the current of my life from its natural channel.

In my father's case the process of conversion was, I am sure, gradual. He made frequent trips abroad, and, as a small child, I used to listen to his talks with my mother descriptive of the devotion of the people, the beauties of the churches, and the ritual; and, like a small child, I used to wonder what it was all about. I think it culminated in a trip we (that is, my father, mother, and self) took abroad. We travelled in our own carriages (two) from London to Folkestone or Dover, from Boulogne to Paris, all through France, along the beautiful Corniche Road, through Italy to Rome, and back to Lucerne, where we remained some time in a villa named (phonetically) Triepshin. I was eight years old, and remember a good deal about it—that is to say, small details that amused me. I used to sit behind in the rumble with the courier, one Neiderhausen, and enjoyed it very much.

Goodness, what changes in locomotion I have seen! I well remember travelling down from Dublin to Adare by canal boat—fly-boats, I think they were called—because the horses trotted instead of proceeding at the sedate gait appropriate to the commercial barge; and driving in a barouche up to my uncle Gore-Booth at Lissadell in Sligo. It was practically all driving in those days. Then came a transition period during which people sat in their carriages on a railway truck, and travelled, I suppose, at the terrific speed of ten or fifteen miles an hour. Then railway locomotion pure and simple, but with great discomfort, giving way gradually to railway travelling as it is now. Then came bicycles, and the period when we all took lessons in Battersea Park, and made bicycle trips abroad, and thought it " swagger " to ride eighty or one hundred miles in the day. That phase did not

last long in Society—the exercise was too strenuous. Then came the gradual evolution, through much discomfort, of the motor car, from very small and very unreliable beginnings—days when one always stopped to assist a broken-down car and expected to be assisted; and it was not unusual to be ignominiously towed home. I was, and am, very fond of motoring. Steering a racing-yacht comes easily first in pleasurable excitement, then riding a good horse across country; but driving a high-powered car is not to be despised. I have many happy recollections of driving from Boulogne through Paris, Tours, Bordeaux to Pau. Finally came flying. I saw the beginning of that at Pau, when Wilbur Wright gave an exhibition to the late King, and flew a few hundred yards. And I witnessed the marvellous development during the war, and made my first flight from the aerodrome at Felixstowe what time I and my *Grianaig* were attached to the Harwich Flotilla. By all these various methods have I changed my position in space, and, latterly, with great economy in expenditure of time.

Education

But I have run off the track. My father, being an ardent Roman Catholic, naturally desired my conversion, earnestly and sincerely I am sure, though other considerations influenced others. I was an only son, and I used to wonder why they made such a fuss about me, and none at all about my sisters. My mother, being an equally sincere and ardent Protestant, exercised all her will, and a very strong one, against my conversion. I adored my mother, and her influence was very powerful; but I think I should have succumbed had the process been made pleasant for me. But it was not. I was bothered and worried and

exhorted by one side and the other. What can a boy of ten or twelve know, or be taught, about theology? And, finally, I was packed off to Rome, was not allowed to hear from my mother or to write to her; and, of course, that put my back up. Lord Cowley, Ambassador in Paris from 1852 to 1867, was a good friend; and I had a cousin Madame de Bonval, *née* Payne-Gallwey, in Paris, and our ex-courier Neiderhausen used occasionally to smuggle a letter from my mother into Rome, so that now and then I communicated with, and received communications from, the outer world; but otherwise I lived in the strictest and strongest Roman Catholic atmosphere, and I did not like it. I had no companions, no one I could talk to, no school, no play. I remember now the dismal frugality of a Lent of the strictest fasting, and the splendid ceremonials of Holy Week, which did not appeal at all to a starved body and harassed mind. The only pleasure I can remember was going an expedition with my father and a party to explore Cyclopian walls in villages in the Apennines which he was studying in connection with similar archaic buildings in Ireland.

I was, of course, presented to the Pope (Pius IX.), and Cardinal Antonelli and numerous less eminent divines were told off to talk to me. I had a Bible, and searched it well. How they must have laughed when I thumped out a text that gave them, in my opinion, a knock-out blow. I lived in dread of visions or apparitions or miracles which my mother had assured me would be fakes, but of which I was none the less afraid.

It was a poor kind of education for a boy. A spell now and then at a private school at home, an occasional Roman Catholic tutor, isolation at Rome. But it came to an end. I was sent to a kind of coach

in Paris—young men studying French—men five or six years older than I. Not a good school for me from any point of view; and then the climax came when my father wanted me to go to the Roman Catholic College at Oscott, Birmingham. I refused. I had the only scene I ever had with a father I loved and respected; but I would not go. They gave me up as a hopeless case of invincible ignorance; and in 1858 I went to Christ Church, Oxford, at the too early age of 17.

I lost—and it is a great loss—the education, the discipline, and the wholesome training of Eton, or any other great public school, and the intimate friendships that spring from public school life. And being "on my own" at Oxford when I ought to have been at school, and not being of a studious disposition, my university career was not productive of much learning. How infinitely grateful should nowadays children be that they are not brought up, especially as regards religion, as children once were. I was taught to believe in a terrible God, angels that would help me if I was very good, a great arch-devil and numerous lesser devils that would catch me if I was naughty, and a burning fiery physical hell to which the great majority were inevitably consigned to burn for ever in bodies of flesh and blood, but still unconsumable. I used to put my finger as near the candle as I dared till forced to snatch it away to try and realise what it meant. Morbid for a small boy? Yes, of course it was; but consider the controversy that I was so early plunged into. Told on the one hand that Roman Catholicism was the sure road to indescribable physical agony, and on the other that it offered the only certain means of escape! The inevitable consequence was indifference, hardening into disbelief in anything; and for the subsequent reaction spiritu-

alism has something to say. Spiritualism—I mean spiritualism in its modern phase—has for many years been a subject of abuse, derision, and controversy, but always of interest. Latterly, owing probably to the terrible losses which nearly every family in the country sustained during the war, interest in the subject has been intensified, and naturally my thoughts have reverted to the experiences I gained in studying the subject more than half a century ago.

Spiritualistic Phenomena

In 1867 rheumatism persuaded me to go to Dr Gully's hydropathic cure at Malvern; and there I me D. D. Home, the medium, who was a guest and patien of Dr. Gully. I struck up an acquaintance with hir that lasted many years, and, having witnessed som spiritualistic manifestations at Malvern, I wrote to m father about them. He was deeply interested, and a his request I wrote him full particulars of the pheno mena I witnessed during a close study of the subjec with Home that extended over a considerable time These phenomena occurred in all sorts of places and under all sorts of conditions—at home, I mean in England or Ireland, abroad, in private houses or in hotels, in the dark—that is in a subdued light, for Home would not sit in absolute darkness, in bright artificial light, in broad daylight, indoors and out of doors, at regular séances of half a dozen or more, with two or three sitting talking, with only Home and myself in the room. At regular séances preparations and certain formulæ were usually observed, sitting round a table, touching hands and so on. Such séances frequently ended in disappointment, nothing happened; but things frequently did happen, happen without any sort of expectation or preparation, in all

sorts of places, and at any time of the day or night. Eventually my father printed, for private circulation among a few intimate friends, an account of my experiences as written to him, as well as of his own experiences, and of his views on the subject; and some day I may feel it my duty to publish that little book. My own experiences took place more than fifty years ago, and since then I have taken no active interest in the subject. I abandoned it for several reasons. Phenomena were all of the same character. I got "no forrader." I found that I made no progress, or at any rate not sufficient progress to warrant further investigation that was not congenial to me, and was, for some reason or other, physically exhausting. I observed that some devotees were inclined to dangerous extremes, and became so much possessed with the idea of spiritual guidance in the everyday affairs of life as to undermine their self-dependence and to weaken their will-power. The bent of my mind was to deal with the outside—the material facts of this workaday world. Introspection and divings into the occult were foreign to a nature which turned to looking out rather than to looking in. So, having come to certain conclusions, which I see no reason to alter, and received certain impressions, which remain, I abandoned research. Of the reality of physical manifestations, the raising of heavy tables without any visible agency, chairs moving across the floors without human contact, various objects carried through the air from one place to another in a room, and so on and so on, there can be no doubt whatever. Manifestations of this kind have to my knowledge frequently occurred under circumstances in which fraud was absolutely impossible. Either the phenomena took place, or the witnesses were all hypnotised, not only during the sitting, but for hours after, while

(in the particular case I am thinking of) they were engaged noting on a plan of the room the original position of various articles and the places to which they had been moved. That is so absurd that the only possible conclusion is that the phenomena did take place. What was the motive power? On that I formed no theory. By whom was it exercised? Physical manifestations were, in most cases, accompanied by, or interspersed with, messages, questions and answers given by raps indicating the proper letter of the alphabet. The raps were made anywhere: on the table round which we were sitting, on furniture at a distance, on the walls, floor, or ceiling, in semi-darkness, in broad daylight, or in bright artificial light. It seemed to me reasonable to assume that the raps and the other physical phenomena were due to one and the same cause. What was it? The messages received, the questions asked or answered, were coherent and sensible, and appeared to be directed by intelligence. The force making the raps entered into ordinary conversation with the sitters. Was it the intelligence of the medium? It may be possible for a human being to abstract from the consciousness or sub-consciousness of other human beings of whose intimate lives he is in ignorance information as to their past history and present circumstances sufficiently full and accurate to enable him to carry on a satisfactory conversation, and to refer to events often of a very trivial character. But the theory presents great difficulties, and the supposition that the power operating is external to the medium and the sitters and is intelligent, is, I think, more probable. How is this power exercised? It claims to be exercised by discarnate human beings. If that theory is false, then the operators belong to some other order of intelligence, and they must be possessed of powers of penetration

sufficient to enable them to assimilate all the episodes in the past lives of a human entity and to simulate that personality; and they must be obsessed with a desire to deceive, and must be furnished with some marvellous means of effecting their purpose.

It is at least arguable that in this case also the simpler hypothesis is that the operators are discarnate human spirits. Are they the individuals they claim to be? Identity is very hard to prove. All that can be said is that in some cases it would seem that they are, and that in other cases they certainly are not. A prominent feature in all the séances I witnessed was the frequency with which Home fell into a state of trance. In that condition he was, or was alleged to be, controlled by some spirit who spoke through him, and made him represent it, in all the mannerisms, tricks of speech, and gesture appropriate to it during earth-life. Was the controlling influence the spirit that it claimed to be? On some occasions he simulated the dead with marvellous accuracy, but on other occasions he was evidently ignorant of facts of which the alleged controlling spirit could not well be ignorant. Sometimes he spoke beautifully and wisely, at other times most inaccurately, making gross mistakes in science and in other matters. How are these mistakes and the obvious absurdity of some messages to be accounted for? The spiritualistic theory is, I think, that, as communication between the two spheres is easier for those who after death continue closely attached to, and attracted by, this earth-life, messages between the living and the dead may frequently have to pass through many intermediaries. It is certain, at any rate, that all such messages from the other world must finally pass through the brain and nervous system of a human medium. Therein lies the great

difficulty. It is impossible, assuming a message to be sent, to estimate the effect upon it of the conscious or sub-conscious mind of the medium. Until some one invents an instrument other than a human being through which an intelligence, whatever it may be, can communicate, we shall know nothing for certain about the subject. Who knows? Such an invention may be made some day. I think that science may come to the aid of spiritualism, and more light will then be thrown upon the subject.

Astronomers and physicists are making discoveries and announcing theories which to the ordinary man, in or out of the street, are so astounding as to reduce his conception of himself, his environment, of this planet, the universe, of matter generally, and of all that hitherto he has looked upon as natural law, to pulp. I gather that geometry has disappeared, that no distinction exists between straight and crooked, squares and circles, and that backwards and forwards, right and left, up and down, are mere figures of speech. It may be erroneous to say that a blow to my head is caused by a branch of a tree falling on it, and more accurate to infer that my head propelled itself or was propelled against the tree. Ideas of time and space are our own false creations. The only reality is the "interval," and that "interval" has nothing to do with "duration" or "distance." I infer also that "matter" has been explained away—that, in fact, what we call "matter" is a sort of electrical ebullition, and it occurs to me that, in that case, if currents were accelerated, or retarded, or short-circuited, "matter" would be completely changed or dissipated altogether.

Well, I am not a strong swimmer, and I am far out of my depth. I allude to scientific discoveries merely because they may come to account for much that is unsatisfactory in psychic research. All pheno-

mena, all we mean by time and space, motion, stability, and all that our senses suggest to us, are, we are told, conditioned by the observer—that is, by the human brain, so that identically the same thing may present quite a different appearance to two observers, or to one and the same observer under different circumstances. Assume for the moment the survival of intelligent personality after physical death. With whatever apparatus the discarnate individual may be provided, it certainly is not identical with, and may be very different from, the machinery he had used in the flesh; and the same things—everything connected with matter, time, space, duration, movement, stability, may therefore appear differently to the same observer in two very different phases of his existence. The personality of the observer may be the same, the reality of the object observed the same, but the conception of it different. That great difficulty is found in reducing divergent or contradictory perceptions into some common form is not surprising. If the transmitters and receivers are of different type, it is not strange that messages should be tangled, and descriptions vague and deceptive. I surmise that progress in physics will throw a strong beam of light upon psychics.

But having abandoned research half a century ago, and having (fortunately, as I think) no psychic qualities in myself, I have no right to theorise; but latterly spiritualism has been too freely discussed in the Press to be ignored by me, especially as my investigations certainly reacted upon my life. I think the subject is misunderstood. It is not a religion; nor is it a philosophy, though it trenches upon both. I would describe it as a demonstration, or attempt at demonstration, of the universality of a fact very generally accepted in the particular. After all, belief in con-

scious survival, in some form or other, after death, is universal to mankind. It may be delusion, but it may be founded on fact. The claim that certain phenomena in spiritualism are evidence in its favour is as good a working hypothesis as any other that has been advanced to account for these phenomena. It is, at any rate, an hypothesis that, in the search after truth, ought not to be rejected because evidence is so often vitiated by fraud. I know—it is impossible not to know—that for very natural and very sacred reasons human nature is groping with eager hands in the dark for some touch with those beloved who have gone before, and is straining eager eyes for some little light from the Beyond, for some assurance more definite than a pious hope. This is well, provided that research is critical and conducted with reason and reverence. Spiritualism has nothing to do with Theology; but, as it touches upon Religion, it ought to be the subject of most serious examination by the Churches.

That much foolish credulity is satisfied by fraud and deception is evident, and in such a matter inevitable. But though the stream is muddied with self-deception and deliberate fraud, it may flow from a pure source, which should be analysed by cool, scientific brains trained to critical observation, working in a spirit of reverence on a theory which, if true, must have a marked and wholesome effect upon human beings in their conduct and outlook upon life. But this is a long digression; let me switch back to Ireland.

I can just remember the great famine, that awful visitation under which the ship foundered and all classes went down with her. The peasantry perished by actual starvation and by disease—the consequence of famine, and for years the remnants emigrated in their thousands to the United States. Oh! the

scenes on the departure of emigrant trains. Boys and girls, men and women, torn up by the roots from the soil, turned out of all they knew, all they were familiar with, all they were attached to, driven to seek sustenance in a land which then was utterly strange and repulsive to them: and the weeping and wailing of those left behind. The gentry did not die of actual immediate starvation; they had some slight resources to fall back upon: but they did not survive the catastrophe. To say, as has been said, that they were callous and indifferent is a black lie. They did what they could, but they could do but little. They perished—they disappeared by degrees, their places knew them no more; and the whole face of Ireland was changed. Well, the vitality of the Irish people is wonderful. The country recovered itself, but the famine left a mark of misery upon those who stayed at home, and upon those who emigrated, of bitter but ignorant hatred of England that time has not yet obliterated. I say "ignorant hatred" because the people of Great Britain were not callous or hard-hearted. It was the cold, brutally utilitarian "Manchester School" of economics that interfered with necessary relief.

To write a treatise upon the condition and temperament of the people of Ireland, the relations between landlord and tenant, and the social life of half a century ago would be interesting, but very troublesome; and I do not propose to do anything of the kind. I am only jotting down memories of impressions made upon me at the time and which remain with me—impressions derived from conditions existing at home. In those days the relations between landlord and tenant were of a sort of patriarchal or feudal character. Tenants recognised the justice of rents, and paid them punctually when they could.

But they repudiated the English system, and stuck to the tribal theory which their forefathers had striven for so many centuries to maintain. They paid in money to their landlords as their forefathers had paid in kind to the Chief: but that the right to the land was vested solely in the landlord they did not believe. They were in theory tenants at will (of the landlord), but in practice they were tenants at their will, not at the will of the landlords. They dealt with their farms as they liked, left them by will as they chose; and it was very rarely that the owner had to interfere. The great difficulty he had to meet was the desire to make provision for younger sons or sons-in-law by subdividing the farm to a ruinous extent. Tenants made their own improvements, but expected to get, and generally did get, assistance—timber, perhaps slates, haulage, what not, for which they paid nothing. It was a curious jumble-up of tribal usage, feudal custom, modern law; and it could not last. To revert to pure tribal custom was impossible. Nationalisation of land was repugnant to Irish ideas. The English system was intolerable to a people dependent upon land. There remained only the creation of a Peasant Proprietary. Agriculture had to go through the process of "the three F's"—fixity of tenure, free sale, fair rents—absolutely ruinous to it, until the rolling-stone got to the bottom and came to rest in the transfer of ownership to the occupying ex-tenant.

I think my father had some trouble about taking up land to enlarge the demesne; but nothing serious. I know I found, when I succeeded in 1871, various sums that had been entrusted to him to take care of by various tenants, which looks as if they were on friendly terms. I think that the tenants were fairly happy and contented—a little servile in manner,

perhaps (there has been a considerable rebound from that), but light-hearted. Dancing at the cross-roads was common. We frequently had tenants' balls at home; native dances were mostly, but not exclusively, the fashion, and there was great rivalry as to which townland produced the best step-dancers.

The peasantry and labouring men were terribly poor, miserably and unhygienically housed, badly clothed and nourished. Well, at the rate of wages then paid it is difficult to understand how they lived. But, all the same, they were vigorous, not unhealthy, and not unhappy. I honestly believe that, gauged by human light-heartedness, the people were better off in those days than they now are.

The Irish Temperament

The Irish temperament is a curious mixture, a blending of melancholy and joyousness. Deeply religious, spiritual, yearning for national freedom, but otherwise attaching quite secondary importance to the material comforts of a material world, the people are sad, with the sadness of those who seek for more than the material world can give; and sad also in the knowledge of failure to achieve in the material world. The Irish are an old nation, a very old nation in a desperate hurry; and in their anxiety to attain the summit of their ambition at once they have over and over again made shipwreck. They have always betrayed those who would wisely try to lead them, and in doing so have always betrayed themselves. They are a sad people, but prone to quick reaction, and also a joyous people. In those days about which I am dreaming they were more religious, more spiritual, more ignorant, than they are now, and, as I think, more contented.

A belief in fairies was, and is still, in some parts very prevalent in Ireland. A dear old man, who worked in the garden at home, and who died only quite recently, was a firm believer in them, and was full of quaint superstitions. The people, unless they know you very well, are shy of speaking on these subjects; but I am pretty sure that, even now, education and American ideas have not entirely eradicated the belief in what we are pleased to call the supernatural. Sprites, Leprechauns, and such, are, it is said, to be found in Ireland; but the real fairy—the "Sidhe" (pronounced shee—female "banshee") is a creature of another kind. The aborigines in Ireland were, it is said, called "Firbolg." Then came an invasion of "Tuatha de Dananns," and, finally, of "Milesians," from whom all the Celtic Irish are descended. Now the "Tuatha de Dananns" were great magicians. They played all sorts of tricks on the "Milesians," enveloping them in fogs when they were trying to land, and confusing them with delusions in battle; and the war lasted a long time. Both sides became so tired that they had a conference, and, as a compromise, devised a sort of dual system of government. The "Milesians" occupied the surface, and the "Tuatha de Dananns" the under-world. Legendary lore declares that the two races mingled freely, formed alliances for matrimonial and other purposes; but of late at any rate the "Sidhe" ("Tuatha de Dananns") have kept to their underground abodes, and are only occasionally seen holding their feasts on the hillside by favoured individuals. My gardener friend had not seen them himself; but he knew people who certainly had. I don't know much about folklore, but I think that the idea of two races of men dividing the country for which they were fighting into "above and below" is peculiar to Ireland.

The Irish have been educated partially, but not enough. Material conditions have improved immensely. They are far better housed and clothed, and it is their own fault if they are not far better fed; but education has, so far as it has got, tightened the hold of the material over them to the lessening of their spirituality and sense of religion. I have always looked forward with intense dread to the decay of religion; and it has come about. The "priest in politics" I detest; and it is because the Roman Catholic Church has made the fatal mistake of identifying its control in matters of faith and morals with control in secular affairs that the power of that Church in its legitimate sphere has so palpably declined. Education and close contact with American thought have made the people intolerant of interference in secular affairs, and, as the Church fails to distinguish between the secular and the spiritual in the exercise of its powers, it has lost its hold, not only in temporal, but also in spiritual matters. The present phase of thought in Ireland will pass. National characteristics and temperament do not radically change in a few generations. With the spread of education will come enlightenment, and if only Ireland is at last given fair play she will find herself again.

I have passed through troublous times in Ireland without much trouble to myself. If there was trouble with tenants about rents, I usually found a great solvent in unlimited talk. Perennial difficulties arose with tenants of an outlying property. Finally they wrote—would I see a deputation? Of course I would; and the deputation came, and we had a long talk over all their grievances that came to nothing beyond a request that I would come over and judge for myself. So I went over, was met at the railway

station by the whole population, marched in procession to the largest tenant's house, and sat down to listen. They were all as nice and kind as could be. After a while we adjourned to view the land and the nakedness thereof. In vain I protested my ignorance, which was in truth profound—no, they wanted me to come—so we trudged about, dug holes in the ground, inspected drains and so on, and returned and resumed the debate. The main subject—whether rents were too high or not, was lost sight of in a mass of individual grievances. Did not somebody claim a right-of-way over somebody else's land when there was not right-of-way from time immemorial? One of the Macs had married a girl of the O's, and her promised dowry had not been paid in full. Did not this one by neglect of his drains destroy entirely the best field of that one? Was it not too bad that the Widow Con was for ever trespassing upon Paddy . . .'s land? And was it not a burning shame that when the farm was given over to the young couple on condition of so much potato land and milk for the old couple, they had not enough milk to colour a cup of tea? And so on, and so on. I found myself sitting in a sort of court of justice to adjudicate on grievances and claims, some of them genuine, but mostly the results of family feuds, which are very prevalent among people jealous of family tradition and who claim kinship to remote degrees of cousinship. Well, I did the best I could. We had talked ourselves to exhaustion, and parted the best of friends. I think the practical result was some small readjustment of rent. It was family feud that really troubled them far more than the rent.

But anxious times were in store for Irishmen. I remember the Fenian rising very well—I was then in

the 1st Life Guards, and in London. My father, who was also in London, remarked to me that it did not look well for both of us to be away from Adare at such a time. I quite agreed, and suggested the head of the family as obviously the proper person to go. He did not seem to see it in quite that light, and so I got leave, doubtless for urgent private affairs, and went home, and I, and a dear old family servant, a sort of house-steward, a man who would have done anything for the family and the house, installed ourselves in a defensible position, and awaited events. The Fenians marched about, in uniform, quite openly; but they were kindly rebels. Being in the 1st Life Guards, and knowing nothing at all about the matter, I was ordered to inspect Police Barracks and report upon their defensive capacity. So I drove about on a side-car and inspected. Nothing happened, nobody interfered with me; the whole rising was a lamentable exhibition of folly. Considering the circumstances, the rebels put up a good fight in an utterly hopeless cause, and they suffered—poor boys, for most of them were boys. But they were good-tempered rebels. There was but little of the bitter feeling that has stultified the national cause of late years, and nothing at all of the brutality and robbery that disgraced Ireland lately.

Then came "the bad times," "no rent" manifestoes, land leagues, etc., etc. Considering the pressure brought to bear upon them, the people at home were honest. I used to get petitions, numerously signed, stating that rents were exorbitant and could not possibly be paid, followed by surreptitious communications from many of the signatories that they hoped I would understand that they did not mean what they said, but really could not help themselves—they had to sign. Hints would be conveyed

that the rent would be found in such and such a place, and so on.

The Land Question

The strike against the system of land tenure in general—against Landlordism—originated in the belief of certain Nationalists, long since "gone west," that land for nothing was necessary as a stimulant to nationalism. The political issue alone did not sufficiently stir public enthusiasm. The "no rent" cry was therefore political in its origin. But the system was liable to gross abuse, and the strike against the payment of rent was nearly universal and was not in any way confined to politics or religion. Roman Catholics and Protestants, Nationalists and Unionists, were all involved. The condition of the country—the strange mixture of past and present—is concisely described in a letter alleged to have been written by certain Palatines (Protestant tenants of German or Huguenot extraction) to a land agent of my acquaintance. In fact, it is very nearly the history of modern Ireland in a nutshell. The letter, it is said, ran as follows:

"Sir—We would have you to know we are not Land Leaguers, but we are not rent-payers either. All the same, God be with the good old times when a Catholic cow would not be let graze in the Demesne."

I experienced some little trouble arising (as was frequently the case) from shoeing horses. One of my Protestant tenants took charge of an evicted farm. To me comes presently the village blacksmith with a tale of woe. "I am forbidden by the Land League to shoe the horses on the evicted farm." "That," I said, "is no business of mine. It is not my farm, and all that concerns me is that you shoe my horses and

my tenants' horses." He went away happy, but was back in a few days with the news that he was forbidden to shoe the horses on the farm of my tenant. Well, that, of course, was another matter, and I told him he must make up his mind to keep my work and forgo outside work, or keep the outside work and do without mine. He decided to keep my work, but came back in two or three days to say he could not stick it. He was boycotted—nobody would speak to him, people threw stones at him, and mud at his wife and children: he must give up my work. I telegraphed to Cork for an emergency smith; and he came, a splendid chap, and ordered a forge to be set up in the stable-yard. The labourers refused to put it up. I was obliged to point out the impossibility of allowing them to pick and choose, that if they would not do the work required they might find difficulty in getting work of any kind; and relations became strained. However, they solved the difficulty by creating a new branch of the League, which promptly gave them permission to put up the forge, and "they lived happily ever after." All but the emergency smith and his family. They were rigorously boycotted, subjected to every indignity and abuse. But he was a man of character. The boycott did not last very long, and he lived a contented, and, I think, a happy man.

The first public function which Spencer—the Viceroy (known as the "Red Earl")—attended after the bad times, or when the times became less bad, was the Horse Show, or Cattle Show, in Limerick; and he did me the honour to stay at Adare. The tenants, through the usual deputation, came to see me about it—they were very nice and friendly. "We hope," they said, "you won't expect us to present a loyal Address to His Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant. That

would be against our principles. But as your guest we will give him a hearty welcome, and you can tell him that he need not be sending down soldiers and police. We will take care of him." They were as good as their word—turned out *en masse* at the railway station, lined the platform, lined the roads, took off their hats and cheered, and the village band played "God save the Queen." They must have learned it on purpose. The tenants would have taken care of His Excellency; but, naturally, soldiers and police were sent down in swarms. The anomaly of the situation struck a great friend of mine—Henry Hurlburt, the Editor of the *New York World*, who had just landed at Queenstown on his first visit to Ireland, and came on to me. "This," he said, "is the most deliciously upside-down, inside-out country I have ever seen. I stayed last night at Fota with your brother-in-law. After dinner we partook of what is, I am given to understand, the national beverage, hot whisky punch. Being desirous of a lemon for me he rang for one, and presently a freshly picked lemon was produced. I travelled here by train, a slow train, that afforded ample opportunity for observation. I was told the country was in open insurrection, murder stalking the land—a down-trodden peasantry dying in fever-stricken houses, driven to crime in their misery. I saw a prosperous looking country, decent houses, fairly well-tilled fields, and people well clothed and evidently well-nourished. I came here to find Clifford Lloyd, who is, I understand, the head of the Police, and personally responsible for the safety of the Lord-Lieutenant, singing a rebel song, 'The Wearing of the Green,' at the top of a very fine voice, to an appreciative audience consisting of His Excellency and his Staff, in your hall, and a body of Royal Irish Constabulary drawn up outside, and I

hear that His Excellency was respectfully received at the station by a crowd of people who vigorously denounce him as the brutal myrmidon of a tyrannical Government. What is to be made out of such a medley? Does any one understand you, do you understand each other, do you understand yourselves?"

Spencer, though he reigned in very troublous times, was well liked: I think the most popular of Lord-Lieutenants that I have known, and I have known many. The first I remember is Lord Carlisle. In 1857 he came down in state, or semi-state, to Valentia to inaugurate the laying of the first Atlantic cable by Cyrus Field. I was with my father at his little island—Garinish, in Kenmare Bay, and sailed round to Valentia in a big open boat, an enormous adventure to me in those early days. The details of the ceremony I am not clear about. I think that the Lord-Lieutenant and other notables proceeded outside the harbour in one of His Majesty's ships; and the episode is impressed upon my memory by the misery of my father, who was rather sea-sick, on being requested to go and amuse His Excellency, who was suffering severely from the same atrocious malady. Comparisons are odious, and I have no desire to criticise the various Viceroys: moreover, to do so it would be necessary to criticise Vicereines—and that would be odious in the extreme; so I refrain. Well, I have seen and known a long procession of Lord-Lieutenants, and I have seen and known the last of them. They were all political appointments, and their place knows them no more. A new era has, for better or worse, opened in Ireland with the swearing-in of Lord FitzAlan.

Society in Dublin must, I think, have been brilliant in those far-away days. I can well remember parties

at Adare—parties combining a great deal of music, and a great deal of fun and jollity among the "grown-ups." Dr. Todd, Dr. Petrie, Mr. (afterwards Sir Charles Villiers) Stanford—a great musician, Dr. Graves (afterwards Bishop of Limerick), Dr. Stokes, my uncle Windham Goold—Member for the County, Edward Saunderson, were constantly at Adare—all clever men in their various branches of science and art.

County Council Election

The Irish Local Government Act was passed in 1898, and dear old Father Flanagan, the parish priest, and my best of friends, headed a deputation asking me to stand for the first election for the Croom division of the County Council in the spring of the following year; and I consented. Father Flanagan got into some trouble with his Bishop over that. The Roman Catholic Bishop, Dr. O'Dwyer, afterwards a good friend of mine, was a very able, capable man, but had some difficulty with a somewhat effervescing temper. He took umbrage with Father Flanagan's action, and told him to write to me to withdraw my candidature as he "would make it impossible for any Roman Catholic" to vote for me. I did not withdraw, but, on the contrary, put the Bishop's command in the forefront of my address, and appealed to the people to assert their rights in a purely secular matter; and, after a severe contest, came in with a majority of 123 on a total poll of 667. It was amusing, and very exciting. No contested Parliamentary election had taken place for years, and the County Council constituency was wild with excitement. We drove all about the district, speaking from brakes in the villages and at cross-roads. There was much chaff—all the humours of an old-fashioned election, considerable

consumption of porter, and some little fighting. The number of ladies, whose breadwinners, my supporters, were languishing in gaol for assault, and who applied for temporary assistance, was somewhat miraculous. They were clever, my opponents, and devised an ingenious weapon wherewith to knock me out on the day of the poll. They got out a printed prospectus. I wish I had kept a copy; but it was to the following effect:

THE IRISH PROTESTANT TENANTRY SOCIETY.

Patrons: The Earl of Dunraven.
The Earl of Enniskillen.
The Rt. Hon. Viscount Loiton.

and a lot more. The objects of the Association were to take every opportunity to evict "Papists from our estates" and substitute Protestant tenants. The whole thing was well got up—offices in London and Dublin, and secretaries set out, and names used of people who the credulous would deem likely to further such an undertaking. Well, to me came one, a few days before the election, showed me a copy of the prospectus, and told me where the issue was kept ready for distribution at the last moment when it would be too late for contradiction, and, said he, "What would you like done with them?" "Done with them, how do you mean?" "Well, should I get them for you? I can do that easy." "But that would be housebreaking and stealing"; "Ach! stealing, is it? Not at all. And what matter, the bundles can be dropped in a lonely spot, and some one will happen along and chance to meet them and bring them to you." We made a compromise. He promised to let me know exactly what was going to be done with them, and I prepared an effective counter-blast. My friend was as good as his word. The

prospectus was to be mailed the night before the poll to outlying places and the bulk of them sent by messengers on cars (jaunting cars) on the morning of the poll. So my counterblast was sent out at the same time and in the same way. The two parties met in a house I know of, and as my informant told me after, "Believe you me, there was not much left inside that house." I did what I could for the newly elected Council, and, having had some experience in Wales and London,[1] I think I was of some use in drafting standing orders, rules of procedure, and so on; and I think they were grateful. I know that, though I was in every way obnoxious—a Landlord, a Unionist, a Protestant—the Council were uniformly fair and kindly considerate to me. The following opinion expressed by Mr. Mackey (an advanced Nationalist) in 1901 gave me much pleasure, for I felt it reflected the opinion of the Council as a whole. He said:

"Not only was Lord Dunraven the first member to inaugurate the financial department, but his lordship had helped them in every other way to carry out the business of the Council, and had largely helped them in the foremost position as regards the financial committee, which was a credit not only to the County, but to Munster."

We passed some unnecessary resolutions, of course, and proposed others—among them one to the effect that all officers of the Council must be proficient in the Irish language. To that I moved an amendment that the procedure of the Council should be conducted in the Irish language—logical, and, as not one of the

[1] I had been a member of the London County Council (Wandsworth Division) for nearly six years, having been elected in 1891. I served on several Committees, and moved acceptance of the Report on the Works Committee. That Committee was proved guilty of gross extravagance and incompetence. I had also been a member of the Glamorganshire County Council for three years, from 1899 to 1902.

members spoke Irish, the resolution was dropped. Some of that kind of thing was inevitable among men inexperienced in administration. The only difficulty which I, as Chairman of the Finance Committee, found, was in getting them to consider large sums of money. Sums that they had been accustomed to handle they would examine closely and critically; but large sums passed almost without comment. Well, after all, that is very like our Public Departments, and even the House of Commons. The Council settled down to business very soon, and, so far as my experience of it goes, did its work efficiently and well.

I was re-elected without a contest, and again in 1902 (by 17 votes); but after that term did not seek re-election. The Council thought it could get through its work in biannual instead of quarterly meetings. That was impossible, and meetings were adjourned and adjourned. It became impossible for any one not living on the spot to attend at all regularly, and I had to resign.

Although Ireland was terribly disturbed during the days I am thinking about, there were occasions on which Irishmen became united. For instance, in 1898 I presided at a meeting held in Limerick in connection with the Financial Relations between Great Britain and Ireland. The Report of the Financial Relations Commission had raised a great outcry in Ireland. In that meeting Nationalists and Fenians, landlord and tenant, Protestant and Catholic, took part. In opening the proceedings I contented myself by saying that the business of a Chairman was to sit in the chair and call upon the speakers, and that if anybody desired to address the meeting he must send up his name to me. It was after the first speech, I think—made by the Bishop of Limerick (Dr. O'Dwyer)—that a man in the hall suddenly jumped up and began to speak,

and I noticed a curious look of doubt and expectancy in the audience. They all turned to look at me. I stopped the speaker at once, and told him to sit down and send up his name, and he did so. It was John Daly—ex-Fenian, who had spent almost a lifetime in prison. I suppose people thought I would not allow him to speak: but of course I called upon Mr. John Daly; and a most moderate, excellent speech he made.

The long and bitter quarrel over land tenure, and all the exasperating and demoralising consequences of the uncertainties and confusion incidental to, and inseparable from, periodical fixing of so-called fair rents, were finally settled by the Land Act of 1903, following upon the Report of the Land Conference. I shall have something to say about that Land Conference later on, because it resolved the land war into peace, and, in doing so, created an "atmosphere" entirely favourable for a settlement of the political problem also. To dilate upon what "might have been" is a melancholy and, generally, a useless task; but, sitting now face to face with conditions in Ireland, I am forced to consider what would have happened had advantage been taken of the good feeling between classes in Ireland, and between Great Britain and Ireland, that existed twenty years ago. Of this I am certain—if politicians, British and Irish, had had any vision, or even common sense, if, indeed, it had not been for almost criminal folly, all the horrors of recent times, and all the bitter legacy of hate resulting from them, would have been avoided. That is a hard saying; but it is true.

II

THE SEA AND SHIPS

I MUST certainly have arrived in this world with strong proclivities for open spaces and the "out of doors." The rolling prairies and the ocean have always appealed strongly to me. As a boy I was devoted to shooting and fishing. The happy days I have spent wandering about—just myself, my dog and a gun, in the long-ago times when County Limerick was less drained and more prolific of wild game of all kinds than it is now, or by or in the river with a rod, are very fresh in my memory. My father cared nothing for outdoor sport. I did not inherit this love for the open and the wild, and probably theosophists would account for it by experience of former incarnations: but I transmitted it to my children—my daughters all played with boats instead of dolls.

I had a taste for art, went through the necessary anatomical studies, and drew a bit in pastels. And I loved music—the violin. On that divine instrument I became fairly proficient, and came near to devoting my life to it. But the sea was the master-passion, and one fine day I had to come to a momentous decision—the violin requires suppleness and delicacy of the hands and fingers, and handling ropes, rowing, and other outdoor games and sports are incompatible with that necessary condition. It was not easy to decide; but, after a struggle, the

tarry rope beat the fiddle-string, and I never touched the violin again.

I matriculated at Christ Church, Oxford, at a ridiculously early age—not yet seventeen—and, doubtless, committed all the follies that a boy who thinks of himself as a grown man is prone to. Among them I entirely neglected my educational opportunities. During the three happy years I spent at Oxford I hunted a bit in winter, and in summer played cricket and tennis—real tennis. But mostly I used to bump about the Isis in little sailing-boats that were (and, for aught I know, are) for hire—a mild form of yachting, but better than nothing. Later on I bought a disused Cardiff pilot boat for a very small sum, fitted her out—partially—became a member of the Royal Cork Yacht Club (the oldest yacht club in the three kingdoms), and owned a yacht, though the *Cripple* did not look like one. I rechristened her *Cripple* because I was continually getting ashore and having to hold her up on two wooden legs: but she was originally the *Windsor*; and I found the other day in Messrs. Bucktrout of St. Peter's Port, Guernsey, visitors' book, an entry of the *Windsor* having been there in August 1861.

Early Yachting Experiences

Getting ashore reminds me of my first *Valkyrie* in much later years. I was racing a great deal in the Thames and the Solent, and in those waters of rapid tides it is necessary to scrape very close along the edge of the sands, "cracking the crabs' backs" to cheat the tides. That is all right, good racing seamanship. Perhaps I carried daring beyond the limits of proper precaution; perhaps I was unlucky in meeting improper little humps of sand. At any rate, I took the

ground so often, and was so frequently left high and dry, that my very good friend George Watson, the designer, sent me an elaborate blue print of *Valkyrie* on wheels, with his hopes that it might prove useful.

The *personnel* of the *Cripple* consisted of a hobbler I picked up at Cardiff, who knew a very little, and of Marsham, afterwards Earl of Romney, and myself, who knew nothing at all, with the occasional addition of a small boy to clean up. Sometimes Marsham could not come with me, and the ship's complement consisted of two. Why we were not constantly drowned, I really don't know. Charts were as so much Sanscrit to me; and as to variation and deviation!—well, I thought a compass was just a compass, and always pointed straight due north.

While serving in the 1st Life Guards I had to take second leave, and my cruises were of necessity always in the autumn. I laid up in Cardiff, used to get my stores from Dunraven (on the Channel, about sixteen miles below) when the sea was smooth enough to land in a boat, and proceed all along the Cornish and Devonshire coasts, and sometimes to the Channel Islands. Dear me! what fun it was—things were very primitive in those far-away days. Marsham and I were promiscuous as to our nautical attire, and I remember our being refused admission to a dance in Plymouth because it was for Captains and Mates only. Dartmouth had a regatta of sorts—local craft I think, and no fireworks or display of any kind; but we danced on the green, and there were very pretty girls to dance with. We went picnics up the river—expeditions to Totnes, and—well, it was all great fun. Then I generally went to the Shannon, filled up with stores again from Adare, Co. Limerick, and cruised about the beautiful south-west Irish coast, and, late in the autumn or early in the winter, back to Cardiff.

One voyage home, late in November, is very fresh, or perhaps I should say very salt, in my memory. It blew very hard. It took me, if I remember right, about twelve days to make the passage, only able to sail her now and then, hove to most of the time. A compass was to me, as I have said, just an instrument that always pointed straight, and on my first voyage from the Bristol Channel to Queenstown I missed Ireland altogether. Wire rigging had just come in in those days, and, proud as a peacock, I had shipped wire standing rigging, fortunately keeping the old gang on board.

We thought to make Ballycotton; but we did not, and sailed and sailed and saw nothing, and the crew becoming nervous wanted badly to ask some ship where we were; but I could not stomach that indignity, and sailed and sailed. Well, one forenoon, the crew was cooking, and I, solitary on deck, steering, observed my lee-rigging getting very slack, and perceived the weather shrouds had parted at the masthead: that necessitated putting her on the other tack, and overhauling the old hemp rigging to replace the wire. While we were doing so we made the land. It turned out to be Mizen Head. We had been sailing gaily to Newfoundland or some part of North America! We went into Crookhaven instead.

Poor dear little ship—to what risks was she not exposed, and how wisely she took care of herself—and us. We had no use for charts, and navigated as I imagine did the Phœnicians: kept a bright look-out from aloft for rocks, and when we saw them kept out of the way.

Arriving at Guernsey for the first time, it fell calm, and I dropped anchor in what seemed a convenient place, to be told by a kindly boat from the shore that at low water we would be high and dry on the rocks.

Coming from Ireland one voyage I brought up in Mount's Bay late in the evening, and caught a multitude of hake that night. That was the third sleepless night I had endured, and, being tired in the morning, I slipped and buoyed the kedge anchor, meaning to come out again after hake, and proceeded to Penzance. One of those sudden thick fogs came on for which the west country is rather infamous. When I thought I was about off Penzance, I stood in, and, seeing fishing-boat masts above the fog, went in boldly: bump on a rock, hard over — bump on the other side — bumped clear, dropped the anchor and found myself in Mouse-hole—at that time a little natural pool with just room to swing in. Pure chance — but, the locals gave me great credit for masterly seamanship. I never found my kedge anchor. Somebody else had.

We did have some close calls. I remember one miserable night lying under Caldy Island, blowing a hard gale, roasting shellfish on the stove in the little forecastle, and wondering whether she could possibly hold; and another night caught in a sudden gale trawling in Cardigan Bay. We had an awful job to get the trawl. We did get it, but the sea was breaking very close astern of us. I was too much exhausted to care very much what happened; but we did manage to make sail, got a good offing, hauled the staysail sheet to windward, and all hands went below and to sleep. I awoke to find a fine day and a big brig close alongside of us. She was a wise little ship and took good care of herself. She was a rare good sea-boat—no bulwarks, a cockpit with all the head sheets, staysail halyards, and down-haul leading into it. One hand could work her, unless it became necessary to reef. But she was very lively and quick in her movements. How awfully sea-sick I used to be at first: but I could not succumb to that dreadful

malady. I had to work, and so got over sea-sickness, all but nausea occasionally—and that troubles me even now in bad weather. Take it all round, it was great fun, great discomfort; but there is a period in life during which discomfort is enjoyable. It was a rough school, but a useful one for learning how to handle boats under sail. Well, peace be with her timbers, if there are any left.

The sea treated me very well—it always has; but I gave it a long rest. Other interests, other pursuits arose, and it was not till many years later that the sea called to me again.

An enthusiasm for racing was set on fire in me by some races with Mr. "Willie" Jameson and Mrs. Jameson, both notable yacht racers in *Irex*; and in 1888 I built *Petronilla*. She was not successful, winning only nine flags out of twenty-eight starts; and she was rather a beast—too lean forward, and she plunged into a head sea in a way fearful and wonderful to behold, or rather to feel. Not a success, but I sailed one great race in her at Plymouth, an amateur helmsman race, as so many of them were in those days. Indeed, there used to be races with no professionals allowed—the whole crew, from masthead men to cook, being amateurs.

Well, as to this particular race. I cannot remember who my mate was, but he was a thundering good man at the stick. It blew a solid gale from the south-west. It blew so hard that it was impossible to put out mark boats, and we were ordered round—that is, of course, inside of the buoys placed on the Draystone and the Mew Stone to keep ships outside of them. It was iniquitous to start us. However, we did start—I forget exactly how many, five I think. The first boat that cleared the breakwater took a dive that swept the dinghy off her deck: and to make a long

story short, they all gave up before reaching the first mark. *Petronilla*, looking upon herself as a submarine, proceeded, and finished the round with only one shroud out of three left on the starboard side. The Committee boat came out and had the cheek to say the weather was so bad they had called the race off. "Not much," I told them, "we must have that cup." "Oh! all right, then you have to go round again." "Right oh. All the others have given up. I am in no hurry, and shall bring up under the breakwater till the weather moderates." The Committee thought better of it. The idea of not getting the cup after such a dusting did not appeal to me at all. That was a notable hard-weather race. And I remember another when I took the King's Cup at Cowes in 1912 in my cruising ketch *Cariad II.*

I won the race against the whole fleet of racing craft including the 23-metre cutter *White Heather*, the English schooner *Waterwitch*, and the "All Highest's" schooner *Meteor*, and many others. The race was a handicap, it is true, and this rather takes the gilt off the gingerbread; but on this occasion, had the match been sailed on Y.R.A. time allowance, under the Y.R.A. rating rule, I should have won it with *Cariad* just the same. It was blowing very hard all day, but between the No Man Fort and the Warner a tremendous squall burst upon us, which laid the *Meteor* on her beam ends, and whilst the great schooner was labouring like a Spanish galleon in the squall I sailed clean past her in the *Cariad.* It was a most amazing sight—all these big schooners on their beam ends, unmanageable. *Cariad* was properly canvassed for the natural weight of wind, but got more than she wanted during the height of the squall. I could not get the foresail off her, and was in two minds of ripping a knife into the canvas;

but it was not necessary. *Meteor* behaved much the worst of the lot. Major Heckstall Smith, who was sailing on her, told me that he had warned the German captain before the start that, if they reefed the mainsail and sailed with a whole foresail, they would not be able to handle her, as she was a badly balanced boat and rather crank. The Germans, however, would have their own way, and the result was decidedly alarming. From soon after the start the *Meteor* was quite unmanageable, and off Wootton Creek she very nearly ran down Lord Iveagh's schooner *Cetonia*. They simply could not steer her. When the squall struck her off the Warner, she heeled over to a great angle, and also went down by the head until her rudder came out of the water, and, of course, they could do nothing with her at all. The main sheet cleats were four feet under water, and the sea was pouring in her skylights until she had seven feet of water in the hold. She ran wildly off the wind—fortunately, there was nothing to leeward of her at the time, and, as she paid off her stern gradually, came down, and they were able to slack the main sheet, and, finally, lower the mainsail and give up the race.

Only three yachts out of a fleet of ten survived this tremendous squall, and these were *Lamorna* schooner, 263 tons, at one time called *Cicely*; my ketch *Cariad*, 153 tons; and the *Valdora*, 108 tons. The *Lamorna* was 5 minutes 52 seconds ahead of me at the Warner Lightship in the second round, but so well did *Cariad* sail that I actually gained 2 minutes 32 seconds on Sir James Pender's big schooner in the last lap between the Warner Lightship and Cowes, and took the cup.

There is great satisfaction in looking back on a race of this kind, winning a match against regular racing-yachts with a comfortably canvassed cruiser like

Cariad; but, of course, opportunities are rare, such very strong wind days are the exception in a season's yacht racing.

Before launching out into anything large I built and sailed a number of little boats for the small classes, among them *Cosette*, *Alwida*, *Cyane*, *Deirdre*. Great sport we had in these small boats, and sailing them is an essential apprenticeship to handling racing-yachts of any size.

Thinking of small boats reminds me of a remarkable little craft. Lord Dufferin, diplomat, and a man of letters, was also a keen yachtsman—was not one of his earlier books a delightful account of a yacht voyage to Iceland? He built a little ship to sail single-handed. Everything led aft. He could even let go his anchor without rising from his seat. In her he used to cruise about the Solent, and kept her at Naples when he was Ambassador at Rome. A most delightful friend he was. What thoughts must have run through that fertile brain when sailing about the Bay of Naples all alone! What an exceptionally mad Englishman he must have been deemed by some of his colleagues!

In 1891 I built *L'Esperance*, a wooden cutter. She was intended for cruising, and I did very little racing in her—I only remember one amateur helmsman race round the Isle of Wight in her. But for cruising she was about perfection, very comfortable for her size. I sold her to Prince Henry of Prussia. I knew Prince Henry well, and liked him well. He was a charming companion and a good sportsman. I met him often at Cowes and Kiel; he sailed with me a good deal, we played golf together, and he visited me at Adare. Being fairly intimate with him, I find it very hard to believe that he utilised his many friends and many visits over here to get information detri-

mental to us, and which might have been inaccessible to one in a less lofty position. I had a spy, a charming man with a very charming wife, staying at the Hotel in the village at Adare, for hunting, all the winter of 1913–14. They frequently dined with us. The hunting was, on the part of two evident novices, the thinnest of veils, and that he was seeking for, and possibly acquiring, information was a sort of open secret. On leaving in the spring of 1914, I expressed a hope to see them again next winter. "No," he said, "not next winter, but I hope the following year." I wonder what he did hope! If he really succeeded in conveying any information, it was, I suspect, of a very misleading character. I merely mention this to show that espionage is not absolutely unknown to me. If Prince Henry abused his high rank for that purpose, he certainly did it astutely. He used to comment to me quite openly and adversely upon their navy, and quoted a quaint structural reason for the alleged inferiority of its *personnel*. The British matelot is lean of flank and in the stern sheets flat and small, while in the same section the Teuton is rotund and broadly built. He thought that the former build denoted a better class of sailor-man. And he used to lament differences of opinion on naval matters, with his "big brother," who was "only a soldier." Well, I don't know, but, in spite of the fact that to a German everything is fair so long as it is for Germany, I cannot believe that Prince Henry came over here to spy out the land.

In 1888 I built my first *Valkyrie*, a composite ship, 75 feet on the water-line. I was in hopes of a race for the America Cup for seventy-five footers, but it was declined. I don't know why; possibly for a good reason.

In 1889 *Valkyrie* did well at home, winning twenty-

three flags out of thirty-three starts; she also did well in 1890 and 1891; and in the spring of 1892 I took her to the Mediterranean, and there scooped up a lot of prizes, some in cash, and others in what my Skipper Cranfield called "Hobjecs de ar.". At the close of the racing I sold her to the Archduke Karl Stephen of Austria, and delivered her up at Pola. The Grand Duke and Duchess were most kind and hospitable. I stayed there two or three days, saw all the Roman antiquities for which Pola is so celebrated, and then went home, leaving the ship's company to give instruction in spinnaker drill to the new crew. They all got home all right, thanks to the great kindness of Prince Batthyany, who met them at Vienna, fed them, drank them, put them in the right train, and generally looked after them. The Grand Duke wrote to wish me luck in my first venture for the America Cup. He was very fond of *Valkyrie*. What became of her eventually I do not know.

In 1892 I built *Valkyrie II.*, and raced her the following year. In the same year *Britannia*, almost a sister ship, and by the same designer, was launched for the Prince of Wales, and she was my principal and most dangerous antagonist. That rivalry occasioned the only disagreement I ever had with the Prince of Wales. Of Edward the Seventh as a King, I of course have nothing in these fragments to say: but as a friend, yes, just a little. We were almost of an age, only nine months between us. (I was born on the 12th of February 1841, the late King on the 9th of November 1841.) I used to play cricket with him at Windsor as a small boy. All through life his kindness to me was constant. He helped me in some difficulties, and on more than one occasion gave me excellent advice, a true friend and a wise one. Yes, and was he not also a very wise King?

Well, to switch back to *Britannia*. I forget exactly what the disagreement was about. I think that little Carter who sailed *Britannia*, presuming a bit upon the obvious fact that no one would like to run down the Prince of Wales, forced me about when I was on the starboard tack. All that my skipper, Bill Cranfield, said about it was, "Well, I am sorry for that. I am afraid I cannot ask the Prince of Wales to tea the next time he comes to our village." Something similar occurred at the start of a race at Hunter's Quay on the 8th of July 1893. *Britannia* got herself in a regular mess at the start and crossed *Valkyrie II.* on the wrong tack. Carter probably got a bit flurried at crossing me, for a moment later he did just the same thing to Mr. Donaldson in the *Calluna*, and caused quite a nasty little collision, in which *Britannia* lost some of her bulwarks. Mr. Donaldson and I both protested against *Britannia*. I was awarded first prize in *Valkyrie II.*, and Mr. Donaldson in *Calluna* had the second.

But to return to Cranfield. "Our village" (Rowhedge) was in the eyes of the inhabitants thereof a unique institution. These East-country men from Brightlingsea, Rowhedge, and thereabouts, are, to my mind, the smartest yacht sailors in creation, and, as a crew, give little or no trouble—quiet, steady men; but insular to an extreme. Not to be able to talk English was to Cranfield (my skipper) equivalent to congenital idiocy. "Would you mind coming on deck a minute?" he would call down the skylight to me in some Mediterranean port. "Here's a feller a-hollering and shouting—*I* cannot understand a word he says." He had no opinion of French yacht sailors, or of French bread, which as a fact is far better than ours. "There they sits all day," he would say, "at their caffs a-drinking sour wine; and, as to their bread, why there's nothing to it!"

Lying in Civita Vecchia I sent the crew up to Rome in watches. They were not in the very least impressed. I asked Cranfield what he thought about St. Peter's. "Oh well, it is very large and fine," he said, and after a pause, "but there's a little old church in our village that they do tell me. . . ." And "What do you think of the Coliseum?"—"Very big, but it's been let get awfully out of repair. Now close to our village there is. . . ." A steady, reliable race of men, very slow to move, but in an emergency quick as lightning. During a long spell in the Mediterranean no one except the caterer ever wanted to go ashore, except once at Mentone, when they all asked for leave, put their best kit on, on top of their working clothes, and, in a boiling hot sun, walked solemnly to the cemetery, stood in silence round the grave of a pal from "our village" buried there long ago, and as solemnly walked down to the ship again. I loved them for it.

The America Cup

Valkyrie II. had to give up racing early in the autumn of 1893 to get her jury rig fitted to cross the Atlantic to race for the America Cup that autumn.

When I got to New York I found my crew in a condition of physical demoralisation. They were unaccustomed to the climate. The weather was very hot, and New York can be about as hot a place as I know. The people were very hospitable; and New York was not dry in those days. Being thorough Britons, and not feeling very well, they naturally deemed more beer and more beef to be indicated, and adopted that method of cure. It did not answer, and I had to put them on a severe diet. That, and a course of Valkyrie cocktails, did them a world of good. Valkyrie cocktails were of a nauseous black-dose

description, concocted in large cans, and served out daily. I was just recovering from an acute attack of gout, and had to limp about New York in one brown shoe and one list slipper. According to the newspapers, that state of footwear became fashionable, and all the dudes walked about in one brown shoe and one list slipper.

Valkyrie II. did not win the Cup. She returned to the Clyde in the spring of 1894, and raced at home that year. She was sunk by *Satanita* at Hunter's Quay on the Clyde in July. I was at the helm steering close-hauled on the starboard tack; *Satanita* was on a broad reach, and under a press of sail would not bear up to pass astern of me, and charged right into me about midships. The impact was terrific; *Satanita* had her bows stove in, but her overhang forward saved her, and she floated. *Valkyrie II.* had a huge hole torn in her, and sank in about four minutes. Most fortunately, the collision occurred at the start, close to a number of vessels, and plenty of help was available; and the spars all held. Nothing came down from aloft. Most of the crew jumped overboard. The ladies were unceremoniously thrown down below when collision was inevitable, and pulled up again and got safely into boats. *Valkyrie II.* was forced end on into a steam-yacht, and I and one or two others got on board her over our bowsprit. One of my hands, poor chap, had his thigh badly crushed, and died in hospital. It was a dreary, drizzling, cold day, and, of course, we lost everything except what we stood up in, and were a rather miserable crowd; but Mr. Henderson (the builder) and his good wife took every care of us, and, well—Scotch hospitality is proverbial. The most indignant man in my crowd was my steward. "I was in my pantry," he said, "just cleaning up, when in comes this here vessel right into my pantry." He

had a pretty close call too, for the doors were jammed. We were not used in those days to collisions and sinkings. It is astonishing how human nature adapts itself to circumstances. In my cruise in 1918 on *Grianaig*, of my two stewards one had "been in the water" (torpedoed) three times and the other twice. They looked upon it as "all in the day's work." So far as I am personally concerned, I do not get used to it. I have been in three collisions, and am quite content with that. I was on a Committee—I forget what about, but Lord Salisbury presided—and when I came in two or three days after the accident he said, "Well, I don't quite know whether we ought to congratulate you, or the reverse!"

Joe Laycock was good enough to give me a passage home from Newport (Rhode Island) in his yacht *Valhalla*, a full-rigged ship. Laycock had made a southern round voyage in a wind-jammer. He was a competent navigator, and could also handle his own ship. *Valhalla* was a great ship, and Laycock ran her in great style—a crew of, I think, 120 or more. He took pride in working all three masts at once—great rivalry in hoisting topsails, shortening sail, and so on. Everything ship-shape, man-of-war style, done to perfection. She was an auxiliary, but we made the voyage to the Channel under sails: I enjoyed that voyage. To me, accustomed to small fore-and-aft crafts, it was a revelation. With a fair wind we carried stunsails and everything that would draw, and carried on desperately—to my mind: broke stunsail booms and things, and nobody seemed to mind; it was just "clear away the mess and ship another." With a head wind, I, accustomed to short tacks in narrow waters, was called into anxious consultation as to whether we should take a stretch down to the Azores or up to Iceland. The only thing I did not like

was that in heavy weather she naturally took heavy water on board, and, owing to her high bulwarks, the water took so long to get away that I felt in imminent danger of drowning on deck.

Valkyrie III. was designed by George Watson in 1894, and built by Henderson. She also crossed the Atlantic and contested the Cup in 1895, but came home without it. She was broken up about five years later.

I am not sure that I like international contests. In such matters as yacht-racing, polo, golf, and so on, I think they tend to demoralise sport by turning it into a serious business in which national prestige is at stake, and to convert amateurs, playing a game for the game's sake, into professional specialists struggling for their country's sake. Moreover, there are ethics in sport, as in everything else, and though rules are in all cases identical, and are equally observed, different peoples view a game from different angles, and misunderstandings may occur. In those days the course was very badly kept. Excursion steamers thronged it and hampered the yachts badly. Not purposely I dare say, for steamer captains did not understand the effect of their lofty vessels upon the wind, and were anxious to give spectators their money's worth. Their unwelcome attentions were probably impartially bestowed, but it would be only human nature if a skipper was meticulously careful not to interfere with his own side. That has all been altered, I believe, and latterly courses have been admirably kept. The protest that it was my duty to make against the *Defender* in 1895 created an amount of excitement that could not have been exceeded if some one had deliberately hurled an insult at the American nation. The tide of feeling ran very high. It was a curious, serio-comic ex-

perience. The London Stock Exchange cabled New York that they hoped that, when war was declared, excursion steamers would not get in the way of our Fleet; and the New York Stock Exchange replied that in the interests of a fair fight they hoped our warships would be better than our yachts. All very funny, but not funny to me, for though I found many very good friends I did not have a pleasant time; and the matter was more serious than comic, for indeed it really looked as though a protest about a yacht race was going to cause serious estrangement between two nations. When I went over to attend a very belated enquiry, I was smuggled out of the liner at Sandy Hook. My good friend Maitland Kersey took lodgings for me close to the New York Yacht Club, where the enquiry was held, and I was under close police protection. A protest has nothing to do with motives or responsibilities. It is a mere question of facts—whether so and so happened or did not happen, whether this or that was or was not done, whether the protest was frivolous or justified; but when facts became submerged in a great wave of emotion, they are lost sight of and a protest became absurd. I don't say whether evidence was or was not withheld, but I am very sure that not one of the American crew of the tender in which we lived would have dared to give evidence against the *Defender* had they wished to do so. Well, I am not going to reopen that question, even to myself. But I thought at the time, and I think still, that to raise a game, or a race, to such a pitch, is not conducive to real sport.

In my yachting career episodes both tragically and comically distressing sometimes occurred. I well remember once coming in to Cowes late in the afternoon, in wet-through flannels, after a hard race, and finding a Command to dine at Osborne! What

to do? I had no outfit suitable for the occasion. Could I plead drowning or serious illness when I would be dining at the Club and every one knew that I was neither sick nor drowned? No, it was clear that that excuse would not do at all. So I went the round of the Fleet, borrowing from those better provided than I was. My shirt and undies were all I had of my own. I got tights from one, stockings from another, a coat from a third, a white waistcoat from some one else, and pumps from, if I remember right, dear old Monty Guest. He was a tall, big man, and I know the shoes were by many inches too long for me, and I felt like a nigger dancer with those long shoes that flap. I was a fearful figure of fun, and shall never forget my feelings when called up to have a brief conversation with Her Majesty. The Queen was most gracious. I don't know if she was conscious of the plight I was in, but I do know that I was.

In all my racing of those days, Herky (Sir Hercules Langrishe) was my mate—and a truly good mate too. *Audrey*, the twenty-rater, was my real love—my own design, "a poor thing but my own"; but she was not by any means a poor thing—she was the top of her class. *Valkyrie* was racing on a certain day at Dunoon, on the Clyde; and I had company on board, — distinguished company; *Audrey* was racing at Calshot the day before. I swore by all the gods, and so did Langrishe, to be in time for *Valkyrie's* race, and thought we could manage *Audrey's* race as well. It was an exciting race, and we won it. We ought to have given up, but it was too exciting—we bundled ashore wet as we were—just missed the train to London, got a "special," dashed across London, just missed the train at Euston. There we had to wait for the next train to Glasgow, eventually

getting to Dunoon just too late. The race had started. We were in a sorry plight, our clothes had dried on us; but we were starved with cold and want of food, and very weary. Dunoon is a desolate spot—no hotel, no public-house. We did not know what to do, but, spying a dinghy, hailed her and asked to be put aboard the Commodore's ship. I did not know him, but he was kindness itself, bade us welcome, told us lunch would be ready presently, but added, "This is a teetotal ship." Consternation silent, but sincere! The Commodore gave us a jolly good luncheon, which cheered us up, and presently—for the race was soon over and *Valkyrie* won—presented me with a whole bag of sovereigns. I think that, before luncheon at any rate, I would have bartered the lot for a good strong whisky and soda.

Devoted as I was to racing, I never let it interfere with business. I was Chairman of the House of Lords Committee on "Sweating"; but I managed to put in a lot of racing during the two years the Committee was sitting, and always had my witnesses ready and everything cut-and-dried, and never missed a meeting; but I came very near doing so on one occasion. It was imperative to get to London that day in order to have everything prepared for the sitting next day, and I found myself becalmed—a flat stark calm—not very far from Dover. Presently comes along one of those London river sharks and asks, "Did I want a pluck into Dover?" Yes, I did, how much? He asked a preposterous sum, and I said he had made a mistake—I was not asking the price of the tug, but of a tow into Dover. After a slight interchange of impolite language, he went away, but, circling round, came back again and came down a bit in price. Too much, nothing doing; and off he went again a long way, and I feared that he

had gone for good: but no, he returned and this time tossed out his boat, came on board, and asked me what time it was. "Oh," I said, "I think the sun is well over the foreyard; come below, and we will see. What is it to be?" "Whisky, please." He took a big "second mate's nip"—a generous half-tumbler full of whisky, and mighty little water, gulped it down, smacked his lips, and "Oh, that is the first drink I have had since I left the London river two weeks ago." After that we became very good friends, and he took me in for a very moderate sum. Thank goodness for a wet country!

A Yachting "Skit"

The Royal Yacht Squadron, though not quite the oldest, is certainly the premier yacht club of this, and, as I think, of all countries, and merits the distinction by excelling in everything that conduces to comfort on shore, the furtherance of the sport at sea, and good fellowship. But, years ago, it was somewhat conservative in its tendencies, and, at the times I am thinking of, it was just a little bit sticky about racing. It did not much like what it called mere racing machines, thought them useless for any other purpose. There it was wrong, for a racing vessel properly reduced in spars and canvas is a seaworthy vessel. They may not be the most comfortable. The centre of gravity being very low, they jump a bit. That is the penalty of excessive artificial stability, and the old saying "A tender ship is an easy ship" is undoubtedly true: but they are safe and able vessels. Anyhow, the squadron did not encourage them, and the feelings of racing-yacht owners were, I think, fairly expressed in a skit of mine in the guise of a Bill—of which the following is a replica:

(52 VICT.) LUNACY (SQUADRON)

A

BILL

INTITULED

AN ACT for the Encouragement of Yacht building and Seamanship; and for the Prevention of Cruelty to Crews. A.D. 1889.

WHEREAS it appears that certain pestilent creations styled racing yachts infest these seas, and whereas it is expedient that they be speedily suppressed; and whereas objections to our rules have been made by certain ignorant and abandoned persons—to wit the owners of the said yachts; and whereas cruelty is practised on the crews of the said yachts by reason of the constant wetting of their feet; and whereas modern yachts are departing more and more from the lines adopted by the late lamented Noah, owner of the Ark:

Be it enacted with the advice and consent of the Committees, General and Sailing, in the Castle assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:

1. There shall be no more handicaps. Handicaps.

2. Queen's Cups shall be open to all cruisers; but, as it is advisable that they be confined to the squadron, no vessel that has ever been known to attain a dangerous rate of speed—namely, a speed exceeding four nautical miles per hour—shall be allowed to compete. Queen's Cups.

3. In all races "Racing yachts" shall cross the line at the appointed time. "Cruisers" may cross at any time on the day of the race. "*Bona fide* cruisers" may cross at any time during the calendar month in which the race is sailed. Starting of races.

Conduct of races.

4. Racing yachts shall give way to cruisers under all circumstances; and, in token of penitence, shall heave-to and salute them within the radius of the range of the long telescope at the Castle.

Winning of races and distribution of prizes.

5. In all races the last vessel shall win, the last but one shall receive the second prize, and so on:—provided always that no vessel shall sail wrong end first on purpose. But, in the event of a vessel gathering sternway during the dangerous nautical manœuvre of "staying," she shall be entitled to proceed in that direction for a distance of not more than one quarter of a mile, if a schooner—or five hundred yards, if a cutter. If such vessel so proceeding backwards belong to the R.Y.S., this allowance shall be doubled.

Speed of vessels. Safety of crews.

6. No vessel belonging to the R.Y.S. shall presume to sail at a dangerous rate of speed—namely, a speed exceeding four nautical miles per hour, in ordinary races. In International matches she may exceed that speed (if she can) provided that the owner remains below, the sailing master be lashed to the wheel, and the crew be provided with adhesive plaster affixed to the seat of their trousers so as to guard against their sliding down to leeward.

Election of members of R.Y.S.

7. Owners of "*bona fide* cruisers" shall be *ex-officio* members of the R.Y.S.

Owners of "cruisers" shall be eligible for election by ballot. No owner of a racing yacht need apply; and, should any such misguided person be seen in or about the precincts of the Castle, his person shall be seized in demurrage until, by prayer and the assistance of the superintendent of one of Her Majesty's Dockyards, his vessel is converted into a cruiser.

Classification of yachts, and definitions.

8. Yachts are to be classed as "racing yachts," "cruisers," or "*bona fide* cruisers" by the sailing committee or by the official expert—the Most Noble the Marquis of Drogheda—to their satis-

faction, but to the satisfaction of no one else. As, however, much confusion appears to exist as to the meaning of the terms, the following definitions and rules are laid down for the guidance of the Committee:

(1) A racing vessel has all her ballast outside and cannot capsize; a cruiser has not, and can.

(2) A yacht that will work under her head sails alone, and under her mainsail alone is a racing vessel; a yacht which will generally wear and occasionally stay is a cruiser; a yacht which will neither stay nor wear under any combination of canvas or under any circumstances is a *bona fide* cruiser.

(3) In a cruiser the sail area shall in no case exceed the sum of the difference between the square root of the area of the awning and the cubic contents of the water tank multiplied by the buttons on the owner's coat and divided by a number corresponding with the age of the vessel. The height of a cruiser's bulwarks shall not be less than 84·00052 of her free board. She shall be fitted with a tack tricing line, and shall trice up the said tack (if it will go up) and shall let her staysail run down (if it will come down) whenever the wind exceeds a velocity of ten miles an hour.

(4) Any cruiser that habitually crosses the line not less than one hour too soon or too late, or that never gets round the course, or that, in the opinion of the official expert—to wit the Most Noble the Marquis of Drogheda—is from whatsoever cause totally incapable of sailing in any direction under any conditions of wind and tide, shall be deemed a *bona fide* cruiser within the meaning of this Act, and shall be entitled to all the special privileges in this Act contained.

Court of appeal.

9. Any person convicted by the sailing committee, collectively or by the official expert—the Most Noble the Marquis of Drogheda—in his

individual capacity, of any breach of this Act may appeal to a general meeting of the R.Y.S.; but nothing shall be considered as an extenuating circumstance except the "act of God and the Queen's Enemies," or serious and habitual intoxication.

Short title. 10. This Act may be cited as the Lunacy "Squadron" Act 1889.

Of course any feelings against yachts designed and built solely for racing evaporated years and years ago, and the R.Y.S. generously encouraged racing in all the branches till in 1914 the storm-cloud burst, and submerged yachting and all other sports.

An Amateur-designed Yacht

It is comparatively seldom in first-class yacht races that an amateur is successful in designing a yacht that can hold her own against the boats planned by professional designers. However, about twenty-five years ago I had a shot at it with a yacht of 20-rating, called *Audrey*.

My idea was to reduce the displacement to a minimum by making the body of the yacht very shallow, and to rely upon a fin keel and lead bulb for stability and weatherliness, and at the same time reduce the length of the fin as much as possible so as to get a small lateral plane that the boat might be very handy in stays.

The hull or body of the boat I conceived should be very nearly a series of cross-sections based upon segments of circles, with some modifications. She was built on those ideas, and was a perfect skimming dish with a fin and bulb keel. I started in to design her in the usual way, having studied the art of designing under Mr. Dixon Kemp, and proceeded to draft

her out on paper. But I found it very difficult to express myself in that way, and reflecting that, after all, the final touch to a racing vessel's body consists of fairing it by eye, I thought why not commence by fairing a model by eye? So I abandoned my drawings, cut out the sections in mill-board, and made my model of the boat in modelling clay. She was built for me by Arthur Payne, a very talented man. *Audrey* was 48·5 feet long on the load water-line, with a beam of 13·2 feet; and her sail area was 2700 square feet. Dixon Kemp and Heckstall Smith told me that though they thought a small boat on this plan would go all right (indeed, some had been tried), they were doubtful if a vessel of the dimensions of *Audrey* would be a success; and they were partly right. As a matter of fact, she was not a success, for I found that I had, in my rule-of-thumb manner, designed her too big for her class rating. That was a set-back; but, being convinced that my theory was correct if I could only put it into practice, I pulled her to pieces and rebuilt her upon the same lines, but smaller all over. I pulled out the ends of the boat a bit to elongate her lines and give her more speed, but still kept my "segments" as sections; and I gave her a metal plate for a fin instead of a wooden fin as she had when she was first built in 1894.

So I began the season of 1895 with a new *Audrey*, which exactly fitted her Y.R.A. class of 20-rating, and was prepared to see my theory put to a fair trial. I had a very hot class against me. In that year the American designer Herreshoff had two famous boats in the class, his 20-raters *Niagara* and *Isolde*. Both were fin keelers. Our British designers had not a single fin keeler—I mean a plate-and-bulb keeler—to put against them, except my amateur-designed *Audrey*. As I have said, our professional

designers had ventured a bit in the small classes, but only the American designer Herreshoff had been bold enough to try a plate-and-bulb keeler in a yacht as big as 20-rating.

William Fife built one plate-and-bulb 20-rater, at the eleventh hour, for Lord Lonsdale, called the *Eucharis*; but she did not appear until long after *Audrey* was under way.

We had a wonderful season's racing, the honours being divided between *Audrey* and *Niagara*.

I met *Niagara* thirteen times, and the Herreshoff boat won seven races and I won six; but I lost one race against *Niagara* through a protest which, I think, was somewhat unnecessary. *Audrey* beat her soundly at Calshot, and *Niagara* protested that my boat was "improperly entered," because the entry form of the Y.R.A. did not bear the proper signature of the owner or of his representative. My skipper, Charles Bevis, no hand with a pen and ink, but a very good hand at a tiller, had added his courtesy title to his name, as all those excellent but ticketless skippers do, and had signed his name on the form thus—"Capt. Bevis," instead of "Charles Bevis." Rigorously speaking, the signature was not legal, and *Audrey* was disqualified.

Major Heckstall Smith has a very long article in his book the *Complete Yachtsman*,[1] of so much interest to me and to others concerned in the science of yacht designing that I have put it in the Appendix. He compares my effort with that of Bentall, the plough-maker, at Maldon.

Bentall tried to build a fin-keeled ten-tonner, the *Evolution*; but he got his weights wrong, as I did when I first built *Audrey*. *Evolution* was a failure, and he broke her up in disgust. Probably, if he had re-

[1] Appendix I.

built her on the same principle as I rebuilt *Audrey*, she might have made her bit of history also.

But all this about *Audrey* is a digression scarcely legitimate in jotting down scraps of memory, but excusable perhaps because she was all my own; and I loved her. She was my pet. As to yachts, both racing and cruising, the designing, building, and canvassing of them, and the staying of spars, and everything connected with seamanship and the sport, if anybody cares to know my views and opinions, they are expressed voluminously in the *Encyclopædia of Sport*, published in 1898. And to that I have only this to add. I traced yachting to its origin in a desire and ambition to assist and enforce the Navy during the long Napoleonic wars, and I expressed the opinion that, with the supersession of sails by steam, the practical use of yachts as auxiliaries had become impossible. I was wrong. In the late war the amateur has asserted himself not only on land but also at sea. Many yachts have been used as patrols, hospital carriers, and in various ways. They have done good service, and not a few have been lost. And I am sure naval men would be the first to acknowledge the services of yachtsmen accustomed to small craft.

In 1895 I built a cruiser, *Cariad I.*[1] She was a ketch, a *bona fide* ketch like a Brixham trawler, only that, taking a hint from Lowestoft drifters, I stayed the mizen well forward. She was a fine sea-boat, and sailed well. In 1898 the Tercentenary Celebration of the doubling of the Cape of Good Hope by Vasco da Gama took place at Lisbon, and I went out as the representative of the Royal Geographical Society. I sailed out in *Cariad*, spent a heavenly week in Lisbon and Cintra—won the Vasco da Gama Cup, was present at a great amateur bull-fight, had a real good time,

[1] She is now on a cruise round the world under a Swedish owner.

and sailed home. Vasco da Gama was a wonderful man. It is said that trying to round the Cape he stood out on one tack for two months, and, standing in again, found himself just where he had started from; but he persevered, and, eventually rounding the Cape, altered the trade routes of the world.

The ceremonial of the celebration of his feat was highly impressive, presided over by the King, and attended by representatives of all nations. We all made speeches. I delivered a most eloquent panegyric of King Henry the navigator, Vasco da Gama in particular, and Portugal in general—the only comfortable speech I ever made, for I spoke in English in the happy assurance that nobody understood what I was saying.

Cascaes Bay and Cintra—oh, the beauty of them in the month of May! But it is sad, after all the tragedy, to look back upon that happy week—the King so genially kind, and, as it seemed, so well-beloved—and the Queen a most gracious lady.

I sold *Cariad I.*, and built *Cariad II.*, also a ketch on the same model, but a little longer. She was built for cruising; but I raced her a bit in Cowes week, and she won the King's Cup in 1905 and again in 1912. Poor dear, she was of course hauled up at Southampton during the war, but she was well looked after, as she well deserved. I fitted out again in 1921, and took another King's Cup at Cowes in a hard wind.

In addition to these three King's Cups, I won two Queen's Cups, but gave up one of them in 1893 to avoid serious trouble between the Royal Yacht Squadron and the Kaiser. It came about in this way. The course used to be round the Warner Lightship. The Warner was the eastern mark, and had to be left on the port hand—that is to say, yachts had to pass to the southward of it. The Sailing

Committee had made a little chart indicating this course. The course was altered, prolonged to round the Bullock Patch Buoy, and the Warner ceased to be a mark in the course. The chart was altered merely by continuing the line out to and round the Bullock Patch Buoy. In the race—the Warner being no longer a mark, my *Valkyrie* passed to the northward, and the *Meteor* (formerly *Thistle*), the German Emperor's yacht, to the southward of it, abreast of each other and close to. Passing to the north or the south did not make a particle of difference in the length of the course or on the fortunes of the race. The *Meteor* saved her time on *Britannia*, which also took part in the race, but not on *Valkyrie*, and *Valkyrie* won the Cup. But the Kaiser protested against me for having passed the wrong side of a mark. The late King, then Prince of Wales, and Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, sent the Vice-Commodore off to explain that as the Warner was not a mark, as was clearly set out in the sailing instructions, the protest had no meaning, and that he hoped it would be withdrawn. Ormonde reported that they were very angry and appealed to the chart. He was sent off again, and this time returned pale and trembling. They were in a furious rage and said instructions did not matter; maps were maps, and the line on the chart showed the Warner on the port hand. What to do! If the protest was heard, the Sailing Committee must have dismissed it at once, and ought to dismiss it as frivolous, and fine the Kaiser £5; and the Prince of Wales would have had a disagreeable half-hour with his nephew. So I said, "Oh, don't let us have any enquiry or any fuss, hand them over the Cup." I think they were all relieved. I had won my Cup, and lost it. The All Highest lost the Cup, and got it. Well, that was better than an unpleasant episode.

I have ever loved the sea and all that is thereon and therein—loved it in all its moods and aspects. Variable—yes, infinite variety, no sameness; and sameness is dull monotony, and variety is the salt of life. I love it, and everything connected with it: racing, sea-fishing, practical seamanship, navigation. In November 1894 I passed for a master's, and three years later for an extra-master's, certificate; six consecutive days of hard examination—no child's play for an uneducated man; and I also had the temerity to write a book, *The Practice and Theory of Navigation*, primarily for the instruction of yachtsmen, but which I hope and think has been of far more extended use. A "blue ticket" (extra-master) is not the least necessary; but to get a master's certificate is well worth the trouble. A yacht-owner ought to be able to navigate as well as to handle his craft. It adds to the interest and the pleasure; and, if he goes foreign, it is almost necessary. It is true that yacht skippers and yacht crews are steady, reliable men; but still, the owner ought to be master, and the whole ship's company should "sign on" to him. Later on during the war I was well repaid for having taken the trouble to pass the Board of Trade examination. My certificate enabled me to retain command of my steam-yacht *Grianaig* after she was appropriated by the Admiralty as a hospital transport carrier.

A revival of the big classes is not likely to be seen for some time to come, if ever. The expense of construction is prohibitive to all except the very rich, and the land offers more advantages and opportunities —social, and other—than the sea. The Kaiser made yacht-racing in large vessels fashionable in Germany by a sort of unwritten decree, and for a purpose; but with us it is not likely to attract men who desire to combine sport with entrance into, or advancement

in, society with a big S. There are exceptions, of course; Sir Thomas Lipton is, I believe, most genuinely devoted to the sea and racing-yachts. But not only is the cost of construction prohibitive, but wages have bounded up in a way to make a kangaroo envious, and to cause dismay to the common or garden acrobatic flea. No, the days of the big class are all over; but that is not, I think, a matter for despair, for the small classes remain, and they always have afforded, and always will afford, the best sport. To put your weight into a rope, and hang on with all your strength till "come up behind," gives satisfaction in the knowledge that something happens. But what is one amateur in a crew of sixty professional stalwarts? Not many amateurs can handle one of these great cutters, and I think that they and their professional brothers will admit that with such big vessels the risk is too great to allow of that fine delicate manœuvring at the start that is practicable, and, being practicable, is necessary for success in the case of smaller vessels.

The best sport that ever was, and ever will be, was to my mind in the few years following 1890, when some fifteen 20-raters raced habitually together. The space for manœuvring during the five minutes between the first and the starting gun is small; the boats, being all of the same rating, there was no time allowance, and they were so level that the one that crossed the line on time and in a weather berth almost invariably won the race. Beautiful little ships—they were first-class cutters in miniature, and, therefore, easy to handle. For excitement nothing can equal yacht-racing. I know the thrill and strain of riding a steeplechase; but the strain is very soon over, and is nothing compared to the nervous tension inseparable from a yacht race lasting for hours. The

career of a first-class racing skipper is usually very short.

Well, I am wrong perhaps in saying that there will never be such sport again. There certainly will be plenty of racing for at any rate the smaller boats; and I rejoiced to see a real sporting proposition originating in America. A sort of perpetual challenge for 6-metre boats all built under the same rules: the races to take place alternately on either side of the Atlantic. That ought to make great sport, and, in fact, did make great sport last summer, though the weather was too bad for such small craft. The American team was defeated, but they handled their boats splendidly, and they deserve, and I hope they will achieve, success in the return match.

I am too old for that sort of job, but I hope that our young men will "buck up"[1] and build and carry on, for though big classes may be things of the past, yacht-racing is not dead. I am not fond of screw-propelled vessels: I do not know what to do with them in bad weather. With sails it is a simple matter. Take, for instance, my *Cariad*. Reefed down, you can sail her over as much sea as she can tumble over—and that means a pretty bad sea: when it gets too bad she will lay to the wind as easy and quiet as a seagull—just forging ahead the least little bit. But with a steamer you must go ahead fast enough to keep good steerage way on her, and that means plunging into the seas instead of giving way to them. But sailing in small craft—perhaps sailing in any sort of craft—is getting too much for me. So I have done a most ignominious thing. I have "gone into steam"; but my heart is with the sails.

[1] Since writing, they have bucked up. Only 6-metre boats will compete on the other side. They will be able to carry more canvas over there than on this side. Given equal velocity, the weight of the wind is not felt so much in a climate drier than ours.

III

TRAVEL AND SPORT

I WAS married on April 29, 1869, and during the same summer my wife and I made our first trip to the United States. I was young—not twenty-eight years of age; and my boyish brain-cells were stored to bursting with tales of Red Indians and grizzly bears, caballeros and haciendas, prairies and buffaloes, Texans and Mexicans, cowboys and voyageurs, and had not yet discharged or jettisoned their cargo. I was in search of such sport and adventure as, under the circumstances, were to be found; but my desire was not to be gratified at that time. I had a few letters of introduction; among them one given to me, I have no doubt, by my friend D. D. Home, the famous medium, to Judge Edmonds; and it was to him that we paid our first visit. Judge Edmonds was a charming man, a most interesting and lovable personality—a typical American of those days. He was a New Englander, I think; at any rate, he represented the best characteristics of that type. That he had commanding intellect and acquired learning, his position as a Judge of the Supreme Court abundantly proves. That in moral courage he excelled is shown by his declaration of faith in Spiritualism. It takes some courage even now for a man eminent in any phase of life requiring keen powers of observation and a calm, dispassionate, judicial mind, to

avow his belief in that theory, and to assert the reality of the phenomenon attributed to it; but it must have been a trial indeed to a man in the highest legal position in the land to assert his belief, sixty or seventy years ago, in a system universally condemned as founded on the most barefaced trickery and deception, and accepted only by credulous fools. Whether Judge Edmonds was right or wrong does not matter; he was a very courageous man. Quaint, full of human kindness, brilliantly intelligent, he was a most delightful host and companion. Representative, as I have said, of a vanished type, and addicted to the use of tobacco in all its forms (but especially in the most primitive), he would sit in a rocking-chair on the stoep, chewing tobacco, telling tales, or commenting upon more serious aspects of life, with all the charm of experience classified and clarified by natural intelligence, highly polished by the friction incidental to a long and arduous legal career. He was a dear old gentleman; and his daughter, Laura Edmonds, afterwards Mrs. Gilmour, was a feminine replica of him —they were a picture, and the setting of it was worthy of them. They lived in a delightful old-fashioned house on the shores of a lovely sheet of water, Lake George, in New York State. Mrs. Gilmour corresponded with me at intervals till her death at Glen Falls three years ago—a charitable, kindly, and noble woman. My wife and I spent a happy time canoeing on the waters of Lake George or wandering in the woods that lined the shore.

From there we went south to some friends down on the James River, Virginia. The most uncivil sword of civil war had cut deep into the Confederate soul. The wounds had not healed, were scarcely skinned over, and the South was in a pitiable state. Our hosts were charming people. They, like nearly

all others, had lost of their best and dearest. They were battered in mind, body, and estate; but they were indomitable. The men-folk, labouring like—well, like their former "coloured labour," only very much harder, to till their land and keep the home going. The women-folk, cultivated ladies, were doing their best in manual work for the same object. Hospitable to the last degree, they made one free of the "simple" life that had become their lot.

Well, my ignorant arrogance was my undoing. I had but lately come out unscathed through the tropical furnace of the hottest place on earth, Annesley Bay, compared with which I had found Aden in June delightfully cool, and I thought myself sun-proof and immune to heat. I found I was not, for, walking about the streets of Richmond on a blazing hot day, I reeled over and collapsed, and did not get over it for many a long day. That spoiled the trip, and I came home after a short stay in New York.

New York was a very different city in those days from what it is now—I mean so far as society and republican simplicity is concerned; indeed, in those respects America had greatly changed in the twenty-seven years between my first visit in 1869 and my last in 1896. The Brevort House was the best hotel in New York; the cuisine was good there and at Delmonico's; and there were excellent restaurants and the best of food to be got in New Orleans, St. Louis, and a few other cities. But the regular average hotel was abominable—meals at certain hours only, the food abundant, super-abundant, but not refined; the waiting!—well, it was all waiting. You were confronted at breakfast with a gigantic list of eatables; you gave your order to a rather supercilious gentleman of pronounced colour. After about ten minutes he brought you a glass of iced water; after another interval, a cup of

coffee; and after very prolonged consideration he dealt out, like cards, a lot of little dishes containing everything you had ordered from first to last; and it was the same, only much more outrageous to the human interior, at dinner. Soup, fish, everything to a final sweet, dumped before you at one fell swoop! No wonder the people were inclined to be dyspeptic. I am not railing at American food—very far from it. The noblest bird in creation is a canvas-back duck; soft-shell crabs are delicious; and so is green corn properly eaten—that is, in the cob. Some of the fish is excellent; and the oysters too—though not so good as ours; and the Creole cooking in the South was beyond reproach. As to bread and cakes, the United States was, and, I suppose, is, far ahead of any other country; and, in the way of fruit, what can be more inviting at breakfast in hot weather than the scooped-out half melon with a lump of ice in it, or grape fruit? It was not the viands, but the system of hurling them all at you in a volley that I objected to.

Democratic simplicity was the rule in those days, and I think the average citizen of New York would have had a fit if he had seen servants in livery, but they were common enough at Newport.

Newport, Rhode Island, was a wonderful and a very delightful place. Rhode Island is a very old plantation, and the real old aristocracy consisted of the natives who supplied the wants of the millionaires and multi-millionaires who built for themselves "cottages" somewhat on the scale of Buckingham Palace. Most kindly, hospitable they were—the men-folk a little bored with, I think, and the women-folk a little frightened of, their majestic imported butlers and liveried men-servants.

Well, the face of the country and the habits of the people have changed since I paid my first visit to

Denver, coaching from the railhead at Kansas City. Denver was a quaint place in those days, little more than a comparatively lawless frontier town, as depicted by Bret Harte. Changed, too, is the west since I drove in a buggy from Santa Barbara to San Francisco through a heavenly country, sleeping at old Mexican ranches. One I remember well. I drove through the property for I don't know how many miles—but it ran to hundreds—till I came to the Home Farm: a long low house, a dining-room, a drawing-room, a kitchen and offices all on the ground; narrow running streams on each side of it, and many semi-detached bedrooms on the farther side. Running water everywhere, and an enormous garden—flowers, vegetables, fruit, vineyards, pomegranates, oranges and lemons, peaches—a veritable Eden. The face of the land has changed, the habits of the people have changed, and the population has changed. It was then about 39 millions. It is now over 120 millions, and the principal contributors to the increase are the Latin races. Fortunately, the old British blood that settled in New England, Virginia, and Maryland was virile, strong, and of a staying quality. Thinking of Denver makes me wonder what sort of a millionaire I should now be had I bought a few corner lots in those far-off days!

Even in that first visit I made some friendships that have lasted. One very queer friend I made in New York—the laziest man ever met. I went to see him one afternoon and found him in bed. "What is the matter?" "Oh, nothing," he said, "I am not going to get up any more. What is the use? I get up in the morning and have all the trouble of dressing—loaf about my rooms a bit, dress some more and go out, and loaf about and have a cocktail and lunch somewhere: come home and shift into another kind

of kit, and pay a visit or two, and have tea: home again, and undress, and dress all over again—go and dine at a club: come home and undress, and go to bed—life is all getting-up and going to bed, and dressing, and undressing, and I am sick and tired of it. I have gone to bed. It is very comfortable, and there I mean to stay"; and I believe he did. That reminds me of three other men of remarkable characteristics. One whom I met up in Montana, having been very badly mauled by a bear, cut off his own leg. Hacked one hunting-knife into a rough saw, sharpened the other, put the axe-head on the fire, amputated the leg, and staunched the blood by actual cautery. It sounds incredible, but I believe it to be true. There I also met a man who had been lost for over thirty days, and had kept himself alive on roots and grass and things. He developed the psychical aberration of numerous personalities; thought his limbs and organs, arms, legs, stomach, brain, and so on, were distinct individuals, and held long conversations with each other. I think that phenomenon has occurred since in other cases among Arctic explorers, if I remember right. Fortunately for him, he was found by some hunters who had killed a bear; they drenched him with hot melted bear fat, and that probably saved his life.

I had an idea that the solanum is a poisonous species, and that the potato raw partakes of the nature of its congener—the deadly nightshade. The potato is maligned, or, what is more probable, one of my guides was endowed with an exceptional interior. I was hunting near settlements—that is near enough to get supplies, and we had a good supply of huge lumper potatoes. I have over and over again seen the aforesaid guide coming in too tired to be bothered to cook, and eat a couple of big potatoes raw, drink a pint of strong black tea, smoke a pipe of strong black

tobacco, and sleep like a baby. Either raw potatoes are harmless, or his interior arrangements were poison-proof.

Talking of Denver, and the fortune I might have made there, reminds me that that was nothing compared to what might have happened to me in Canada. On one of my visits to Silver Island on the north shore of Lake Superior, I and two Indians made the trip to Fort Garry in a little birch-bark canoe; and a delightful trip it was—by rivers and lakes with only a few portages. Fort Garry was then an inferior Hudson Bay post. Now it is the site of a great city. Had I laid out a few dollars on land upon which the city of Winnipeg with over 160,000 inhabitants now stands, why, I should have wealth which would make a Chancellor of the Exchequer pray fervently every half-hour for my decease in his time. But the future did not concern me, and I contentedly shot moose on the city site. There I met for the first time Donald A. Smith, after Lord Strathcona. What a man! and what a career! Twenty years spent wrapped in a rabbit-skin blanket on the Labrador (a rabbit-skin blanket sounds flimsy, but it is not; it is the warmest and at the same time the lightest of coverings. It is not made of skins stitched together, but of thin strips of skins hand-woven together). Twenty years in an icy wilderness, and then the far-seeing pioneer and great statesman. The man who saw the vast capacities of a country then roamed over by a few Indians and Hudson's Bay fur traders and trappers, and opened it up. One of the men who determined that Canada should be for ever Canada by fixing the lines of development by railways running East and West, instead of North and South. Great men—Lord Strathcona, Lord Mount-Stephen, and a few others, and a great statesman, Sir

John Macdonald, left their mark on a continent, and decided the fate of a nation.

While my first trip was, as I have said, disappointing in the matter of sport, though enjoyable by the many friendships I made, I was to make up for the disappointment later on.

Immediately after the Franco-German War I returned to America on a second visit. On this trip I found the help I wanted in General Sheridan. I met him, I think, in Chicago, and talked hunting. General Sheridan was a great soldier and a delightful man, with the one peculiarity of using the most astounding swear words quite calmly and dispassionately in ordinary conversation; and in that way he expressed mild astonishment at any one wanting to shoot buffaloes and elk (they call wapiti elk). He gave me an introduction to Mr. William Cody ("Buffalo Bill"), the Government Scout, and to the officer commanding at Fort McPherson on the forks of the Platte.

I took advantage of the introduction, and I and my wife boarded a western-bound train, and were in the course of time deposited one fine evening in the early fall just before sundown at a lonely little wayside station in Nebraska. Nebraska has long since become a great State, and all the country I hunted over has for years been settled and cultivated. But in those days it was a wilderness of rolling prairie roamed over by Sioux Indians—very bad Indians—and countless herds of buffaloes and wapiti. Being full of bad Indians, it was also full of big game. No man who attached any value to his scalp went out hunting or prospecting promiscuously. Troops or squadrons of cavalry from Fort McPherson were constantly patrolling the country to keep the Sioux in some sort of order, and in hunting expeditions I attached myself to them. Though it is difficult to

imagine it now, we found ourselves, when we stepped on to the platform, plunged suddenly into the wild and woolly West. For a few moments only the place was all alive with bustle and confusion. The train represented everything that was civilised; all the luxuries that could be carried in a train were to be found on board of it; the people were all clothed in fashionable dresses; it was like a slice out of one of the Eastern cities set down bodily in the midst of a perfect wilderness. In a few seconds it was gone, civilisation vanished with it, the station relapsed into its normal condition of desolation, and we were almost alone in the heart of the desert.

It was very beautiful, but somewhat melancholy, and I know I felt rather blue and dismal as I watched the train vanishing in the distance: nor were my spirits roused by learning from the station-master that Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack had left the fort that very morning on a hunting expedition. However, I had to "take it all back," for, just as we were stepping into the ambulance wagon that was waiting to take us to the fort, two horsemen appeared in sight, galloping towards us. In another minute or two they cantered up, swung themselves out of the saddle, threw their bridles over a post, caught up their rifles, and stepped on to the platform, and turned out to be the very men I wanted. I thought I had never seen two finer-looking specimens of humanity, or two more picturesque figures. Both were tall, well-built, active-looking men, with singularly handsome features. Bill was dressed in a pair of corduroys tucked into his high boots, and a blue flannel shirt. He wore a broad-brimmed felt hat, or sombrero, and had a white handkerchief folded like a little shawl loosely fastened round his neck, to keep off the fierce

rays of the afternoon sun. Jack's costume was similar, with the exception that he wore moccasins, and had his lower limbs encased in a pair of comfortably greasy deer-skin trousers, ornamented with a fringe along the seams. Round his waist was a belt supporting a revolver, two butcher knives, and in his hand he carried his trusty rifle, the "Widow"—now in my possession. Jack, tall and lithe, with light brown close-cropped hair, clear laughing honest blue eyes, and a soft and winning smile, might have sat as a model for a typical modern Anglo-Saxon—if ethnologists will excuse the term. Bill was dark, with quick searching eyes, aquiline nose, and delicately cut features, and he wore his hair falling in long ringlets over his shoulders, in true Western style. As he cantered up, with his flowing locks and broad-brimmed hat, he looked like a picture of a cavalier of olden times. Ah well! it is years ago now since the day I first shook hands with Jack and Bill, and many changes have taken place since then. Bill had, I think, always been in Government employ as a scout, but Texas Jack had been a cowboy, one of the old-time breed of men who drove herds of cattle from way down South to Northern markets for weeks and months, through a country infested by Indians and white cattle thieves. With the settling up of the country that type disappeared, to be succeeded by another so admirably portrayed in that delightful book *The Virginian*; and that has, in turn, given way to the more prosaic individual who cow punches over tracts of country, large, it is true, but owned and fenced. At the time I met them neither of them had visited the States, nor been anywhere east of the Mississippi: they knew scarcely more of civilisation and the life of great cities than the Indians around them. Afterwards they both went East

and made money, and both have long since gone West.[1]

Cody agreed willingly after the ceremony of introduction had been got through, and I had made known my wishes, to go along with me if he could get leave, and he did not think there would be any trouble about that. He explained that he and Jack had started out to get a load of meat, but there had been considerable fire down towards the forks, and scared all the game off, and as they had stores for only a day they had come back. "Oh Lord," I said: "the game all scared off, is it? what an infernal nuisance! it does not look a very cheerful country to ride about in without plenty of game to 'liven one up." "Never you mind about deer and elk," cried Jack: "you have no call to worry about that: we will find game enough if you can hit them: you think the prairie don't look cheerful, eh! Well, it does seem kind of dismal, don't it, this time of year. Ah!" he added enthusiastically, "but you should see it in the summer, when the grass is all green, and the flowers is all a-blowing, and the little birdies is a-building of their nesties and boohooing around, and the deer are that fat they will scarcely trouble to get out of the way: and as to eating, they are just splendid, immense! I tell you: ain't they, Bill?" "Yes, sir, you bet your boots they are. But come on, Jack: let's fork our ponies and skin out for the fort: we don't want to stop here all night, anyhow. Good night, gentlemen: we will see you in the morning and fix that

[1] Texas Jack died early.

My lamented friend, W. F. Cody, was born in Iowa in 1845. Originally a U.S. Government Scout, he earned his sobriquet of "Buffalo Bill" by contracting with a Kansas Pacific Railway to provide its labourers with buffalo meat,—and in eighteen months he killed 4280 buffaloes! He entered the Nebraska Legislature in 1872, and in 1883 organised the "Wild West" Exhibition, which attained so wide a popularity on both sides of the Atlantic.

hunt all right, I guess." And so Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack "fork their ponies and skin out," while we bundle ourselves into the wagon and rattle off as fast as six seventeen-hands-high mules can tear to the fort, where we were most kindly and hospitably received.

The next morning I well remember now. I wandered off a little distance, and, sitting down on the trunk of a fallen cottonwood tree, tried to realise that I was in the middle of those prairies that, thanks to Captain Mayne Reid, had haunted my boyish dreams. I cannot say that the realisation of my hopes fulfilled my expectation. I was oppressed with the vastness of the country; the stillness and the boundlessness of the plains seemed to press like a weight upon my spirits, and I was not sorry to get back into the bustle and busy life of the fort. After a while, when I became accustomed to the plains, the feeling of depression of spirits which was at first occasioned by the monotony and quiet colouring of everything faded away, and the limitlessness of the prairie only impressed me with a feeling of freedom, and created rather an exhilaration of spirits than otherwise.

The next day we got off pretty well, sent the wagons, escort, tents, and things away shortly after noon, and started ourselves a couple of hours later. It was with a feeling almost of exultation that I at last found myself riding on the boundless prairie, the tall flagstaff and the wooden houses of the fort fading in the distance, and before me nothing but the illimitable wilderness. After a short gallop, we overtook the outfit on the banks of the Platte, an extraordinary river, which consists at all seasons, except when in full flood, of a broad band of shifting, soft, and dangerous sand, with a little

water trickling about in it. It is in some places miles in breadth.

Stalking Wapiti

Next morning, shortly after daylight, two or three of us started on ahead on the route that the wagons were to follow, and an event occurred—I saw my first elk! Almost immediately after leaving camp I spied two or three gigantic objects, with horns like branching trees, surveying us from a sand-hill at a little distance. I was nearly frightened to death at the sight; they looked so enormous in the dim light, and, although I had absolutely seen the head of an elk at Chicago, I still had lingering doubts as to their existence. We tried to ride round them, but it was no use: they had seen the camp, and made off before we could get anywhere within range. We travelled all the rest of that day without seeing anything more: it was intensely hot, and altogether the journey was not a very pleasant one.

We camped that night somewhere—let us say, on little Sandy Creek, the south branch of the east fork of the western arm of one of the larger tributaries of the North Platte. It was on the next day's march that the first elk was killed. I was riding alone, a little to the left of the wagons, much alarmed at not having them constantly in view, but still so anxious to get a shot that I ventured to keep off a little way. I had adopted by this time the manners and customs of the native hunter, which consist in going up cautiously to the crest of a sand-hill, looking over inch by inch (puts me in mind of the tactics used in the Boer War), and occasionally going to the top of the highest point in the neighbourhood and taking a good survey round with a pair of field-glasses. At last

I was rewarded. Quietly craning my head over a sand-ridge, I saw lying at the bottom, not more than a couple of hundred yards from me, what looked at first like a great tangled mass of dry white sticks. It turned out to be the heads of three wapiti stags lying down close together. I managed without much difficulty to get a little nearer to them, left my horse, crawled up to the brow of the nearest ridge, got a fine shot, and fired. I hate taking a lying shot, and it would have been better in this case if I had roused the animals up; however, I fired at one as he lay, and struck him, but not fatally, and they all got up and made off. Noticing that one was wounded, I jumped on my horse and followed him. I speedily came up to him, for he was severely hit, dismounted, fired another shot, and laid him on the sand. He was not a very large stag, in fact he had a small head, but I thought him the most magnificent animal I had ever seen in my life. He was my first wapiti, and the other day, looking at his head at my house at Adare, the incident came back most vividly to my mind. Fortunately for me, Buffalo Bill, who heard the shots and saw the wapiti making off, followed them and came to my assistance, helped me to cut him up, and, after taking some meat on our saddles, brought me safely and speedily back to the wagons.

We scoured the country for the first couple of days in vain, seeing nothing, not even a fresh sign. On the third afternoon we—that is, myself and a friend and Buffalo Bill—were riding along, somewhat dispirited, a little in the rear of Texas Jack, who had gone on ahead and had disappeared round a hill. Presently we caught sight of him again on a little bluff at some distance from us. He had dismounted, and was running round and round on all fours, making such extraordinary antics that I imagined he had

gone suddenly insane, till Buffalo Bill explained that he was merely indicating to us in the language of the plain that there were some wapiti in sight, and pretty near. So we approached him very cautiously, and, looking over the edge of the bluff, saw a sight which I shall never forget—a herd of at least 120 or 130 wapiti on the little plain below, close to the edge of the river. They looked magnificent, so many of these huge deer together. There were not many good heads among them, however, the herd consisting chiefly of hinds and young stags. They were in such a position that we could not make a good stalk upon them, and as it was getting late in the afternoon we determined to try and drive them; and so, after posting Jack and my friend in two favourable positions, Buffalo Bill and I went round to try and creep as near the wapiti as we could. I did get two or three unfavourable shots, and missed; but the other two men were more fortunate, for they shot three elk out of the herd as they ran by.

Running Wapiti

Next day we rode for a long time, keeping a general direction down-stream, but on the high ground on the banks of the river, without seeing anything or a sign of anything, except of Indians at some distance on the other side of the river moving parallel to us, and sign-talking by smoke.[1] I think it must have been noon when I at last caught a glimpse of some objects a long way off, on the side of a steep bluff. It is very hard to take a good view of a distant object on a cold winter's day from the top of an exposed hill, with the wind blowing through and through

[1] A sort of dot-and-dash business, conducted by covering a small fire with a blanket and letting puffs of smoke escape.

one, and one's eyes watering and one's benumbed hands shaking the glasses in a most inconvenient manner. And we were unable for some time to determine the nature of the animals; but at length made out that they were elk, and not what Texas Jack and I feared at first sight might have been Indians. As soon as we had made the joyful discovery, we mounted our horses, and galloped off, making a long circuit down wind, so as to come upon the game from the proper direction. Jack's instinct as a hunter stood us in good stead on this occasion. He brought me round beautifully to the exact spot where the deer lay, which was an exceedingly difficult thing to do, considering that when we first saw them they were four or five miles off, and were lying on a sand-hill exactly like hundreds and thousands of other sand-hills that surrounded us in every direction. There was not even the slightest landmark to point out the position of the elk, and, having once got on our horses, we never saw them till Jack brought me within a few hundred yards of the herd.

I had no idea where we were, when Jack said: "Now be mighty careful in going up this hill, and keep your eyes skinned: we ought to be able to see elk from the top." Accordingly we rode our horses up inch by inch, stooping down on their necks whenever we moved, and halting every two or three steps, and gradually raising our heads, so as to be sure of catching sight of the game before they saw us. When we discovered the deer, we found they were lying on the opposite hill-side, out of shot; and we had to make another detour in order to get closer up; and finally, having reached a place from whence we expected to be within easy range, we dismounted, gave our horses in charge to two soldiers who had

accompanied us, and prepared to make a start on foot.

It was not pleasant ground for crawling, covered as it was in patches with dwarf cacti, horrible little vegetable nuisances about the size of a cricket ball, covered with spikes that penetrate through moccasins into the soles of your feet, and fill your hands and knees till they look like pin-cushions. They go in easily enough, but, being barbed at the end, they won't come out again. They are a great trouble to dogs. I had a collie with me that became so disgusted with these cacti that if he found himself among patches of them he would howl and yell with terror before he was hurt at all. They are very detrimental also to the human hunter: but of course it is better to be as covered with prickles as is the fretful porcupine than to miss a chance at a big stag; and so, in spite of cacti, we crawled on our hands and knees, and after a while upon our waistcoats, till we got to the crest of the hill, and there found ourselves within two hundred yards of the game. We could not tell how large the herd was, for not more than twenty wapiti were in sight. Having mutually settled what we were to do, in a few hurried whispers, we selected each man his deer, fired all together, and loaded and fired again as fast as we could. Wapiti are so stupid that when they do not get your wind, or see you, they will bunch up together and stand, poor things, some little time in a state of complete terror, uncertain which way to run or what to do, and we got several shots into them before they started; and when at length they did set off they went in such a direction that we were able to cut them off again by running across at an angle. We did so, and, making another careful stalk upon them, found them all gathered together, looking about in all directions,

and quite bewildered at being unable to see or smell the danger to which they were exposed. Signalling our horses to come up, we got three or four shots at the elk before they made up their minds to start, and, when at last they did get under way, we rushed to meet the horses, threw ourselves into the saddle, and started full gallop after them.

Fortune again befriended us, for the deer ran round a steep bluff, and, by taking the other side of the hill, we succeeded in cutting them off again, and rode in right on the top of the herd, yelling and shouting to frighten them. In running wapiti on horseback the great thing is to get among them suddenly at great speed, and to scare them as much as possible. If you succeed in doing that, they get winded, and with a good horse you will be able to keep up with them for some little distance; but if you let them get started gradually at their own pace, you have no more chance of coming up with them than with the man in the moon. However, this time we charged in among the herd, and kept up with them a long way. What became of the others I don't know, for I was too fully occupied with myself to take any notice of them. I rode in upon fifty or sixty of the huge beasts, kept my horse galloping right along with them, and loaded and fired as fast as I could, occasionally rolling over a deer. Presently, I singled out a big stag, the best I could see, and devoted myself to him. With the usual cowardice of his sex, he thrust himself in among the hinds, and I had great difficulty in getting a good broadside shot at him. I missed, for it is not an easy thing to hit a deer at full gallop with your own horse at full gallop also; but I stuck to my deer, though he doubled and turned in all directions, and at last, by a lucky shot, rolled him over like a rabbit, a fact which I announced by a

yell which I should think must have been heard in settlements.

As soon as I had done for him, I took after the rest of the herd, or rather the largest portion of the herd, for the main body of deer had broken up into several parties, and followed a little bunch of perhaps twenty or thirty, loading and firing, and every now and then bowling over a wapiti. I went on till my rifle fell from my hands through sheer exhaustion, and stuck in the sand, muzzle downwards. That, of course, stopped my wild career. Then I got off my horse, which was completely blown and stood with his legs wide apart, his nostrils quivering, his flanks heaving, pouring with sweat, and loosened his girths. I felt in pretty much the same condition, for it is hard work running elk on horseback: so, having first extracted my rifle from its position in the sand, I led my horse slowly up to the top of a sand-hill, turned his head to the fresh vivifying wind, and sat down. I had not the remotest idea of where I was, how long I had been running the elk, how many I had killed, or anything else. It was natural that I should not know where I was, for the oldest hand will get turned round after running even buffalo on the prairie; and wapiti are much more bewildering than buffalo, for the latter will generally run tolerably straight, while the former run in circles, and double, and turn back on their tracks, and go in any direction it suits them. I was utterly and completely lost as far as finding my way back to camp was concerned, and I began all at once to feel a sense of dismalness creep over me. A sudden reaction set in after the great excitement I had enjoyed. Only a few seconds before I had been careering at full gallop over the prairie, shouting from sheer exuberance of spirits, every nerve in a state of intense excitation, the blood

coursing madly through every artery and vein, every muscle and sinew strained to the uttermost, bestriding an animal in an equal state of excitement, and pursuing a herd of flying creatures, all instinct with life and violent movement. In a second it was all gone. Like a flash the scene changed. The wapiti disappeared as if by magic. There was not a living creature of any kind to be seen, and the oppressive silence was unbroken by the faintest sound. I looked all around the horizon: not a sign of life; everything seemed dull, dead, quiet, unutterably sad and melancholy. The change was very strange, the revulsion of feeling very violent and not agreeable. I experienced a most extraordinary feeling of loneliness; and so, having stopped a few minutes to let my horse get his wind, and to recover my faculties a little, I got on my exhausted steed, cleaned the sand out of my rifle, slowly rode up to the top of the highest sand-hill in the neighbourhood, and there sat again to look about me. I dare say the reader will ask, "Why did not you take your back track, and find your way?" I should have tried that course in time, but it is not an easy matter to follow one's footmarks when the whole country is ploughed up and tracked over with the feet of flying animals, and I had in all probability been describing curves, crossing my trail many times: so I sat me down on the top of my sand-hill and waited.

After what seemed to me an intolerable time, probably nearly half an hour, I saw, in the distance, a little black spot crawling up a high sand-hill and remaining stationary at the top, and by the aid of my glass I made out a man and a horse. The man and horse remained where they were; I also did not stir: and in a few minutes more I had the pleasure of seeing in another direction another man and horse climbing

to the top of a sand-hill. I felt sure they were my friends, for we had always settled among ourselves that if we got separated in running elk or buffalo, or anything, each man should get to the top of the highest point he could find, wait there some little time, and in this way we should be sure to get together again: and so, after fixing well in my eye the position of the first man I had seen, I got on my horse and started in that direction. After a bit I rode up another high sand-hill to take an observation, and, finding my friend still in the same place, continued my way towards him.

In about an hour we had all got together again, and, after briefly giving each other an account of our success, we struck out for the end of the track where I had left my stag, and took the trail back. Such a scene of slaughter I had never viewed before; for two or three miles the dead elk lay thick upon the ground; it was like a small battlefield — a case of prairie murder. By Jove, how we did work that afternoon gralloching the deer!

It was dark by the time we had got through our task, and with bent and aching backs and blunted knives had returned to camp, about the dirtiest, most blood-stained, hungriest, happiest, most contented, and most disreputable-looking crowd to be found anywhere in the great territories of the West. It was a wonderful experience, because it partook of the double nature of stalking and running on horseback, for we had our stalk first, and killed five or six wapiti on foot, and then we had our run and killed a lot more. Running wapiti is very exciting, far more so than running buffalo. In those days buffaloes (bison) ranged the prairies in vast herds, and we ran them when meat was wanted; but it is not interesting. It is more dangerous than running wapiti, for the ground

is often pitted with prairie dogs' holes, and a fall would mean being trampled to death by the herd. Moreover, when some of a party use rifles and shoot to the left, and others prefer revolvers and shoot to the right, accidents may occur. The bison were the food of the wild Indians and were purposely exterminated, killed for their hides and bones. But it was the railways that really destroyed them. Accustomed to roam the whole length of the continent, moving north in summer and south in winter, the transcontinental railways broke them up, and destroyed conditions essential to them.

The next two days we were busily engaged in cutting up the meat with axes, and taking it into camp, for it must not be supposed that an ounce of all that meat was wasted; we hauled every bit of it to the fort, where the demand for fresh venison greatly exceeded our supply.

Of one crime I have not been guilty, though accused of it. I have never wasted good food, never killed for the mere lust of killing. I got into trouble twice in Nova Scotia. We wanted meat badly, and I fired at, and wounded, a big cow moose. She waded out a long distance into a shallow lake, and there I killed her. We had an awful hard job to drag her ashore, and when we had done so, and had cut her up, we found she was full of great masses of some yellow jelly-like substance. What was wrong with her I do not know; but as the Indians would not eat the flesh I thought it well to abstain also. We buried her on the boggy shore of the lake, and some one came along and found the body. On another occasion I shot three moose—two by mistake: I only wanted one; but in a very dense bush it is easy to make a mistake. I could only faintly distinguish the brown of the moose—I could not see if it fell and thought it only

moved a little before making off, as moose often do, and went on firing. When I went up I found I had killed three. I told a party of Indians camped not far off where the moose were, and they gladly said they would take them. They did not. I cannot tell why, for the moose were at no distance, and were close to an old logging-path; but they left the bodies there, and some weeks after some one came along and found them. Wicked waste, but not my fault!

Are we, I wonder, really responsible creatures with our left hands knowing what our right hands do? Is there any continuity about us? How many contradictory feelings can we entertain at once? For years the idea of taking life has become repugnant to me, and yet I eat the flesh of slaughtered animals. To see the reproach in the dying eye of a deer would be intolerable to me now, and I could not shoot a woodcock or pheasant, or a rabbit, just for sport; and yet when I have a shooting party at home I am as keen as mustard, and long to have a gun. A mass of contradictions! Well, there is this to be said in fairness for the pursuit of big game. It teaches self-reliance, endurance, observation, patience. It brings one face to face with nature and with scenes that could not otherwise be witnessed. Incidents occurring years and years ago are so fascinating even now that I have been reading accounts, written long ago, of experiences on the great plains, in the mountains, and in the deep woods. Well, are they not all written in the book of *The Great Divide*, published in 1876? Some clergy bought it supposing it to be a theological work expounding the separation of the sheep and the goats; but, if I remember right, the book did not rely much upon that, and had a pretty good sale. I remember the circumstances therein narrated pretty well; and certain facts, as, for

instance, the visit to the geyser region on the Upper Yellowstone, the stalk that gave me the biggest mountain-sheep head that was ever seen, stick up in memory like mountain-peaks above low-lying cloud. But as the general view of the past is hazy, I have glanced through the pages of *The Great Divide* to refresh my memory.

The Yellowstone National Park

Being in the United States during the autumn of 1874, I determined to try and visit the region of the Upper Yellowstone River, and to judge for myself whether the thermal springs and geysers there situated were deserving of the superiority claimed for them over similar phenomena in New Zealand and Iceland. All that great Yellowstone country was then practically unknown. It had been roughly surveyed by the Federal Government, and now and then a few stragglers had wandered in; but nobody lived there, and there were no roads. It is now a far-famed National Park, and I suppose hotels and "cures" and roads and things abound. But in those days it was a region unexplored. For two or three years—in fact, ever since the first vague accounts of the marvels to be seen upon its shores had filtered out into the world—I had longed to visit the Yellowstone. Its lakes had for me a magnetic attraction which drew me towards them with an irresistible impulse; and there was an atmosphere of mystery enveloping its upper waters like a mist, which I eagerly sought to dispel.

General Sheridan was so good as to give me letters of introduction to the Commanding Officers at Fort Ellis and other military stations, and my plan was to strike north from the railway as far as stage-

coaches were running, and then proceed as best we could to Fort Ellis and the nearest "ranch" to our objective.

I was staying in the happy hunting-grounds of Estes Park in Colorado; and, having made up a party, and got into touch with my old friend, hunting companion, and guide, Mr. John Omohondro, better known as Texas Jack, I drove down to Denver, the capital, a distance of 60 miles, to meet him. How we did "haver" and talk over old times and make plans that night. Finally, we made up our minds to proceed to Utah, that wonderful Mormon reclamation in the Great American desert.

I sent Jack on ahead to make arrangements, and joined him at Salt Lake City, spending a couple of days in that city of saintly sinners to fit out with saddles, buffalo-robes, and other necessary equipment. It was a peculiar place, like a jar of mixed human pickles, the population being composed of a conglomeration of saints and gentiles, elders and sinners, Mormons and Christians,—and very much "mixed" indeed.

We left the train at Corinne, embarked in a lumbering, heavy, old-fashioned stage-coach, and, under the guidance of a whisky bottle and an exceedingly comical driver, set out for Virginia City in Montana, some 330 miles distant. Our general intention was to get to Fort Ellis or Bozeman, about 70 miles from Virginia City, to make "Boteler's Ranch" (about 35 miles from Bozeman) our permanent camp, and to make expeditions from there, carrying only what we could pack on mules. The country was uninteresting: but the impression made upon me by the sunrises witnessed on the journey is still clear-cut upon my memory. Many people prefer sunsets to sunrises. I must confess that, notwithstanding the superior gorgeousness of

colour of the evening hour, to me there is something infinitely sad about the decline of day; all things, vegetable as well as animal, sink so wearily to rest: whereas with the morn come hopes renewed and energies restored.

The dawn approaches, flinging over all the eastern sky a veil of the most delicate primrose, that warms into the rich lustre of the topaz, hiding the sad eyes of the fading stars. The yellow light sweeping across the sky is followed by a lovely rosy tint, which, slowly creeping over the arch of heaven, dyes the earth and firmament with its soft colouring, and throws back the mountains and valleys into deepest gloom. Stronger and stronger grows the morn. Higher and warmer spreads the now crimson flood. The mountains all flush up; then blaze into sudden life. A great ball of fire clears the horizon, and strikes broad avenues of white light across the plain. The sun is up! and it is day. What is more, the horses are hitched; and, with a cry of "All aboard," away we roll to undergo another twelve hours' dust and heat.

It was a wearisome drive from Corinne to Virginia City along a series of flat plains connected with each other by short cañons and valleys. Occasionally the road ascended, but by a very easy gradient. No precipices, no torrents, no avalanches, no glaciers, nothing grand, terrible, or dangerous to show that we were surmounting a portion of a great and important watershed, and were crossing the backbone of the continent.

We arrived at Virginia, in fair condition, but by no means according to sample, if one had been taken of us on leaving Salt Lake City.

Virginia City! Good Lord! What a name for the place! We had looked forward to it during the journey as to a sort of haven of rest, a lap of

luxury—a Capua in which to forget our woes and weariness, an Elysium where we might be washed, clean-shirted, rubbed, shampooed, barbered, curled, cooled, and cock-tailed. Not a bit of it! Not a sign of Capua about the place! There may have been laps, but there was no luxury. A street of straggling shanties, a bank, a blacksmith's shop, a few dry-goods stores, and bar-rooms, constituted the main attractions of the "City." It was disappointing; but we soon became reconciled to our fate. We found the little inn very clean and comfortable; we dined on deer, antelope, and bear meat, a fact which raised hopes of hunting in our bosoms; and the people were exceedingly civil, kind, and obliging, and anxious to assist strangers in any possible way, as, so far as my experience goes of America, and indeed of all countries, they invariably are as soon as you get off the regular lines of travel.

There being nothing to interest us in Virginia City, or in the neighbourhood, and the chances of good sport being "very doubtful," we decided, after a council of war, to go to Fort Ellis, and have a week's hunting in that locality. We stayed a day at a queer little settlement—Stirling—but found nothing to interest us there except a most extraordinary little Irishman. He was very diminutive, could drink six or eight quarts of milk at a sitting, called himself Mr. Mahogany Bogstick, never touched beer, spirits, or tobacco, was partial to petticoats, and held that if only England would legislate justly for the Sister Isle, all the Irishmen in the world could reside comfortably and happily at home, with plenty to eat and drink, lots of land to live upon, and not a hand's turn of work to do. I think he invented his extraordinary name on the spur of the moment, from a mistaken notion that Jack was chaffing him

when, in reply to his enquiries, he informed him that Omohondro was his *nom de famille*. But I don't know, names get curiously corrupted or completely changed, as for instance in the case of the emigrant Fetherstonhaugh who became Peter Gun. New York was too busy to be bothered with such a long name, and Fetherstonhaugh became Fetherstone and Firestone. He went across to French-speaking, primitive Lower Quebec, where flint-locks were still in use, and Firestone was naturally translated into Pierre Fusil, and that equally naturally became Peter Gun when he returned to the English-speaking side. Anyhow, Mr. Mahogany Bogstick was a very funny character, and amused us greatly.

From Stirling we drove on to Fort Ellis, and there we spent a few pleasant days, much enjoying the kind hospitality of General and Mrs. Sweitzer, and the officers of the garrison; discussing hunting and shooting, trapping bears, stalking elk, or trailing Redskins; listening to awful tales (which I trust were a little highly coloured) of Indian devilry and cunning, how they creep upon you unawares, how they impale you on a young pine tree, and leave you there to squirm your life out in writhing agonies, or lay you, stripped naked, flat on your back on the ground, your arms and legs extended and pegged out tight, and then, lighting a small fire on your stomach, dance round you in enjoyment of the spectacle.

Wild stories, too, we heard of weary marches; of want of food and want of water; of hazardous scouting expeditions; and of awful sufferings in winter snows, when men lost their toes and fingers, or fared like the carpenter in the voyage through the Straits of Magellan, who, "thinking to blow his nose, did cast it into the fire." Perhaps some fastidious fair one may think the carpenter in question

must have been a vulgar person. Any one who has been to a cold climate will, however, allow that if you blow your nose at all, you must use the implements of nature, not of art.

So we chatted, spun yarns, played billiards, and drove about, Jack purchasing stock at Bozeman; and finally, everything being nearly ready, I left orders for the outfit to proceed direct to Boteler's Ranch, and started off myself for the Crow Agency about 30 miles away, to have a look at the Crows, a fine race of Indians, tall, straight, clean-limbed, well-proportioned, and light in colour.

Any one at Fort Ellis would have stated as a fact that there is no such thing as a good Indian except a dead Indian; but they are not so bad as all that. Indeed, I have a sneaking affection for them in spite of the inconvenience, not to say danger, their presence has caused me. Once I came near shuffling off this mortal coil at their hands. General Custer invited me to join him on a punitive expedition. Unluckily, as I thought, but fortunately as it turned out, I received the invitation too late. The whole outfit was wiped out!

At the time of my visit the Crows were divided into two bands—the Mountain Crows and the River Crows, the former numbering about 3200 souls, including half-breeds, and the latter about 1200. Their then reservation, secured to them by treaty with the United States in 1868, comprised about 6,272,000 acres of land, situated north of the Yellowstone.

There were a good many Crows at the Agency when I arrived, and I was formally introduced to several of the leading men. During the evening a number of them came up from the camp and gave us a *coup* dance. Among those present at the dance

were Blackfoot, Little Soldier, The Spaniard, Boy that Grabs, Two Bellies, Pretty Bird, and several other notabilities whose names have escaped my memory. Blackfoot and an old medicine-man were masters of the ceremonies, and conducted the arrangements, but took no active part themselves.

A *coup* dance, as it is called by the whites, is not a dance at all. The Indians call it counting their *coups*, and it is a sort of history lesson in which the young braves and warriors narrate their deeds in war, an interlude of stamping and singing taking place between each speech. As each adventure is detailed, those among the crowd of listeners who can bear witness to the truth of the speaker's statement strike the ground with their whip-handles in token of approval; and it is customary for the speaker at the close of each description to produce the trophies which he won on that particular occasion. Thus the records of the tribe are kept green and fresh in the people's memories. Old feuds are fanned and kept alive, and the young men are urged to emulate the brave deeds of their fathers by hearing those deeds proclaimed and applauded.

The Indian of the plains is by no means the taciturn, melancholy individual he had been described to be. On the contrary, when he has enough to eat and is warm, he is loquacious enough, and is a very jovial, joke-loving fellow. When we entered the room we found the chiefs and braves all seated round, leaning against the walls, smoking, laughing, talking, and carrying on great chaff with the interpreter, who was bantering them upon their love affairs, and displayed an intimate acquaintance with the domestic vicissitudes of some of the party, which was much relished by the others.

The ceremonies on this occasion were opened by

Dr. Wright, the Agent, who put me forward, blushing, in a dirty flannel shirt, to be glared at by the assembled braves, while he made an eloquent speech introducing me. He explained in flowery and poetic language how, having travelled many moons, and crossed great oceans in big canoes, and swum rivers and scaled mountains, I had arrived at the supreme moment of my life; the aim of my existence was gained:—I had seen the Crows! When he had made an end of speaking, I made, I trust, a suitable reply, and deposited myself on an empty candle-box; but had to get up again to shake hands with every individual in the room, each man approaching me singly, taking my hand with a grip that sometimes was unpleasantly warm, shaking it in a most affectionate manner, the while gazing solemnly into my eyes, and gutturally emitting "How,"—to which salutation I with much dignity responded "How!" After this Blackfoot got up and made an oration, dilating upon the extreme poverty of himself and his nation, expatiating upon the great virtues of wool, especially in the form of blankets, in counteracting the bad effects of cold, and extolling the hygienic properties of flannel shirts. It was a fine speech to have delivered before a Dorcas Society. I thought the allusions and hints were somewhat pointed, but gave them to understand that a few blankets might be forthcoming if they gave us some good dancing, an intimation that was received with a grunt of applause.

I cannot describe an Indian dance. The only way to convey an idea of it would be for me to put on a blanket and "jump around loose," and for some one else to take shorthand notes of my appearance and antics. But it is a wholesome way of working off superfluous steam and steadying the nervous system. Queer people are the Red men. If a party

have to walk a few hundred miles, they will gorge themselves with food, dance and yell themselves to exhaustion round the fire the night before, and travel for a long time with little or no food. Great is the uncivilised stomach.

On the whole question as to what civilisation is, the two races, white and red, are hopelessly at variance. While we think we are advancing, they assert that we are going back. We hope and trust that we are on the right path; they say we are hopelessly "off the trail." They consider our lives altogether wrong, and look upon us with contempt, perhaps with a little pity. While fully acknowledging the fact of our preponderating strength, while seeing plainly before them the extermination of their race, and bowing their heads to sad necessity, they yet will not admit that we are in any respect their equals, man to man. They are the most strong-hearted, hard-headed people in this matter, submitting to the inevitable, but sturdily maintaining their self-respect. As to our railways, our wagons and carriages, our bridges, roads, houses, villages, towns, and cities, they are all utterly abhorrent to the Indian. He cannot understand what satisfaction we can find in the pursuit of business or in the pleasures that form the sum and substance of our lives. He cannot realise the state of society in which we exist, our thoughts and actions, our eating and drinking, our sleeping and waking, our occupations and our pastimes; in fact, our whole scheme of life is so repulsive to him that he looks with surprise and contempt upon a race that finds existence bearable under such circumstances.

Even when poor, cold, half-starved, he would not change places with any white man. With enough to eat, tobacco to smoke, horses, guns, and hides to trade for beads and finery, he is the happiest man on earth,

for he is thoroughly contented with his lot. He is free, and he knows it. We are slaves, bound by chains of our own forging; and he sees that it is so. Could he but fathom the depths of a great city, and gauge the pettiness, the paltry selfishness of the inhabitants, and see the deceit, the humbug, the lying, the outward swagger, and the inward cringing, the toadyism, and the simulated independence; could he but glance at the millions of existences spent in almost chronic wretchedness, lives that it makes one shudder to think of, years spent in close alleys and back slums, up dismal rotting courts, without a ray of sun to cheer them, without a mouthful of sweet fresh air to breathe, without a flower or even a blade of grass, or any token, however humble, to show that there is somewhere a beautiful Nature—if he could note how we have disfigured the face of Nature, polluted our streams and fountains, poisoned our rivers, and so impregnated the very air we breathe that grass will not grow exposed to the unhealthy atmosphere;—could he but take all this in, he would strike his open palm upon his naked chest, and thank God that he was a savage, uneducated and untutored, but with air to breathe, and water to drink; ignorant but independent, a wild but a free man.

I should much have liked to see more of the Crows. They were good enough to invite me to accompany them on their fall buffalo hunt down in the Judith basin, and, being full of hospitality, offered me ponies, a tepee all to myself, and a damsel to look after it. But I had other things to do, and the prospect did not in all its details appeal to me; so I declined with thanks.

I have always felt a keen interest in the Red men, for though their ideas and customs are in many cases repugnant to us, they are interesting, and are credited —and, as I believe accurately—with qualities which

are lacking or dormant in us. How is it that parties of horse-stealing Sioux keep touch with each other? The Sioux are, or were, very bold. A big band would leave the reservation, and, after arriving at a certain point, would break up into small parties, and proceed to run Government horses picketed right close to military posts many hundreds of miles distant from the reservation. When they break up, selected individuals in each party exchange blankets, and, if one party wants news of another, the appropriate man will, after a fast, go off by himself, will wrap up himself in his distant comrade's blanket, and find out all about him and his party. How they get information I leave it to psychologists to say; but I am pretty sure they do.

I not unnaturally acquired a feeling of general hostility towards the Sioux and other Indians of the plains, for on hunting expeditions they had bothered me much, and had interfered considerably with my pleasure and comfort, as I am not one of those individuals who revel, or pretend to revel, in imminent danger, and who delight, or say they delight, in anticipations of a "scrap." But, still, I am fond of them. I respect their instinct, I admire their intense love of freedom; and while admitting that Fenimore Cooper's heroes are somewhat imaginary, I must confess that the "noble Red man" is not altogether such a mythical being as one school of writers would have us believe. He has some noble traits of character; and it must not be forgotten that, although in common with all semi-civilised or totally savage people, certain of his natural actions and thoughts are shocking to our ideas of decency and morality, yet the chief causes that render him obnoxious to us are to be traced directly to the contaminating influence of white men. They have been evilly treated in the United States, and that

makes one sympathise with them. Starved into submission by the designed extinction of their natural food, the buffalo, they have been secured by treaty in large reservations. Ousted out of their reservation, driven farther and farther, cheated by their agents, treated like vermin by intrusive settlers, they have been forced into chronic hostility. Not so across the border. Fairly treated in Canada, they have given but little trouble; order is kept by a few mounted police.

Our journey to Boteler's Ranch took us through the lower cañon of the Yellowstone, through which we kept our "eyes skinned" and all our senses on the alert, for a predatory band of Sioux from the plains had not long before run off with some cattle and horses from close to the walls of Fort Ellis, and had killed two men near the Crow Mission. After passing through the lower cañon the trail emerged into a fine plain of about 30 miles in length, and 8 or 10 in breadth, and near the head of this valley were our prospective headquarters—Boteler's Ranch.

An amusing incident occurred during this stage of our journey. Teetotalism may be a very fine thing for certain persons and under certain very peculiar circumstances, but occasionally the desire to indulge in the cup that cheers and does inebriate may prove one's salvation. In the present instance it was of great service to us, for, if Kingsley and I had been total abstainers, we should have lost the whole military chest, and been obliged to put back and procure fresh funds to carry on the campaign. It happened in this way. Towards evening we got somewhat tired. A little rill chattering and laughing down the hillside looked so provokingly cool, so invitingly clear, that we could not resist the temptation to take just a "wee drappie," and, spontaneously and simul-

taneously pulling up, we invited each other to drink. Kingsley, who kept the flask, dismounted, and, kneeling down to blend in just proportions the two fluids, felt in the pocket where the flask ought to have been. A shade of anxiety passed across his countenance as he withdrew his hand empty, succeeded by an expression of blank despair, as, after rapidly trying the remaining pocket of his jacket and other garments, he made the awful discovery that through a hole in his pocket not only had the flask disappeared, but the notebook also which contained all our available funds. There was nothing for it but to turn round and examine the trail, swearing the while the most emphatically. Four or five miles back we were fortunate enough to find the money all correct, and half a mile beyond we discovered the flask. If it had not been for our whisky-drinking proclivities, the pocket-book would not have been missed probably until the morning, and by the time we could have returned to the spot some honest citizen might have passed, and our dollars might have gone "where the woodbine twineth." We then and there poured a libation, and determined never to join any temperance society except one that had been recently started in San Francisco, where it is ruled that "nothing stronger than wine, beer, or cider shall be drunk on the premises, unless any member be suffering under a sense of discouragement, in which case whisky is allowed."

We lay two days at Boteler's, hiring pack animals, and manufacturing packing-straps and other necessaries; and we secured the services of Fred Boteler to act as guide. While the others worked Campbell and I went out hunting to supply camp, and a nice mess we made of it. Not knowing the nature of the ground, we had gone out in boots, and the ground being littered with withered leaves and dead

sticks, we had no chance whatever of getting near a deer.

But on the way we found a herd of twenty antelope, and we made a beautiful stalk, over almost level ground, the only cover being tufts of coarse grass, a few sage-bushes, and nearly imperceptible irregularities in the surface. It was a very long crawl, and, like the serpent, on our bellies we had to go all the way. But patience was rewarded, and at length, with hands and knees full of cactus spikes and spicula of grass, we got right among the herd, and lay watching them for some time.

I had never been so near to antelope before, and was glad of the opportunity of observing their actions. There was only one buck among them. He had such a splendid head that I determined to take him first, and chance getting a doe—which would be the better venison of the two—with the second shot. The old buck was lying broadside on, not twenty-five yards from me; he took no notice whatever, but the does were uneasy all the time. At last I gently with my gun-barrel put aside the coarse stems of the grass behind which I was lying at full length, and, sighting for his shoulder, fired. At the report the whole herd bounded to their feet, and with a snort, or rather whistle of surprise and terror, made off at a pace that only an antelope can keep up. I was so surprised and annoyed at seeing the buck galloping off with the others, and evidently unhurt, that I forgot the second barrel altogether, and stood gazing in open-mouthed astonishment. How I missed that antelope I cannot even now make out. I must have fired clean over his back, I suppose. Campbell *ought* to have consoled me after the manner of stalkers, and made excuses, and said the beast was five yards farther than he had guessed him to be, or that a puff of wind had come

just as I pulled, or that at the same moment the sun had suddenly glinted out; but he merely observed that it was "most extrornary, a great peety, and a vara bad shot"; and I relieved my feelings by asserting that it was all his fault, as he had loaded "Twilight,"[1] and he must have put in too much powder.

And so we went home, and were laughed at and chaffed by our own folk and by the whole family of Boteler's. The cook said there was no meat, and muttered that we could not hunt "no how"; and Jack supposed that he would have to go next time; and Kingsley pointed to a fine dish of fish and said it was lucky *somebody* could get *something* to eat: so we ate trout with our humble pie.

The following morning we left Boteler's, with pack-mules, and only those who have experienced it can form any idea of the pleasures and miseries, the comforts and inconveniences, attendant upon "packing." The impenitent mule determined to bolt is a difficult creature to deal with. You may use language strong enough to split a rock, hot enough to fuse a diamond, without any effect upon him; you may lay hold of the trail ropes and drag as hard as you like, but you might as well catch the tail end of an express train and expect to stop it. You may, and of course you do, curse and swear your "level best," but it does not do a bit of good; go on they will, till they kick their packs off; and then they must be caught, the scattered articles gathered together, and the whole operation commenced afresh.

Our first day's march was full of mishaps, but we got along much better the next day, and camped comfortably on a little creek which discharges itself into the Yellowstone. The country lacking game, I

[1] An old-fashioned muzzle-loading rifle.

left a permanent camp there, and, taking one pack mule to carry cooking pots and a blanket apiece, four of us went up into the mountains for a few days' hunt. After a few miles we struck a strong deer-trail leading in the direction we desired to go, and followed it. I was lucky enough soon to kill a large fat doe.

That evening, when we were all smoking round the fire—a most attentive audience, watching with much interest the culinary feats which the cook was performing—we were startled by, to us, a most unearthly sound, for none of us strangers had ever heard a wapiti stag roaring before; and it is no wonder we were astonished at the noise. The wapiti never calls many times in quick succession, as his little cousin the red stag of Europe frequently does, but bellows forth one great roar, commencing with a hollow, harsh, unnatural sound, and ending in a shrill screech like the whistle of a locomotive. In about ten minutes this fellow called again, a good deal nearer, and the third time he was evidently close to camp; so I started out, with my favourite muzzle-loader "Twilight," and, advancing cautiously, presently, through a bush, distinguished in the gloom the dark body and antlered head of a real monarch of the forest as he stalked out into an open glade and stared with astonishment at our fire. He looked perfectly magnificent. He was a splendid beast, and his huge bulk, looming large in the uncertain twilight, appeared gigantic. He stood without betraying the slightest sign of fear or hesitation; but, as if searching with proud disdain for the intruder that had dared to invade his solitude, he slowly swept round the branching spread of his antlers, his neck extended, and his head a little thrown back, and snuffed the air. I could not see the foresight of the little muzzle-loader; but luck attended the aim, for

the bullet struck high up (a little to the back of) the shoulder; and, shot through the spine, the largest wapiti stag that I had ever killed fell stone-dead in his tracks.

It was early in the season, and his hide was in first-rate condition, a rich glossy brown on the sides, and jet black along the back and on the legs; so Jack and I turned to, cut off his head and skinned him; and, by the time we had done that and had packed the head and hide into camp, it was pitch dark, when we were ready for supper and blankets.

That night the carcass was visited by grizzly bears. We could hear them smashing bushes, clawing up earth to cache the meat, and, to use the vernacular, "playing hell generally." Every succeeding night they came, sometimes as many as four of them together; but they were cautious, arriving after dark and leaving before light, and we only succeeded in getting one.

But to return to our tents. The next morning we all "slept in," being pretty tired, and had barely got our eyes and ears open before we heard wapiti roaring up the valley. Boteler and I immediately started in pursuit, hoping to overtake them on the low grounds; but our laziness proved adverse to sport. If we had been out only an hour earlier, we should have experienced no difficulty in getting up to them in the grey dawn; but by the time we reached the place where they had been feeding they had taken to the mountains in search of a secluded spot to lie down in, leaving a broad trail, showing by the numerous tracks that a large band had passed by. We followed at our best pace; but the ground was very steep, and the deer were moving so fast that it was some time before we could get near them. At last we came in view of the herd—some forty or fifty hinds

and four stags. They had stopped for the moment, and were feeding when we first caught sight of them; but, before we could approach, the stags had moved the hinds on again, and were driving them up the mountain at a pace that we could not keep up with.

Trying to run fast up an extremely steep hill-side, rendered wet and slippery by melting snow, may be a very fine exercise, but at an altitude of 8000 feet or so it is an exhausting process. Boteler, being in first-rate condition, and used to the game, would, no doubt, if alone, have overtaken the herd: but I was unaccustomed as yet to mountain stalking, and made rather a poor hand of it. However, I did my best, and ran till I was sea-sick. The work, to my great joy, was telling heavily upon Boteler also, for his nose began to bleed violently; and we would both willingly have given up the chase had not the sight of an unusually fine herd encouraged us to proceed.

Every now and then, when open spaces favoured the view, we could see the whole band straggling up the mountain before us. The hinds would walk on fast for a while; then, stopping to snatch a mouthful of grass, would wander off on either side. They even showed a disposition to loiter or stop altogether, which was not encouraged by the stags, who, roaring at intervals of ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, kept behind and on the flanks of the herd and drove them steadily onward. At last they all stopped again, and we thought we might make a stalk upon them; but to our great annoyance an old stag lay down in a little *coulé*, or run of water, on a piece of ground so exposed that we could by no means circumvent him. There he lay, the brute! —long after the others had gone, rolling himself about in the water, every now and then stretching

out his neck and throwing his head up with a hoarse bellow. At last he got up and followed the band, and we, as soon as he was out of sight, resumed the pursuit. The deer had got a long way ahead by this time; but after about an hour's very hard work, for the snow was getting deeper and deeper as we ascended, and our progress was proportionately slow and laborious, we came upon them in some timber, which gave us the long-wished-for opportunity of crawling up to within about 150 yards. After infinite labour, much shifting of position, and crawling and grovelling in the snow, we got a pretty fair shot at the master-stag. We both fired, but were so shaken by our exertion that we missed him clean. However, he took no notice whatever, beyond looking round enquiringly, and we had time to load again and fire; this time more successfully, for he wheeled at the shot, and, after running about 200 yards, pitched on his head down a slope into a deep drift, and lay there doubled up in the snow. We were not sorry that the chase was ended. When we got up with our knives ready to perform the necessary operations, our disappointment was keen to find that, owing probably to the magnifying properties of the morning mist, we had greatly overrated the size of his head. However, it was by no means a bad head, so we cut it off, stuck it up in a conspicuous place and left it "to be called for another time!"

During the next few days the weather turned very coarse, and, having struck a patch of bad luck in my hunting, I decided to ride into our permanent camp, and from there to Boteler's Ranch, to see if there was any news of one of the party that we were waiting for. As I rode I had the pleasure of witnessing some very peculiar, thoroughly local, and quite indescribable effects of colour. The day cleared suddenly

for a short time just about sundown, and the gorgeous flaunting streamers of bright yellow and red that were suddenly shot out across a lurid sky were most wonderful to behold. If the vivid colours were transferred to canvas with a quarter of their real brilliancy, the eye would be distressed by the representation, and the artist accused of gross exaggeration and of straining after outrageous effects; but the critic would be mistaken, the fact being that nothing but actual eye-proof can reconcile one to the belief that such effects could be produced at all, much less produced with harmony, even by Nature herself.

These stormy American sunsets are startling, barbaric, even savage in their brilliancy of tone, in their profusion of colour, in their great streaks of red and broad flashes of yellow fire; startling, but never repulsive to the senses or painful to the eye. For a time the light shone most brilliantly all over the Western hemisphere, breaking through a confused mass of dazzling purple-edged clouds massed against a glowing burnished copper sky, darting out bright arrows through the rifts and rents, and striking full upon the mountain-tops. But not long did this glorious effulgence last. The soul of the evening soon passed away; as the sun sank the colours fled; and the now snow-white mass of the Yellowstone range filling the centre of the valley, down which I looked as through a tube, assumed a most peculiar aspect, caused by the reflection of the snow colour on the sky. The mountains became of a ghastly, livid, greenish colour; and, as the faint rose light paled, faded slowly upwards and vanished, it really looked as though the life were ebbing away, and the dull grey death-hue spreading over the face of a dying man.

No intelligence of any kind awaited me at Boteler's,

and early next morning I returned to our camp in the valley. We spent some uncomfortable days there—wet, cold, and badly off for food. The last afternoon and evening I shall not very quickly forget. Kingsley, Jack, and I had been wandering disconsolately about the sloppy valley all day long, sitting down violently and unexpectedly on the slippery wet grass. About an hour before dark, and about 100 yards from camp, we parted from Kingsley, who persevered in the pursuit of game with a persistency worthy of better results. A thick fog rose, and, as Kingsley did not appear, eventually the others, knowing the country better than I did, started out to look for him, leaving me to keep the fire burning.

I have very vivid recollections of that last night. The Demon of the Tempest was abroad in his anger, yelling down the valley, dashing out the water floods with his hands, laying waste the forest, and filling with dread the hearts of man and beast and every living thing. It was a pitch black night, not a star or glimpse of a moon to be seen. It was so gruesome sitting there all alone that I began to feel like David —"horribly afraid," and I could not resort to the Dutch expedient for importing courage, to supply my natural allowance of that quality which was quickly oozing out of my cold finger-tips. I had poured into a tin pannikin the last drain of whisky from the keg, and had placed it carefully to settle. Kingsley would really want it, so I could not seek consolation in that way. I could not find even a piece of dry tobacco wherewith to comfort myself; I began to feel very wretched indeed; and it was truly a great relief when I heard the shouts of the returning party.

They brought in the lost man pretty well exhausted, for he had been out a long time exposed to

the weather, had walked a great distance, and had fallen about terribly in the darkness. He had tried in vain to make a fire, and was wandering about without an idea of the direction in which camp lay. He was indeed in real need of a stimulant, and when, in answer to his enquiring glance at the keg, I said that there was half a pannikin full, his face beamed with a cheerful smile. But alas! a catastrophe had occurred. A gust of wind or a falling branch had overthrown all my arrangements, and when I arose to give him the pannikin, behold, it was bottom upwards and dry! If it be true that the effectual fervent swear of a despairing mortal will penetrate far, a responsive echo must have been awakened somewhere by the vehemence of the monosyllable that greeted this discovery.

So we had to make the best of matters, and put up with hot, strong green tea, which consoled us a little; but we spent a very uncomfortable night, sitting by the fire as long as we could keep our eyes open—four unhappy human beings in their wet shirt tails and damp blankets, trying to dry their socks, underclothes, and trousers and to get a little warmth into their chilled limbs.

The next morning we four dejected individuals, stiff-jointed and rheumatic, blear-eyed, unshaven, dirty and unkempt, assembled round the fire, and without much discussion arrived at the conclusion that this sort of thing was all very well for a picnic party, but that a little went a long way, and that we had enjoyed quite enough of it. The "Greenwood Tree," we thought, *sounded* nice, but a warm dry tent appeared to us to be the right sort of place in a September storm; and so, soon after daybreak, we packed up, left our elk heads where they were, and moved down to permanent camp. We lay in camp

all day, weathering out as best we could the fearful storm that still continued. The following morning we broke camp and marched to the Mammoth Hot Springs on Gardiner's River. The springs are situated on the slopes of a gentle hill formed by deposit. The largest one was a deep basin of about 40 feet by 30, containing three centres of ebullition caused by a discharge of carbonic acid gas. The water was extraordinarily clear and of a marvellously blue colour. The water flowing over the rim forms a series of steps or terraces on which are pools varying in depth up to a few feet; and it cools as it falls, so that a bather can find any temperature he likes. Eventually it finds its way to Gardiner's River. The basins are curved very gracefully—the edges scalloped and ornamented. The general colour of the sides and bottom is a rich cream deepening to sulphur yellow with streaks of vivid red. It is all very beautiful: but is it not described in *The Great Divide*?

For a week we lay at the Hot Springs, unable to move on account of illness in the camp, and waiting for Wynne. Some of us went out hunting and brought in a good store of fat antelope; others amused themselves with the trout which abound in Gardiner's River and the Yellowstone. At last Wynne arrived with a packet of letters from home, and the next morning we made a start.

We crossed the low divide between the valley of Gardiner's River and that of the Yellowstone, and camped very late on Tower Creek, a little above its junction with the former river.

The Falls, and also a portion of Tower Creek, are well worthy of a visit. The cañon of the river is exceedingly precipitous and rugged, and is so black, savage, and forbidding in its aspect that it has, with the strange aptitude evinced by the human race to

attribute everything strange or horrible to the Evil One, been called the Devil's Den. Through this narrow gorge the river foams and rushes with great velocity; and about 200 yards above its entrance into the Yellowstone, which occurs just where the river debouches from the Grand Cañon, it shoots over an abrupt descent of 156 feet, forming a very picturesque fall.

The next day we broke camp early and made for the Madison Mountains, of which the highest peak is Mount Washbourne, and, like most American mountains, very easy of ascent.

We camped at a late hour on the south side of the mountain; and what a supper I did eat! It may seem strange, and it may be very shocking to think and talk about one's material comforts and gross appetites: but the recollection of antelope-steak is still fresh and distinct, savouring in my nostrils and bringing moisture to my lips, and overpowering all other thought. In fancy I can scent the odour of it afar off. Would that I could do so in reality! Bearing in mind that I had been ill and that my diet for a week at the Hot Springs had been limited to burnt flour and water, my gastronomic enthusiasm may be pardoned. If people deny that one of the greatest enjoyments of life is eating when you are famishing, then those people either are devoid of the first principles of morality or have never been hungry; and they had better learn to speak the truth, or live on spare diet for a week, then get into vigorous health, and so know what a good appetite really means.

The following day found us up betimes, for we intended, if possible, to visit the Falls of the Yellowstone, and to pitch our tents the same evening beyond the Mud Springs.

When the Yellowstone leaves the lake of the same name it flows in a calm steady current for many miles, and then, before charging through the phalanx of the mountains which oppose its passage to the north, it performs a series of gymnastics over rapids, cascades, and waterfalls, as if exercising its muscles and sinews, preparing itself and gathering strength for the mighty effort by which it tears a passage through the granite flanks of the range. A mighty effort truly, or, rather, a vast expenditure of force, has been employed in cleaving the Grand Cañon, a rent in the mountains over twenty miles long, and of vast depth. Where the river enters the cañon the sides are some 1200 feet high; and farther down they rise to a greater altitude, an altitude which has never been determined, for the depths of that chasm have not yet, so far as I know, been explored or trodden by human feet.

The volume of water is not very great, and there is nothing stupendous or soul-subduing here as there is at Niagara; but the scene is so utterly desolate, the colouring is so startling and novel, the fantastic shapes of the rock so strange and weird, that a glamour of enchantment pervades the place, which, though indelibly impressed upon my mind, is yet quite impossible to describe.

To examine and study at all in detail this wonderful cañon and these waterfalls would occupy the attention of a scientific man for a long time, and right well would he be rewarded for his labour. It is a place full of interest even to the most casual and careless observer; his whole being becomes possessed with a feeling of utter littleness, and with the hopelessness of ever thinking to rise to a level sufficiently high to enable him to comprehend in the smallest degree the greatness and grandeur of the Creator's

works, mingled with a sense of intense delight and enthusiasm at the manifestation of force, beauty, and persistent strength before him, and with a feeling of pardonable pride that he too forms part of the same scheme, is a higher manifestation of the same power. He feels at one with Nature; the birds that fly, the beasts that roam the forests, the very trees and leaves and flowers are his brethren.

The sleep-giving, soothing fragrance of the resinous pine, cleanest, sweetest, and most healing of all scents, fills the air. Far up above in the transparent sky two eagles are slowly circling. There is a drowsy, dull, contented hum of insects in the branches. All the senses are hushed and quieted, the nerves soothed by the infinite beauty of the scene. So many conflicting emotions are called up at once, so many different chords are struck and vibrate together, that a man scarcely knows how to analyse his feelings. At one moment he could sit for hours in solitude, acutely listening to the whispered messages of Nature, absorbing the life of the forest, drinking in God's glories. At another moment the awful sense of the nearness of Nature is too much for him; he feels as though he was sitting in the presence of some great Mystery that he dreads to have revealed.

I think that men may become half-mesmerised when in solitude they look upon some masterpiece of Nature; and it is a great and positive relief to break the charm by talking to somebody, or by doing something to bring them back to the realities of ordinary life.

It was with reluctance that we returned to our horses from this fairyland, and resumed our way, through country wonderfully pretty. I never enjoyed a ride more in my life; and it was enlivened by an elk stalk, which we hoped would provide us with meat

(of which we were in need); but, alas, after shooting him, and spending more than half an hour in picking my way across a treacherous river on my pony, I found that the stag was utterly worthless for food. But it was consolation to find that he carried an exceedingly fine pair of antlers. We pushed on to the hot sulphur springs of "Crater Hill," and the sulphur and mud springs of Violet Creek.

It is scarcely necessary for me to say that when we arrived at the Mud Springs we found that the principal geyser had just finished spouting, and that the water in the basin was rapidly subsiding. However, we had three or four hours to spare, so we tethered our horses and sat down patiently to watch. There we sat for hours, a ludicrous-looking group, three men and a dog gazing earnestly at a lot of mud which slowly, slowly rose, while the sun rapidly sank. I suppose, acting on the principle that a watched pot never boils, this geyser sternly refused to do its duty. It would not get angry. Every now and then a slight spasm would shake its placid, muddy countenance; but it was rather, I think, a smile of derision than a grin of rage that crossed it. We abused that spring in every way in our power. We threw sticks into it, and stones, but it was no use; nothing would rile it; and at length, when we could count only upon an hour's light, we were forced to leave and look for camp.

Though disappointed on our first visit, on another occasion we saw two or three eruptions of the principal spring. The water gradually rises till the inner basin is quite full, becoming more and more agitated as it flows. It then gives one or two convulsive heaves, dashing the waves violently against the sides, recovers itself for a few minutes, and next, with still more violent throes, it goes off, casting mud and water about

twenty or thirty feet high. Then occurs a momentary lull, after which the explosions continue with increased vigour. The whole operation lasts about ten minutes; after which the water gradually subsides and falls to the bottom of the basin.

There is something very comical in the appearance of these great pots of bubbling, splashing, and explosive mud; something almost grotesque in the manner they cast high into the air masses of clay and tons of dirty water.

From where we entered the Lower Geyser Basin to where we encamped at the Castle Geyser is about ten or twelve miles, and over more extraordinary miles I have never travelled. The journey was suggestive of travelling in, or at any rate towards, and very close to, the infernal regions. The trail ran for the most part along the Fire Hole River, the water of which was warm, and apparently much appreciated in cold weather by flocks of geese and ducks. It is fed by numerous little streams, the beds and sides of which are brightly coloured, and so variegated that they present sometimes an appearance almost of rough mosaic. In some the water is very hot, hot enough to make the mules hop when they tread in it; in others it is comparatively cool, varying in temperature according to the distance the water has run from the boiling source.

The streams and river are lined with very dense green vegetation. The sides of the river—in fact, the whole face of the country—is honeycombed and pitted with springs, ponds, and mud-pots; furrowed with boiling streams, gashed with fissures, and gaping with chasms from which issue hollow rumblings, as if great stones were rolling round and round, or fierce, angry snarls and roars.

The ground sounds hollow under foot. The trail

winds in and out among holes that puff sulphur fumes or squirt water at you; by great caverns that reverberate hideously, and yawn to swallow you up, horse and all; crosses boiling streams which flow over beds composed of a hard crust, coloured yellow, green, and red, and skirted by great cisterns of boiling, bubbling, seething water. The crust feels as if it might break through at any moment and drop you into fire and flames beneath, and the animals tread gingerly upon it.

You pass a translucent, lovely pool, and are nearly pitched into its hot azure depths by your mule, which violently shies at a white puff of steam maliciously spitten into its face through a minute fissure in the path. You must needs examine into that ragged-mouthed cavern, and start back with more agility than grace to escape from a sudden flood of hot water, which spitefully and without warning gurgles out and wets you through. The air is full of subdued, strange noises; distant grumblings as of dissatisfied ghosts, faint shrieks, satirical groans, and subterranean laughter, as if the imprisoned devils, though exceedingly uncomfortable, were not beyond being amused at seeing a fresh victim approach. You fancy you can hear the rattle of the loom, the whirl of wheels, the clang and clatter of machinery; and the impression is borne upon the mind that you are in the manufacturing department of Inferno, where the skilled hands and artisans doomed to hard labour are employed. I can compare it only to one's feelings in an iron foundry, where one expects every moment to step on a piece of hot iron, to be run through the stomach by a bar of white glowing metal, to be mistaken for a pig and cast headlong into a furnace, or to be in some other way burned, scalded, and damaged.

Amid the usual discomforts attending on a wet

camp, we pitched our tents in a small grove of trees close to the " Castle Geyser." This geyser is situated on an irregular platform of deposit, measuring 100 feet in length by 70 feet in diameter, and, at the centre, being 3 feet above the level of the plain. About the middle of this platform rises the active chimney, a cone of 11 feet 11 inches in height, having an aperture 3 feet in diameter almost circular in form; and measuring 120 feet in circumference at the base, and 60 feet at the top. It does not taper gradually, nor is the exterior surface smooth; but it is irregular in contour, forming a series of rough steps by which you can climb to the top. The lips and interior of the funnel are lined with large, globular, orange-coloured masses.

Quite close to the crater are two pools simmering and bubbling, which share in the excitement consequent on an eruption, becoming dry when the " Castle " is in operation.

There is also a third very lovely pool, about 30 feet in diameter and 60 feet deep, with an aperture at the bottom that looks so profound that you might almost fancy it went right through to the other side. The inner lining is of perfectly pure white silica, and the edges are scalloped and ornamented with the usual pearl-like mouldings. But the most noticeable thing about it is the perfect purity and transparency of the water, which is so still, so blue, so clear, that you scarcely know where the surface is, can hardly tell which is air and which is water: indeed, you involuntarily stoop and plunge your hand into it to convince yourself that that translucent element is in reality water. I can only compare it to clear, deep pools left by the receding tide on the western shores of Scotland or Ireland, on some fine summer's day when the Atlantic dozes in the warm sun. Beautiful they

are with the rich golden browns of the sea-rack that streams upwards to the light; the delicate pinks and greens of the seaweed that fringes the rim; the bright or subdued colouring of anemones, sea-urchins, and shells. Somewhat like them, but much more perfect in shape, variety, and intensity of colouring, and, above all, in purity, are these fresh water-pools.

When we arrived, the "Castle" was placidly smoking. Far down in the depths of the funnel an indistinct rumbling could be heard; but it seemed quite inactive. However, we set to work to make ourselves comfortable in camp, and waited.

Scarcely had we got things fixed and supper under weigh when a yell from Boteler, "He's going to spout!" caused us to drop teapot and pannikin, and tumble out of the tent in half-no-time.

It was getting dark, but there was quite enough light to see that the fit was upon the imprisoned monster. We ran upon the platform, close to the crater, but were very soon driven from that position and forced to look on humbly from a distance.

Far down in his bowels a fearful commotion was going on; we could hear a great noise—a rumbling as of thousands of tons of stones rolling round and round, piling up in heaps and rattling down again, mingled with the lashing of the water against the sides as it surged up the funnel and fell again in spray. Louder and louder grew the disturbance, till with a sudden qualm he would heave out a few tons of water and obtain momentary relief. After a few premonitory heaves had warned us to remove to a little distance, the symptoms became rapidly worse; the row and the racket increased in intensity; the monster's throes became more and more violent; the earth trembled at his rage; and finally, with a mighty spasm, he hurled into the air a great column of water.

I should say that this column reached at its highest point of elevation an altitude of 250 feet. The spray and steam were *driven* through it up to a much greater elevation, and then *floated* upward as a dense cloud to any distance. The operation was not continuous, but consisted of strong distinct pulsations, having a general tendency to increase gradually in vigour and rapidity of utterance until the greatest development of strength was attained, and then sinking again by degrees. But the increase and subsidence were not uniform or regular; the jets arose, getting stronger and stronger at every pulsation for ten or twelve strokes, until the effort would culminate in three impulses of unusual power.

The column of water appeared quite perpendicular, and was constantly ascending, for long before one jet had attained its greatest elevation another had been forced through the aperture; but in the column the different efforts were plainly visible. The volume of water ejected must have been prodigious; the spray descended in heavy rain over a large area, and torrents of hot water six or eight inches deep poured down the sloping platform.

The noise of the eruption was indescribable. I know of but one simile drawn from Nature that conveys the smallest impression of it, and even then the impression is quite inadequate to illustrate the subject. Have you ever sat upon the verge of a steep sea-cliff in a gale? I don't mean one of your yachtsman's breezes, but a real *bona fide* full winter's gale of wind, roaring from the north-west over leagues and leagues of white Atlantic, and striking full against the cliff-face. If you have, you will know that there is at the edge a little space of complete calm, where the sea-pinks are scarcely stirred, and where you can sit and listen to the awful riot around you, untouched

by it. If you will sit there, and are unaccustomed to such a scene, you will be half-deafened and quite frightened by the strife of wind and rock and sea. Hear with what tremendous blows the gale strikes against the bold front of cliff and flies hoarsely howling with rage just over your head! Listen to its vicious scream, as, baffled, it beats against the crags, and shrieks shrilly round some jutting rock! The ground seems to shake under the shock and thunder of the breakers against its base; and under all you will note the continuous hollow roar of the pebble bank crumbling to the sea with each receding wave. To all these sounds of elemental war add the shrieking of the steam-pipes of many steamers blowing off, and you will have some idea of an eruption of the "Castle."

Or, if you don't know much about the sea, you may imagine a gigantic pot boiling madly with a thunderstorm in its stomach, and half full of great stones rolling and knocking about against its reverberating sides. Taken with the above-mentioned steam-pipes accompaniment, which is indispensable, this may convey a faint idea of the noise.

The total display lasts about an hour. Water was ejected for twenty minutes, and was then succeeded by steam, which was driven out with much violence and in great quantities. Like the water, it was expelled in regular beats, increasing in rapidity as the jet decreased in strength, until the pulsations merged into one continuous hoarse roar, which gradually but fitfully subsided, and the exhausted geyser sank back into complete repose.

To enjoy such a sight as this, a man should have time to get a little accustomed to it, for the display of such stupendous force exhibited in such an unusual manner is, to say the least of it, startling.

In our case the grandeur and awfulness of the scene were intensified by the darkness, for before the eruption ceased night had fallen, and obscurity enshrouding the plain rendered even common objects unnatural and strange. From out a neighbouring vent white puffs of steam were forced, which, bending forward in the light breeze, crept slowly past the mound, looking in the dark like sheeted ghosts stooping under the burden of their crimes. The grey plain, and the naked pines stretching out their bared arms menacingly like warning spirits, showed ghastly in the half-light; and with these accompaniments of darkness and novelty, and amid a confused noise and concussion of the atmosphere, and shocks and tremblings of the earth, this great geyser was exhibiting a spectacle entirely new and strange to all except one of us.

We considered ourselves very lucky to have so soon seen one of the principal geysers in action; and damp, but happy, we went to bed.

I also specially remember the "Old Faithful" and "Young Faithful" geysers. "Old Faithful" is so called because he plays regularly every three-quarters of an hour. The crater is quite low, and contains an orifice, which is in fact only the widening of a crack, which extends across the whole mound, and through which, when the geyser is excited, the steam is driven out and the air sucked in again, as happens in puffing-holes by the sea when a wave entering the cavern below expels the air with violence and noise, which presently rushes in again to fill the vacuum left by the water as it goes out.

For about half an hour "Old Faithful" remains quiet, making a comfortable, soothing, simmering sort of noise in his inside. After a little he gets uneasy, bubbling up occasionally to the mouth and subsiding

again. Every spasm becomes more powerful, till with a convulsive and mighty roar up comes the water in a great column. He throws it to a height of from 100 to 150 feet for the space of about five minutes, during which time he keeps the top of the column almost at one level; and from numerous points in the crack which traverses the mound small jets and spurts of water are driven out.

"Young Faithful" had not been many years in existence, and, full of young life and energy, blew off steam continuously and furiously. I threw him some stones, an attention which he rather seemed to appreciate, for he rolled them about in his throat and did not reject them until he had ground them to powder. At that time "Young Faithful" was in operation all the time. As he gets older he will no doubt find out, with the other geysers, that once in twenty-four hours is quite sufficient.

In the rear of the "Castle" is a very old fellow, the great-grandfather, I should say, of all the geysers in the place. He is now very near his end, but during his active life he has made a deposit covering at least two acres of ground. In the centre of this mound are three apertures, brimming over with perfectly clear water. They are very deep. Two of them are perfectly still, and do not betray the slightest sign of animation, nor is there any appearance in them of an aperture. The third is feebly bubbling in a foolish drivelling sort of way, like an old man in his dotage muttering and dreaming of former and better days, thinking what a grand old geyser he was, and how he had in his time thrown more water higher and farther and with more fuss and made more noise, and been generally livelier than any of the present degenerate age; all of which, to judge by his aspect, may be quite true.

To my mind, by far the most beautiful objects are the still, deep, quiet wells. They are perfectly lovely. Imagine a circular basin of, say, about 15 or 20 feet across, and 50 or 60 feet in depth, the ground surrounding it sloping very gently back from the brink in little concentric steps, varying perhaps a quarter of an inch to three or four inches in height at a time. The edges of these steps are curved into a series of semi-arches, and adorned with mouldings of pearly beads, ranging in colour from a dull white to a coral pink. The rim of the basin is convoluted and gathered in into a system of irregular curves, scalloped and beaded. The interior is of a most delicately rich cream colour, intensified in places to rose; and over portions of it is spread a fine network of lace-like fabric. Deeper down the ornamentation becomes larger, and the sides are composed of rounded sponge-like masses. The basin is filled to the brim with water, more transparent than anything you can imagine, and deeply blue. As the sun rising or sinking strikes at a greater or smaller angle the surface of the water, its rays, refracted more or less obliquely by the resolving element, give a constantly varying but ever lustrous appearance to the interior ornamentations and colourings of the pool that baffles all attempts at description. One never tires of looking at these fairy lakes. The character of sameness would appear to be inseparable from them; but that is not so at all, and on the contrary, a constant and beautiful change is going on at every succeeding moment of the day.

We left this extraordinary district with great regret; fain would we have tarried longer in it.

It had been our intention to go down the Madison to Virginia City, thus making a round trip of it, and obviating the necessity of passing over the same ground twice; but owing to our stock being in such

bad condition, we were compelled to abandon this idea, and take the back track home. So we packed up, and marched to Tower Falls. Boteler and I had ridden ahead rapidly, with the purpose of ascending Mount Washburne. We rode to within five or six hundred yards of the crag that forms the summit, from which the view is quite unique. Turn in what direction it may, the eye wanders over a chaotic mass of mountains, and vainly seeks some distinct central object on which to light, until, wearied and bewildered with such infinite disorder, it thankfully rests upon the rolling billows of forest, which afford momentary relief but soon in their turn become irksome from their vast monotony.

Facing the north lies the valley of the Yellowstone, golden in the slanting rays of the setting sun, and beyond it are the great upheaved masses that form its borders. Most noticeable for beauty of outline, cutting clear and sharp against a pale green patch of sky, is Emigrant's Peak, a fine feature in a noble group of mountains. A good deal nearer, but almost in the same line, rises the bold promontory that forms one of the portals of the third cañon, standing out tall and menacing, as though warning men not to attempt the gloomy gorges that it guards; and a little to the right of it gapes the grim chasm of Hell Roaring Creek.

To the east is a vague and apparently orderless mass of peaks, tossed about in the wildest confusion, looking as if ranges, originally elevated in some sort of decent order, had been pressed inwards from the edges with irresistible force, and crumpled up towards the centre; or resembling the waves of a rough sea in a tidal race, when, instead of running in regular billows, the water dashes up precipitously and unexpectedly in all directions. In the foreground is a huge flat-topped mountain, bald and scarred, desolate in the

extreme; and behind it the notched, jagged horns of Index and Pilot Peaks pierce the clouds; while far in the distance loom the dim outlines of the Big Horn range.

Looking south the great snow-capped summits cradling the infant streamlets which form Clarke's Fork of the Yellowstone catch the eye. From their rugged, wild barrenness the eye falls abruptly, but gratefully; upon a scene of placid peacefulness rendered all the more striking by contrast. Washing the rough bases of the range with its clear waters lies the lake, shining like a gem in the dark setting of the forest, dotted with islands, pierced by promontories, calm, unruffled, beautiful; a goddess clasped in the mighty arms of the mountain. Still turning, the eye wanders over a vast plateau of undulating woods, broken here and there by open patches of grey or yellow prairie, formerly lake basins, for round the water and the places where water has once been the growth of timber forms an exact fringe. It then gazes in astonishment for a moment on the savage Tetons, looming huge and indistinct of outline in the blue evening mist, and roams over a boundless ocean of forests, extending from the south-west round to west, unbroken, unrelieved by a single peak, till it rests upon the Madison range, which, commencing nearly due west, extends far away into the realms of the mysterious north. A little nearer to us, and trending in the same direction, the Gallatin Mountains surge upwards till their peaks also fade away towards the dim distant north land. Just beneath our feet a heavily timbered valley opens out into a rolling upland prairie, spreading away on all sides towards the river, while to the south and east the Grand Cañon cuts through the bases of two mountains. Although in reality distant, the chasm appears at hand, for from

your commanding position you can partly pierce its awful interior, and almost fancy you can catch a glimpse of the white waters of the river foaming below you at a vast and unascertained depth. But no glancing eddy really catches your eye; not even the faintest echo of the roar and tumult of the strife of river and of rock arises from the black profundity of that gulf.

Tired with this excess of mountains, bewildered with peaks, smothered in forest, let the traveller rest awhile, and suffer his mind dreamily to wander in memory or imagination along the banks of those water-courses that rise around him. He will have in thought to travel through many a strange land.

An interest far greater than that produced by mere scenic effects attaches to the naked crag on which he sits. That rock is the summit of a mountain which forms the culminating point of the ridge that rules the water-courses of the United States. Stretching out its arms between the streams, it seems to say to one "Run in this direction," and to another "Flow in that." It launches into life on one side the river that forms the valley of the Mississippi, and discharges into the Atlantic, and on the other the waters that flow into the Pacific. That rock is the keystone of the continent. It is the very crest of "The Great Divide." Impressed by the spectacle, I sat down upon a weather-beaten granite crag, and fell into a reverie. For a full hour I sat and, without moving, surveyed with my outward eyes the springs of these great rivers, and with my inward vision followed them in their long journeyings from their sources to the sea.

The setting sun and signs of a snow-storm broke up my reverie. The outfit was becoming demoralised. We had counted upon getting plenty of game all through the trip, and had arranged the commissariat

accordingly. But we had no luck hunting, and had not tasted an atom of fresh meat for days. Trout I had devoured till I was ashamed to look a fish in the face. A trout diet is all very well in warm weather, and taken with moderate exercise; but when the mercury gets way below freezing, and you have to work hard all day, commend me to venison and fat pork. It was with a sense of relief that, turning our backs upon the glorious panorama, we rejoined the party and headed for Mammoth Hot Springs.

We rode for some two or three hours over the rolling upland seeing nothing; but presently the man leading jerked his pony on to his haunches and motioned me to get down. Over the ridge he had just caught a glimpse of an antelope. At the same moment a storm that had threatened all day burst, and choked and pelted us with such a driving deluge of hail, sleet, and rain as is only to be met with in these youthfully violent and unfinished countries. We waited until the worst was over, and then, as we could not afford to waste time, started out to look for the antelope. We found him right enough; an old buck lying—the cautious, crafty old sinner—on the top of a little knoll in the very centre of a small circular plain, of perhaps 1000 yards in diameter. On one side, and about 200 or 300 yards from him, was a little outcropping fragment of slate, a few inches high and some five or six yards long. To crawl up behind that ledge and take a shot from it, appeared to be the only chance. So I, with a woeful glance at the cold soaking grass, proceeded to wriggle myself up to the stones. I don't like wriggling like an eel in the wet grass, particularly when you have to go a long way prone upon the streaming face of mother earth, dragging yourself through shallow pools of standing

water, and through tufts of tall, drenching weeds that flick the spray down your neck. Rain water is cold, *beastly* cold; and, favoured by your peculiar attitude, it insinuates itself through interstices in your garments which would not otherwise be accessible, percolating into all sorts of queer places, and making you quake and shiver.

When I got up to the last shelter, there was the prong-buck ever so much farther off than I expected, lying down, but by no means in a quiet frame of mind, for he was looking about him in all directions, evidently inspired with a notion that something was the matter. There was not so much as a stalk of sage-bush or a tuft of long grass between me and him; so I had to take my shot from where I was. Of course I could not discover a crack or cranny through which I could catch sight of him without giving him a chance of seeing me; and of course I could not, to save my scalp, find a nice, convenient place to lie. When I had slowly, by hair-breadths at a time, dragged myself to the top and had at last settled myself comfortably, and gently pushed my rifle forward, and was taking a long breath preparatory to firing, a great raindrop must needs splash right on top of the foresight, causing me to wink violently. So I came down, and, levelling my gun the second time, hardened my heart, and was just feeling a strong pressure on the trigger and wondering nervously why the thing did not go off, when flick! a hailstone, under the especial patronage of Satan, strikes me on the nose. I felt that I should miss him, and I began to hate that buck. However, I came down again, wriggled an inch or two farther up the hill, crossed my feet, filled my lungs, set my teeth, and got a nice sight on him. How ridiculously small he seemed, and how absurdly the foresight

would keep wobbling about! At last I got it pretty steady, and pulled. As I did so he caught sight of my expressive countenance, and jumped as only an antelope can jump, and my bullet splashed up the mud a foot or two behind and under him. Of course he ran the wrong way; and in half a dozen jumps was out of sight. It was thoroughly disgusting.

We continued our way, but some of the horses and mules were in a sad plight, and we made but slow progress; and it was late at night when we arrived at the Springs. I had been looking forward to a hot bath and to some sort of comfort, for, before leaving Denver, I had seen an advertisement of the curative qualities of the water; but, alas, Mammoth Hot Springs was a figment of the imagination. That people had been there was evident, for we found a sort of shanty that might by extreme courtesy be called a bath-house; but we found the place deserted, and we had to camp as best we could upon the bare dirty floors, and go supperless to bed. Wynne and I got a candle-end and determined on a bath. If we were hungry, we would at least be clean. We carefully stuck up our little light, and stripped ourselves; and Wynne, who was the more expeditious of the two, stepped into the water. With a yell of agony he instantly drew out his foot—red and scalded; the water was nearly boiling hot. There we sat for about half an hour—two shivering wretches, waiting in vain expectation that the water would cool, for we had plugged up the conduit that conducted it to the baths. But it did not cool a bit. It is the most provoking, obstinate, and peculiar water so far as its powers of developing and maintaining caloric are concerned. It does not appear so intensely warm when you first insinuate your feet into it, but it seems to get hot all at once, and then it becomes

hotter and hotter. You may cautiously immerse yourself up to the knees without suffering much pain; but scarcely are both feet down before your legs begin to tingle, and before you can get out again you are about parboiled, and expect to see the skin peel off your shins. So, after waiting a long time in vain, we were obliged to get into our clothes again, and try and forget our disappointment in sleep. I did not get much of that, for about three in the morning I went out with Boteler to try and get a deer; but, though we walked hard and fast for about four or five hours, we saw nothing. So we set out for Boteler's, where we arrived in the evening—and how we did enjoy our supper of fresh eggs, chicken, cream, butter and cheese, and plenty of Japan tea!

We lay there for three days, full up to our eyes of hominy, milk, and other products of the dairy and the farm. We also managed to get hold of some whisky, and not very bad whisky either. The evening of our arrival Wynne and I noticed a keg, but, fearing that our honesty might not prove equal to the temptation which a conversation on the subject would have held out, we avoided the cask and the topic, and asked no questions about it. We thought that if we resisted the Devil he would "flee from us." We did resist that keg manfully, but it did not budge an inch. The next day Jack came in and hovered round it like a hungry fish about a hook, getting bolder all the time. Finally he tapped it to see if it was full, and found it was. It gurgled pleasantly when he shook it, and that gurgle finished Jack. He asked Boteler "what it was anyhow?" and Boteler replied it was some of the best whisky that could be got in Bozeman. Upon which Jack looked unutterable things and walked away, speedily returning to renew the interesting conversation. It turned out

that the keg was on its way to the man who used to live at the Hot Springs. "But," we all cried in a breath, "there is nobody at the Springs at all." "Well," said Boteler, "I don't know anything about that. It was left here for me to send on by the first chance. I don't suppose there will be any chance now till next spring; and if you fellows feel like taking some and leaving ten dollars a gallon for it, I don't know that there will be any great harm done; but you must take it on your own responsibility." Jack was quite willing to take it on his own responsibility; and it was not long before there was an auger-hole in the head of that cask!

We had made a decidedly successful trip through a wonderful and most interesting country. We had accomplished all that we had resolved upon, and had seen all or nearly all we had intended to see, yet in the hunting line we had not done much. It is true that we had devoted but little time to the noble pastime, but we were rather disappointed at the results. With the exception of one grizzly and three wapiti, we had nothing to show as evidence of our adventures. I felt that we ought to have a good mountain-sheep head to take down with us; and I determined, as the weather seemed settled fair again, to move up into the mountains to a locality where *Ovis montana* was reported to be tolerably numerous.

Mountain Sheep

Accordingly, when we had sufficiently recruited ourselves and our horses, I moved the whole party up a creek running from the westward into the Yellowstone and camped. And it came to pass that as I sat soaking myself in sunshine, inhaling the joyous air, and revelling in the scenery of a panorama

unrolled on either side which cannot easily be surpassed on the continent of North America, with a sudden start I became aware of something moving on the opposite face of the valley.

Out with the glass! Yes! there they are, one, two, three, by George! sixteen sheep, quietly feeding. "Any big ones among them?" says Boteler. I screw the glass in a trifle, and steady my elbows well on the ground, for I am lying at full length *ventre à terre*, and, drawing a deep breath, reply, "Ne'er a big horn; all young rams or ewes. See how they are all skylarking, butting at one another, and jumping about." "No use going after them anyhow," drawls Jack; "but I can see two other bands"; and so in truth they were, a small party of three sheep crossing the stream far below, and twelve more moving slowly along close to the lake beneath us. But there did not appear to be a good head among them all.

"Well, boys," says Jack, "there's no use in fooling around here all day. Let's go ahead and try and strike something." So, shaking ourselves together, we started again, Jack and Boteler on one slope, Campbell and I on the other, carefully examining the ground on either side for sign.

We had not gone far before I threw up my head, like a hound, sniffed violently, and swore I could smell sheep quite plain. Campbell smiled incredulously. Because *he* could not *feel* the smell, he would not believe that I could be endowed with a keener nose. But I was right, for a few yards farther on we came upon the beds the sheep had slept in the night past, found where they had been feeding a short time before, and discovered the quite fresh track of four big rams.

Fatigue was forgotten; every sense seemed quickened; and I became aware that I had a heart

beating rather violently, as Campbell whispered "Tread light; they must be close by somewhere, lying down likely." So we cautiously cross the ridge, stooping very low to inform our companions that they were close to game. While we were running along as fast as our bent position would admit, crack! went a rifle ever so far in front of us, followed by a rattling of stones; and presently appears Jack, trying to look as if nothing had happened. He had walked right into the herd and fired, killing nothing, but wounding one. Campbell and I were silent, but our thoughts were powerful!

We had not proceeded more than half a mile when, looking back, I saw Boteler, apparently stark, staring mad. He was gingerly, but with much gesticulation of his legs, running over the rocks as if they were red-hot, his eyes staring, his face working with excitement, his mouth open as if he were yelling, but no sound coming therefrom, and his hands going like the arms of an old semaphore. When he got close he shouted in a whisper: "Bighorns! bighorns! twelve or fourteen of them! quite close! this way! come on!" Grabbing him by the shirt-sleeve, I said, "For Heaven's sake don't excite yourself; let me stalk this lot myself; you and Jack keep back well behind us, and don't on any account show until I have fired." So Campbell and I started. How well I remember my sensations! How my heart beat! One's circulation is rather queer at those high altitudes; and Boteler had said there were very large rams in the herd; and good specimens of mountain sheep are rare. What infernal walking it was, to be sure, all loose slate and stones, over which a cat could not have passed without displacing some and making a noise.

Cautiously but swiftly, as if treading on eggs, we

stepped, well-covered by the ridge, till we thought we must be nearly opposite the band; and then, crawling to the top, I motioned Campbell to look over.

With eyes contracted, nostrils dilated, and lip quivering, inch by inch he raised his head. Down it dropped again; and, without a word, he slid back feet first. I followed his example; and when well under cover again he whispered, "Two hundred yards farther on, feeding up; we must be quick and catch them before they cross the ridge; go ahead you now." So away I went, till with a pull at my coat-tail Campbell signed to me to crawl up.

Mercy! how sharp the stones were just there! How they did cut one's knees and elbows; and what a nice thing a round, compact, young prickly-pear—something like a pin-cushion stuck full of barbed needles, points out—is to place the palm of one's hand on with the whole weight of one's body resting on it!

As I got near the top I began to think, "Goodness! what a noise my heart is making; enough to scare all the sheep in the country! How hot I am, and there's a great drop of perspiration run into my eye! I wonder whether the sheep are to the right or left of me. Had I better crawl up and try and get a lying shot, or rise up suddenly at the top and pitch both barrels into them? What an infernal steep place this is to get up! There, now, you great fool, you've clicked your gun-barrel against that stone, and it's all over. Hark at that idiot behind. If he hasn't sent a stone clattering down the face! Confound these slate flakes, how they do cut!" At last I could level my eyes over the ridge. Cautiously I took off my hat and peered all round. Not a single solitary beast was there in sight, but I could *hear* them grazing and coughing, so close were they. I did not know what to do. I looked back. Campbell was

lying flat, occasionally squinting at me with an agonised expression of countenance, and then dropping his face between his hands as though muttering an incantation to some private Highland family devil. A little farther back were Jack and Boteler squatting, guns ready, eyes staring, both looking as if saying, "Why the blazes don't you shoot, or do something?"

The eyes of Europe and America were upon me, and I felt aghast and uncertain how to act. If I stayed where I was I should of course get a shot at the leading sheep; but probably it would be a ewe, and she would be bound to see me. Could I only get to that dwarf juniper-bush some thirty yards down the slope before they came in view I should be all right.

I determined to chance it, and, Campbell being beckoned to, we rapidly wriggled, after the manner of serpents, towards the bush. Scarcely had we crept into the friendly cover when a ewe stepped into full view, and, feeding quietly, passed quite close to us. Fortunately the wind blew strong, and she did not notice us. Another and another followed, till eight or nine sheep were in sight, and not a good head among them. How slowly they did pass! Sometimes one would look right at us. I could see straight into its eyes, and it appeared impossible but that the beast would distinguish us also. How motionless we lay! A photographer would have been charmed with us. We scarcely dared to breathe or wink. The suspense was awful. I felt hot and cold alternately all over, and began to get the buck-ague to such an unbearable extent that I felt as if I must let go at something, when at last out stepped a great ragged-skinned old ram. I need hardly say that, whereas all the others had presented fair broadside shots, this one most unceremoniously offered me his tail, and would *not* turn round.

At last I caught sight of his shoulder through a little opening in the branches, and let him have it. With one bound he disappeared. "Missed, by Jove!" I heard from behind me; and then such a row as there was! I jumped up and fired the second barrel at something, I don't know what; but I noticed a sheep stumble on to his head, get up again and plunge down the hill. Campbell let drive into the brown of them; Jack and Boteler too ran up and fired a volley; and then the latter rushed down the slope after the wounded ram, which by this time was going very short. I also pursued, and should have had a fair shot at him, for, on entering a belt of timber, he stopped and stood looking at us for some seconds; but unfortunately Boteler was in an exact line with the beast; and, though I swore that if he did not lie down I would shoot through him, he did not pay the slightest attention to me, but continued running till he had got his gun loaded, when he fired and missed the ram.

Poor Boteler came back very disconsolate, for he supposed we had got nothing; but I knew better, and reassured him; for I felt certain that I could not have missed—and sure enough we found the sheep as dead as Julius Cæsar, lying doubled up in a bush within twenty yards of the cover from which I had fired.

When they got to the bottom of the gulch four of the rams bunched up together, and stood, a long way off but still within shot, gazing at us. We all sat down and had some very pretty practice, for they let us fire in all five or six shots before they finally made off. When the bullets struck the ground they would all jump straight up into the air, run a few yards, and gather up together again. It is hard to judge distance across a valley; and as they moved at each shot we could not get the range, and killed nothing; and they, after satisfying

themselves that it was about time to quit, broke into a steady run, crossed the valley and plain, and went away up another mountain and over it without ever stopping to look back.

Thereupon Jack volunteered to fetch one of the ponies up as near the scene of action as possible, and said he would afterwards look for the sheep he had wounded in the morning. Campbell and Boteler took a diverging ridge and followed it in hopes of finding another herd, and I continued along the crest on which we had found our game; but, seeing no fresh sign, I soon came back, and, like a dissatisfied idiot, must needs go down the gulch to look for the wounded sheep.

It was the steepest place I ever climbed without going on all fours. I went *down* in about ten minutes, jumping in the loose gravel and then sliding; but it took me a good hour and a half to get up again. I had no chance to trail my sheep, for the ground was completely covered with tracks, and I could not hit off the right one; but with a dog I might have got him, and he was a big one. I was so thirsty when I got back to the top that I was obliged to make a little fire, melt some snow, and have a small tot of grog; after which refreshment Boteler and Campbell, who had joined me, and myself turned to, skinned the sheep, cut off his head, and carried the hide and skull till we found the pony, when we packed them on his unwilling back, and, tired but contented, made the best of our way to camp.

In vain we climbed the mountains, scaled giddy precipices, penetrated the range to the head waters of Trail Creek and other streams flowing to the Madison River. Not a thing did we see except a few small sheep, two of which Jack shot, two or three antelopes as wild as hawks, and the dead carcase of a bear.

So one afternoon, coming in tired and disgusted, we suddenly determined to go back to Boteler's, and, hastily packing up, started for the ranch. We remained a day at the ranch in order to clean up and arrange for the transport of our trophies; of which we were proud, especially of the big ram, for all the natives agreed that the heads of two out of the three wapiti, and the ram's head,[1] were the finest specimens that they had seen for a long time.

The next day saw us started—this time, thank goodness, with our plunder in a wagon—to look for moose. We explored the country thoroughly, but found no sign; and a very decided change in the weather warned us it was about time to bid adieu to hunting. We broke camp finally, and went into Fort Ellis. There we were received with the greatest kindness by General Sweitzer and the officers of the garrison, whose hospitality we enjoyed for three days, while we were occupied in disposing of our stock and settling up matters in general. It was a stormy day on which, with great regret, we left Fort Ellis and the pretty little town of Bozeman, and it was snowing heavily and bitterly cold when we drove into Virginia City, where we remained two days, and then took the stage for Corinne.

Oh, that drive! Can I ever forget it? It occurs to my mind like the memory of some horrid dream—some dreadful nightmare. Four days and four nights in the interior of that vehicle—worse a great deal than Jonah's three in the whale's belly; four mortal days and nights, going 340 miles, or thereabouts. We got on pretty well for the first two days, thanks to the unfailing cheerfulness and indomitable good-humour of Jack; but the third night was very

[1] I have the head in my house at Coombe Wood. I think it is the best specimen in the country.

severe, and on the fourth our miseries culminated, and we collapsed.

Jack, best and cheeriest of companions, was for once out of humour. Fervent and frequent were his prayers, having reference to the future condition of driver, horses, coach, road, those that made it, the teams that had cut it up, and everything and everybody that had to do with the line. But swearing did not last long. Things soon got too bad for that. Language, even the most violent language, is quite inadequate to express one's feelings on certain occasions. Hindustani might possibly be of service if thoroughly understood and judiciously employed; but English is of no use whatever; and we soon gave up the attempt to express our sentiments, and relapsed into, and maintained, a gloomy silence.

As for me, I endeavoured to sit still in my corner; but being of light frame and spare body, I found that, not being provided with any suction apparatus in those parts, my efforts were unavailing, and I spent most of the night bounding about the coach like a pea on a drum, causing much dissatisfaction to myself and my fellow-travellers. If I did lie down across the front and middle seat, not being stout enough to stick between them like Wynne, I speedily doubled up, feet and head together, and fell through after the manner of a clown in a pantomime, who, lying on his back across a barrel, and being smitten violently on the stomach, folds up and collapses therein. I soon got beyond the consolations of swearing, and confess that I felt more inclined to cry than to do anything else.

But all things come to a finish; and at length, tired, sulky, and giddy, we arrived at Corinne eighteen hours late, and just in time to step on board a train bound east; and so ended my trip in Montana.

Colorado

My Western experiences were not confined to hunting and exploring. I, and a friend of mine from Sligo, forgathering at Denver, packed some necessaries on a mule, bought a couple of horses, and proceeded to pay a visit to Estes Park. Estes Park was, and still must be, a glorious place. A great plain, or rather park, for a huge well-timbered park best describes it, intersected by numerous streams, branches of the Great Thompson, opening into great, glorious, heavily timbered valleys and cañons, the whole dominated by snow-clad Pikes Peak. There was no track in those days; and it was a paradise for the hunter and trapper. Mountain sheep, black-tail and white-tail deer in abundance, and an occasional mountain lion or bear. Bears were numerous at times. Just under the snow-line clouds of locusts flying over, perished, I suppose, by the cold, were collected in heaps in the gulleys, and bears were very fond of them. Beavers and otters were plentiful, and the streams were full of trout. Estes Park was inhabited by a little Welshman—Evans, who made a living I don't know how; and by Mountain Jim, who trapped—an extraordinary character, civil enough when sober, but when drunk, which was as often as he could manage, violent and abusive, and given to declamation in Greek and Latin. Evans lived in quite a decent, comfortable log-house, and Jim in a shanty some fifteen miles away. Evans and Jim had a feud, as per usual about a woman—Evans' daughter. One fine day I was sitting by the fire, and Evans asleep on a sort of sofa, when some one rushed in shouting, "Get up; here's Mountain Jim in the coral, and he is looking very ugly." Up jumped Evans, grabbed a shot gun,

and went out. A sort of duel eventuated, which ended in Jim getting all shot up with slugs: no casualties on our side. He was not dead, but refused to be carried into Evans' house. We carried him down to the creek, and fixed him up as well as we could, and he made a solemn declaration, as a man who would presently be before his Maker, that he had not begun the scrap, and that it was sheer murder. However, he did not go before his Maker, and after a while we got him back to his shanty. Dr. Kingsley went with him and reported that he could not possibly live, for he had one bullet in his skull and his brains were oozing out, and he did not know how many more slugs were embedded in various parts of his person. But it is hard to die in the wonderful air of that great altitude (12,000), and before many weeks had passed he was packed down to settlements, where some months later he did die. Evans rode down to Longmont and gave himself up, and, of course, was at once liberated on nominal bail. The case was eventually tried, with the result of a verdict to the effect that Evans was quite justified, and that it was a pity he had not done it sooner.

Irrigation and cultivation have brought rain, but in those days the climate at that high altitude was perfection. It never rained, the streams were all snow-fed. The heat in summer was great, but always tempered by cool breezes. Snow fell in winter, but never lay long on the ground. The winter season was a regular recurrence of some weeks of perfectly still, clear weather. The sun so hot, and the air so still, that even with the thermometer away below zero you could lie down and sleep anywhere in the open. Then clouds would form and presently break into a heavy snow-storm, to be followed by a violent gale, and then by another spell of glorious sunshine—

the gale and the hot sun shining in that rarefied atmosphere speedily dissipated the snow.

It used to be said that nobody could die in Estes Park except from gunshot wounds; and that it is very difficult to make an exit by that means I know, from the case of Mountain Jim, already alluded to. The climate is exciting to an extraordinary degree. You can light a gas jet with a knitting needle; you pull off your garments or blanket amid a shower of sparks; your hair stands on end; you seem charged full of electricity. In those parts and in those days everybody rode, and if you had to go a few hundred yards you ran about for half an hour to catch a pony for the journey, and, once on it, a deliberate pace was impossible; you felt a wild desire to gallop about and shout. It was, and doubtless is, a grand climate.

Herbage was plentiful, and cattle could feed all winter, for the snow never lay. It was an ideal cattle-ranch, and to that purpose we put it. We swamped out a sort of road—that is to say, a track over which something on wheels could be hauled, though with difficulty. We pre-empted, and bought land along the water, and, commanding the water, had a great area of splendid grazing country, and we put in cattle.

After a time people began to wander in. The first I well remember. I was sitting smoking at the door of a little one-room shanty when to me appeared a queer little old chap on a pack horse, and says he, "Say, stranger, is this a good place to drink whisky in?" I said it was if only there was whisky. He looked disappointed and wandered off. It became evident that we were not to be left monarchs of all we surveyed. Folks were drifting in prospecting, fossicking, pre-empting, making claims; so we prepared for civilisation. Made a better road, bought

a sawmill at San Francisco, hauled the machinery in, set it up, felled trees, and built a wooden hotel, and did pretty well with a Chinese cook who could make venison and anything else out of bogged cow beef. Neither I nor my chum stayed there long. People came in disputing claims, kicking up rows; exorbitant land taxes got into arrears; we were in constant litigation. The show could not be managed from home, and we were in danger of being frozen out. So we sold for what we could get and cleared out, and I have never been there since. But I would like to see the place again. Estes Park has long ago become civilised, highly civilised, indeed fashionable. Hotels, private houses, guides, expeditions, and all the rest of it. But I would love to see again the place I knew so well in its primeval state. Spoilt, of course, it would appear to my eyes; but no work of man, except pits, mills, and factories, could destroy the grandeur, and the beauty, of Estes Park.

Altogether it was an interesting time to look back upon; but not all "cakes and ale." I can remember disagreeable scares with Red men, and "regrettable incidents" sometimes occurred among white men in Western towns in those pre-orderly days. I got into trouble in Denver through a scoundrel impersonating me during my absence. Vicariously I committed many atrocities. I acquired an evil reputation, and, of course, knew nothing at all about it, till accident brought the facts to light, and the mess was cleared up. Impersonation was not infrequent—I suppose because, in those days, lords were scarce. Voyages were long in those times: fifteen or sixteen days was not an unusual passage from New York to Liverpool, long enough for passengers to become acquainted. I remember the monotony of one voyage home being relieved by the society of a charming

young lady. When we went our several ways at Liverpool she said, "Well, good-bye, I have had a nice time, but it is funny. Of course you know that I know you are not Lord Adare?" Well, "I did not know it," I replied. "What makes you think that?" "I don't think at all, I know it," she said. "I danced with him at a Patriarch's ball the night before we sailed, and you are a very bad likeness of him." I wonder who my understudy was in New York!

Absence from home for any length of time was impossible for me, and my visits to the States were, in consequence, short; but, if short, they were frequent. For, I think, during sixteen consecutive years I made trips across the ocean mainly in search of sport. I have got mountain sheep—many of them—not only in Montana but also in Colorado, on the *Buttes* in the "bad lands" of Nebraska, and in other localities; and I have shot wapiti, white-tail and black-tail deer, antelopes, bears in many of the Western territories and states. My memory cells are stored with incidents; but they are all of a similar character. One little trip down South is, however, so different in its characteristics that I must allude to it. Florida, its fabled "Well of Tibi," its everglades, its bayous and sluggish rivers meandering through interminable swamps, its dry hummocks, its alligators and moccasin snakes which do not matter very much, its mosquitoes that do—a weird and fascinating country! What a delightful visit I paid to it long, long ago! Florida was not then invented in the modern sense. Nothing existed that could be dignified by the name Hotel. Tarpon did presumably exist, but I never heard of them. We wandered down Indian River in a sailing boat carrying a small tent to set up on shore. Indian River is a shallow salt-

water lagoon about 120 miles long, if I remember right, divided from the ocean by a narrow strip of land, or rather sand covered with palmetto scrub; but with three or four breaks in it—inlets or outlets to or from the great Atlantic. Curiously enough, fresh water can easily be found by shallow digging in the sands. Wild turkeys, wild fowl, deer were fairly plentiful in the land; and the lagoon swarmed with fish—edible fish that we caught for food, and sword-fish and great sting-rays that we harpooned out of a small boat for sport. I spent a very enjoyable six weeks in March and April in Florida, when it was a wilderness. Now it is a fashionable winter resort, equally enjoyable I doubt not, though in a very different way.

And so good-bye to my recollections of the mountains, the great plains, and the bayous. Most of what I saw and did and thought about them is written in the book of *The Great Divide*. And, after all said and done, my real true love was for the deep woods. My heart yearns after Canada and Newfoundland.

QUEBEC

Oh! the happy days in picturesque, kindly Quebec! It is no disparagement to the United States to observe that the civilisation at the time of my first visit was a bit new and a bit crude—cruder then a great deal than it is now. With the exception of St. Augustine and New Orleans there was not much of old-time beauty to be seen, and it was a joyful contrast to visit Quebec. Quebec is beautiful at all seasons; but to my mind the winter suits her best, as indeed it does her children. The mere man looks well on snow-shoes, in an ornamental

blanket-coat belted round him with a gaudy sash; and as to girls! Do not pretty girls look their prettiest in furs? I don't know how it is now with icebreakers keeping the river open, but in those far-off days the ice "took" between Quebec and Lewis pretty early in winter. Navigation ceased, and with it most of the business of the City—though not, of course, of work in the country, for there winter is a busy time; but there was not much doing in the City with navigation closed. I do not think Quebec boasted, or deplored, the existence of many very rich. The soil of Lower Canada did not grow multi-millionaires; but the citizens were well-to-do. Most kindly, hospitable people, with plenty of leisure, plenty of means, and infinite desire to amuse themselves and the stranger within their gates. On the evening of my arrival in Quebec, I was taken to a fancy-dress ball on the rink—a sixteen lancers poudré quadrille was going on—such pretty girls! It was like a jump into fairy-land. The "Muffin" is the most meritorious device ever invented. Devised by hospitality, with the assistance of Mrs. Grundy, it is essential to the comfort of a guest desirous of a good time, and of hosts determined to give him one. You annex a charming damsel, or rather, in strict accuracy, a charming damsel appropriates you, and, as winter sports are generally conducted in pairs, she becomes sort of tacitly told off to take care of you. On a picnic she naturally pairs off with you in your sleigh. By the way, a picnic in Canada in mid-winter with the thermometer 20 or 30 below zero is not a bit like the British form of the entertainment. Somebody invites a party, or a party makes itself up to drive out to Montmorency, or somewhere, to dine and dance and drive back through the woods in the glorious moonlight beauty of a still winter's night.

Delightful company, a good dinner, a jolly dance, and then the sleigh bells and the crisp crunching of the runners in the dry snow. I greatly dislike the British picnic, especially the ornate kind, with footmen to hand you semi-cold dishes and to pour out tepid champagne; but the Canadian variety is a very different thing. Your "Muffin" laughs at and with you at your first grotesque gyrations on skates till you become a fairly efficient figure-skater, and can dance with her on the ice. She toboggans with you, goes walks on snow-shoes with you, catches tommycods through a hole in the ice with you, is guide, companion, and friend; a real "pal." A delightful phase of society, and of society at its best. No ostentation, real cordiality, great fun; that is what characterises Quebec to me. And then the expeditions after moose or cariboo. Variety is the salt of life, quick change is the pepper, and no shift of scene, or of life, could be more complete and rapid than a plunge out of the gay City into the wilderness.

The first trip I made was down the north shore of the gulf. That was in the early years of my transatlantic wanderings. I stayed at a seigniory, and when in the morning the seigneur told me that "Messieurs les sauvages" were waiting to see me, I felt bitterly disappointed at finding three highly respectable citizens in their Sunday best broadcloth clothes and bowler hats, instead of painted, befeathered Indians in fringed buckskins. We went to "le jardin," and camped there for a couple of weeks, and got a few cariboo; but sport was not good. My favourite hunting-ground was way down at the far end of Gaspé Peninsula—a far cry from Quebec in those pre-railway days. It was a journey of some days at the best of times, of

many days if the snow and the roads were bad, sleighing along the south shore of the gulf, sometimes on the road, sometimes on the ice—with many upsets, and, if it blew, *de la misère;* sleeping on the floor in "habitants'" houses, intolerably hot inside, intolerably cold outside. I generally went with a friend who lived at *Rivière du Loup*, to a little shanty we built close up to the end of timber line on the Chickchock mountains. I was staying with him for two or three days before starting on a cariboo hunt, and I remember we had woodcocks for dinner one night. He was a bit of an epicure, and remonstrated with the cook for not having left the trail in the woodcocks. The next night she brought in two spruce partridges (grouse)—nasty things at best—and slammed them down with a "There they are, guts and all!"

Cariboo were not plentiful, but I remember one great hunt well because it was so disappointing and so successful. It was cruelly cold, and we made a very slow and tiresome journey down to Gaspé, for the snow was very deep and the going very bad. I learned two useful lessons on that trip. Hot tea and pepper is the only drink, for whisky makes you colder instead of warmer; and when you stop for a short rest at a habitant's house, don't take off your fur coat. Get as hot as possible without sweating. The more caloric you start with the longer it will last.

Talking of tea reminds me that tea is not, as is universally assumed, a teetotal drink—that is to say, it is quite possible to get drunk on tea, as I know by personal experience. I was coming out of the woods in Nova Scotia one very cold winter's day, and had a long stage journey to make to Annapolis. The roads were bad, and I arrived, more or less frozen, about half-past

one or two. Tea is the universal beverage, and noon the universal dinner-hour. A huge pot of strong green tea had been simmering on the hob for an hour or more. It was delicious and boiling hot, and I drank cups of it and then sat down by the stove to smoke until it was time to take the train to Halifax. When I got up to go to the station I could not walk straight—I was as drunk as drunk could be, but funnily drunk: I could not manage my legs at all; but my brain was quite clear, only I could not get my tongue round the right word. I was perfectly clear-headed and reasonable, but could not get the right words, but used some other word that did not express my meaning and had nothing to do with what I wanted to say. This condition did not last long. It wore off in the train, and I felt none the worse; but I can well believe that Indians on the plains where liquor is prohibited get very drunk on boiled tea, a little tobacco juice and pain-killer.

Well, we got to the last house at last, and the next day laboriously packed our outfit up to the shanty, a steep climb of some five or six miles. For two weeks it blew a solid blizzard. In the shelter of the timber it was all right; one could walk about in ordinary tweed shooting clothes; but above the timber, exposed to the wind full of flying *poudre*, it was impossible to live five minutes; and, owing to very deep snow, the cariboo had all gone up to the bare tops where they could scrape down to the lichens and moss on which they feed. It was deadly dull, and uncomfortable too. The stove made the shanty intolerably hot. Three or four feet off the ground one might lie in his bunk too hot in shirt sleeves, and wanting a drink find a bottle of whisky frozen nearly solid under the bunk. At last the weather cleared. There came a glorious, still, brilliantly clear, sunny morning, and we got out on the bare mountain. Cariboo in

quantities, and they were easy to get at. It was awfully cold, and they seemed sort of stupid. It was busy work while it lasted. I do not remember how many I shot and gralloched; but it did not last long. I was very hot, sweating profusely—the colder it is the easier you perspire, providing the air is quite still. I had tied a white handkerchief round my head for invisibility sake, and it was wet through. There came a sudden gust of wind. It felt as if I had been struck on the head with a club, and I scuttled for the timber as hard as I could run, or rather stagger. The next few days were fairly fine, and we shot a few more and hauled all the carcases down. No waste. That is the charm of winter. You kill your moose or cariboo, hang it up, and all you have to do is just chop off as much as you from time to time want, with an axe. And so back to Quebec, contented, but pretty badly frost-bitten about the face and hands, ready to enjoy another spell of civilised society, and to meet your "Muffin," quite possibly also a bit frost-bitten on her pretty little nose. I loved Quebec Province and City—its history, its people, its friendship, and its sport; and there I left my collie dog, Tweed, my companion in many wanderings, to reach a well-cared-for, happy old age.

Newfoundland

Cariboo were not very plentiful in Quebec, but very abundant in Newfoundland, and the Newfoundland deer are far heavier, and carry finer heads, than those on the continent. It was in that sportsman's paradise of an island that I got most of my good heads.

There are no Red men in Newfoundland native of the island, and the birch do not strip to make canoes and wigwams. I shipped a couple of canoes, three

Indians, and some stores to St. John's, and, after a short stay in that highly favoured and highly flavoured city, went up the East Coast in a tug as the guest of a judge going on circuit. There were, as I have said, no native Indians, but a small colony of Micmacs from Nova Scotia had settled near the Bay of Despair. The head of the clan was old Abraham Joe, and they were all Joes. A curious little community living partly under the pure despotism of old Joe, who allotted them their hunting lands and trapping lines, and partly on communistic principles. They seemed to use each other's *caches* and canoes and other necessaries pretty much as they liked. They wandered about apparently in a very happy-go-lucky way, and Joes were constantly happening in to camp. Sometimes we would meet a Joe striding over some barren or crossing a lake in his canoe; occasionally a Joe would drop into our camp, miles away from anywhere, unprovided with boat, canoe, provisions, or baggage of any kind, and furnished only with a pipe, tobacco, a rusty gun, and some powder and lead. He would sit down quietly by the fire and chat a little and smoke a little, and after a while accept, with apparent insouciance, an invitation to eat and drink, and, after consuming enough food for three men, and swallowing a few quarts of tea, would say, "Well, I suppose, I shall be going now. Adieu, gentlemen, adieu. Yes, I guess I was pretty hungry, most starved, I expect. How am I going to cross the lake? Oh, that's all right; we —that's old Peter John Joe's son, and I—got a canoe a little way off, mebbe one, two, three, four miles; I'll cross in her, I reckon. Expect likely I'll see you again by-and-by—I shall be coming out again about the end of this moon." "Well, good-bye," said we, "but where are you going to? not trapping, evidently, because you have got no traps." "Yes, I'm going

a-trapping, that's so. Not far—mebbe two or three days back in the woods—beaver pretty plenty there; left my traps there last fall—no, let me see, fall before last, I guess." "But what are you going to live on all the time?" "Oh, I got plenty grub, no fear; not much tea though"—showing a little parcel of the fragrant herb knotted up in a corner of his dirty blanket—"and no sweetening; mebbe you could spare a little tea and sugar, eh? No! ah well, all the same, never mind, suppose my tea give out, perhaps make some spruce tea. You see young John Joe, he got a *cache* yonder, away off just across that blue ridge, about one day or one day and a half, or mebbe two days' journey, plenty flour there; and young Peter John Joe and old John Peter Joe, they *cached* their cooking-pots on the little stream there, near the north end of big blueberry pond. See you again soon. Adieu!"

Judging by their well-fed appearance and the clothes the women-folk wore, the Joe colony was prosperous; but poor old Abraham Joe was very gloomy about the future. "Yes, sir," he said to me one day, "things is very different from what they used to be. Lord! I mind the times when a man might travel from one end of the island to the other and never see nobody nowheres. Beavers were plenty then, and there was a good price for fur too; now there ain't no price, and beavers and otters ain't plenty like they used to be. Those d—— lumbermen they come up the rivers and scare the game. Why, there ain't a bay scarcely anywheres without one, mebbe two liviers[1] in it. Yes, sir, it's true; Newfoundland he spoil, too much people come, too much people altogether in the country, no use furring any more, no price now for beaver skins, very bad times

[1] A "livier" signifies a person who lives all the year round in a locality, in contradistinction to one who only visits it during the fishing season.

now, most impossible to make a living. Expect you don't want that axe-head, do you, sir? It would come in very handy. I lost mine the other day—head flew clean off the handle into the water. Can't do without it, can't you? Well, never mind; mebbe you won't want to take your canoes out of the country. I'd like to trade with you for one of them." I dare say old Abraham Joe was not unduly pessimistic, for Newfoundland has been greatly developed since those pre-railway, pre-wood-pulp, pre-minerals, and almost pre-road days.

Newfoundland is maligned about its climate. The winters are not very severe, but are very long, owing to the great masses of ice coming down in the spring, on which St. John's reaps its annual harvest of seals; but summers are fine, the autumn beautiful, according to my experience. Warm weather, cloudless skies, great barrens covered with cariboo moss and blueberries as big as grapes, vast stretches of forest, lakes—they call them "ponds," though fifty miles in length or a great deal more—streams and big rivers make a noble hunting-ground, and in those times great herds of cariboo migrated from north to south.

I was not very lucky on my first trip, and we got so hard up for food that we were driven to spear salmon. An Indian fish-spear is a very simple affair, but it is far superior to any civilised instrument of the same kind. It consists of a straight iron spike about six inches long, let into the end of a pole of ash, or some other heavy wood, and two wooden jaws lashed one on each side of the spike. These jaws must be made of some tough elastic material, and are so shaped as to be furnished with broad barbs on the inner sides. There is a space of about six inches between the points of the jaws, which project an inch or two beyond the end of the iron spike, but the barbs are not more than

a couple of inches apart; beyond and inside the barbs the jaws open out again to a breadth of about four or five inches. When a fish is fairly struck, the wooden jaws expand, the iron spike transfixes him, the weight of the blow forces him up above the barbs, and the jaws, closing in again, hold him as fast as though he were in a vice. This kind of spear is very light and handy. It holds a salmon as securely as any lister, and it does not gash and mangle the fish. The material for the wooden portion of our spear was not difficult to procure, but we were puzzled to find anything that would do for the indispensable iron spike, and at last had to make up our minds to sacrifice the handle of the frying-pan. No sooner said than done. In a few minutes the rivets were knocked out, and the handle stuck in the embers of the fire. While some of us were manufacturing the spike by beating out the handle on an axe-head and afterwards grinding it to a sharp point on a smooth stone, one of the Indians was hard at work making the pole and jaws with his hatchet and crooked knife. With these two implements an Indian will make anything. I have often watched with admiration a man fell a maple-tree, and in an hour or two turn out a smooth, delicately poised, accurately shaped axe-haft or paddle, with the help of no other tools than his axe and his crooked knife, an instrument which he generally makes for himself out of a file, and which resembles in shape the drawing knife of a shoeing-smith. There is one peculiarity about the Red man worth mentioning, namely, that in using a knife he invariably cuts towards his body, while a white man always cuts away from his. The Indians of all the coast provinces are skilful workmen with the crooked knife, and earn a good deal of money by making butter firkins, tubs, mast-hoops, and various articles of a similar nature.

By sunset we had finished our spear, and had collected a good supply of birch bark; and as soon as it was dark a couple of us launched a canoe, and, after lighting a bunch of birch bark, stuck in a cleft stick in the bow of the boat to act as a torch, started on our poaching expedition. We all of us had a turn at spearing, and most comical attempts we made. An empty canoe is possessed by a most malignant spirit of perversity; it floats light as a dry leaf upon the water, and spins round and round, and insists on going in the wrong direction, and displays a propensity to slip suddenly from under your feet, and, in fact, behaves altogether in a very fickle and cantankerous manner. Mishaps, though frequent, were only ludicrous, for the water was shallow, salmon were numerous, and, in spite of our awkwardness, we had fresh fish for supper that night.

It was getting late in the Fall, and we worked our way back to our original camp at the head of the river we had ascended. The weather had been dry, and we waited for rain to raise the water in the brook, and eventually had to clear out in a hurry in order to catch a little coasting steamer. To miss it would probably have meant a winter in the wilderness. I have a very lively recollection of paddling hard all day and all night, and running dangerous rapids by moonlight in order to get down to the bay in time. It was risky, but we did it. Curiously enough, my narrowest shaves of getting drowned were, so far as I am aware, in narrow waters. We very nearly came to grief running those rapids. Being in a hurry to get home, I got a passage in a tug from St. John's to Pictou. We fell into a heavy gale and drove down the gulf, and only just scraped in, having burnt all our coal and every wooden thing in the ship. On the other occasion, crossing in a small steamer from

Silver Islet to Keewanaw, we came near foundering in a sudden gale.

Nova Scotia

I have the happiest memories of Newfoundland, its game, its lavish hospitality, its most excellent port wine: and I loved Quebec. But my happiest hunting-ground was in Nova Scotia. I liked the people, the country, and the climate, and my dear old Indian friend John Williams. John Williams was quite a character. An old man, but a keen hunter; clean in mind and body, as simple as a child, full of quaint superstition, about which he was very reticent till I got to know him well. Queer things are coincidences, things that just happen. I had two Indians with me one trip, old John Williams and Noel Glode, a young man. Old John was great at dreaming, and at forecasting events from his dreams,—and Noel was rather jealous of him. One morning I said to Noel, "Well, did you dream last night?" "Oh! yes, I dream, dream very hard indeed." "And what about?" "Well, I dream we went out looking for moose tracks. We walk and we walk and no sign. Presently we come to a still water, and three girls bathing. One big very dark-like Indian, and two small nearly white, and I caught the big one and she gave me a goose to let her go." "A queer dream," said I. "Well, let us go."

So we started and walked and walked and saw nothing. Presently we approached a beaver dam and still water, and saw something splashing. So we crept up and found three otters, a big black one and two small, and shot the big one—a fine skin. You can strip the skin off an otter in one fell swoop. So we hitched our otter on to a little branch of a

dead tree, dragged the skin off, crossed the stream on a fallen tree, and proceeded. We had not gone a hundred yards when Noel looking back sung out, "Look, there's the goose," and sure enough it looked like one. The otter was fat, and the white body and long tail, with the sun shining on it, looked very like a goose at that distance. Noel felt that his fame as a dreamer was established.

How well I remember my first hunt with John Williams. It was in the Fall, beautiful weather, very hot sun, and sharp frost at night. The old man could not abide flannel—tickled him too much, he said. He was dressed in a cotton shirt, threadbare homespun trousers, and an old army great-coat. In that costume he would walk the woods all day, perspiring profusely, and then after supper roll up his great-coat for a pillow and sleep in the open on a cold, frosty night. Indians, or, to be accurate, half-breeds, do not seem to feel heat or cold as we do. I have known them to sleep for choice in the drying-room of a friend of mine's house in Quebec in intolerable heat; and have seen them in the woods on the bare ground sound asleep shivering, and their teeth chattering with cold. We did not do much on that trip—got one moose, if I remember right; but, afterwards, what happy days I spent with him travelling in canoes in the Fall, or on snow-shoes in the winter, packing our goods on our backs, building our birch-bark huts where we listed, still hunting, creeping, or calling moose in the deep woods, or stalking cariboo on the barrens.

Moose-calling, that is inducing or trying to induce the bull to come within shot by imitating the plaintive call of the cow, has been described as taking a mean advantage of a noble animal. It is nothing of the kind. It is a fair game in which the caller has a poor chance.

I would lay long odds on the moose every time. A favourable situation is difficult to find, and favourable conditions are rare. The caller must, of course, be in the timber and concealed, and must have open space all round him—not a large open space, for the moose will not venture far from shelter. A little island of woods in a small barren would be an ideal spot. Good moonlight is necessary to enable you to see the quarry, and the night must be perfectly still or the moose will surely get your wind: for the same reason you cannot smoke or light the smallest fire, however cold you may be; and you will be very cold. You must be at your place before sundown. The afternoon sun is very warm, you will have got very hot walking some miles from camp, and the moment the sun is down it begins to freeze hard. It is not a soft job. Calling consists of imitating the long wailing note of the cow through a cone-shaped tube of birch bark. You call at intervals of about half an hour and listen intently. You may listen all night and hear nothing, though the strain will make you imagine you hear all sorts of noises. You may listen in vain till, in the small hours, you get so cold that you roll up in your blanket and go to sleep, and awake in the morning to find a moose had come up to within a few yards of you. You may listen and hear a bull answer far away in the woods—perhaps more than one bull, and then utter silence for what seems an interminable time, to be broken by a tremendous uproar—two bulls fighting in the dry timber; the victor may, or may not, venture on. Or a bull may come answering to the call from a long distance till he gets to the very edge of the timber, where he is almost sure to pause. Then the fine art of calling comes into play. The call must be the most exact imitation. The smallest false note will

send the bull crashing away. If you are a master of the art the bull may come on at once; but he will probably remain where he is—hidden and quiet, so quiet that you will be sure he must have gone, for, if he chooses, a moose can, despite all his bulk, move silently through the forest. At last, once out of many failures, you will be successful. The bull will come out into the open, and you get your shot. How well I remember the first bull I called up and shot under the guidance of old John Williams; and —I am afraid I am very material—the pleasure of a good fire to warm our stiffened limbs, a moose kidney and bit of hard bread, a pint of strong tea, and a smoke are fresh in my memory.

On that same trip I got two or three cariboo—cariboo feeding on lichens and mosses frequent the barrens, and the stalking is generally in the open; entirely so in Newfoundland, where I got all my best specimens. Creeping up to moose before the snow falls is the most scientific of all forms of stalking. You come across a track. You follow it a little to try and find out what the moose is doing, whether he is travelling or feeding. You probably meet a lot of tracks and have to distinguish the one you wish to follow. When a moose wants to lie down he invariably makes a circuit and lies down down-wind of his tracks, and if you just follow the track you will surely scare him. You must make half-circles down-wind, coming up now and then to cut the trail, until at last, after infinite patience, you can locate the moose. You know he is somewhere in that hard wood patch or in that bunch of spruce. Then comes the final test of skill and patience. The smallest crack of a dry stick, the tap of your gun barrel against a tree, and it is all over; but if you can steal up presently you will see your moose

quietly feeding or lying down, and you get your reward.

John Williams was a perfect hunter and a natural gentleman, full of curious superstition and very quaint. He was very ill one summer, and a great friend of his, and of mine, took him to Halifax to hospital, and did everything that could possibly be done for him. But the old man got worse and worse —was, in fact, dying—when he sent for his patron and said: "I am made of the earth, I was born on the earth, and I want to die on the earth. Can you help me?" He made a camp—a wigwam comfortably deep in spruce balsam in his garden. Old John was carried there to die—and promptly got quite well.

Happy folk, those Micmac Indians. Every man has a little farm or allotment They travel free on the railways; game laws are not enforced against them. The men do a bit of cultivation, go herring-fishing, do a little coopering—making barrels and mast hoops. The women do some bead-work and fancy-work, and bear children that mostly die of consumption. And in the Fall the men go into the woods, and some stay the winter through and do some furring. When I say "do," of course I mean "did." I am thinking of fifty years ago, and I do not know what changes have taken place.

Talking of game laws. I got into trouble in Nova Scotia. I had as usual written to an outfitter in Halifax to get my licence and to send my Indians, stores, and canoes to wait for me at a certain spot near the Post Road, and I went to the rendezvous by way of St. John's (New Brunswick), Annapolis, and the Post Road. I found everything there except the licence; but that was, I felt sure, all right, as it had always been before—so we proceeded.

We hunted and fished, shifting camp now and

then, and going south for three or four weeks, and I aimed at coming out at a deserted house not far from the main road to Halifax. Such a delightful spot—I came near buying it. A good frame house close to a noble river, a garden gone to waste, a good many acres of cleared ground, and then the forest, a river, and a chain of lakes, big game within easy reach, and an old logging road out to the Post Road, only ten miles away. An ideal spot for a farmer fond of sport. On the way there I met two gentlemen, one of whom introduced himself as Mr. Wellington Grimes, the Moose Warden, and asked for my licence. I had not got it, but explained that I had written to my agent in Halifax to take it out, as I always had done. "Oh!" he said, "that's no use. He has taken it out in Halifax, but the law has been changed since you were here last year, and the licence must be taken in the county town of the county you are hunting in, and is only good for that county. You have got to pay a $100 fine." That made me angry. To be fined for a technical error was preposterous, and I flatly refused.

"Well, then," he said, "let me introduce you to my friend the Sheriff." So the Sheriff and I shook hands, and continuing our way argued the matter out. He urged me to pay. I refused, and asked him what he was going to do about it. "You have not got a warrant," I said; "you may, or may not, be the Sheriff for all I know. You will get into trouble if you go arresting people peaceably travelling the woods." He was very much puzzled and finally said, "Well, Grimes says I have got to arrest you, and you say I shall get into trouble if I do. What do you think I had better do?" "Well," I said, "I will be out at the Post Road to-morrow about noon, and you had better go and ask the nearest magistrate

what you are to do." So we agreed on that, and they left. Good chaps they were too. When I got over to the Post Road there were the Moose Warden, and the Sheriff, and a magistrate, and a small crowd of people, and the Sheriff informed me I had to pay a hundred dollars fine or to be taken some forty miles off to Liverpool Jail. So, as I did not want to go to Liverpool, or to jail, and did want to go to Halifax, I paid my fine into Court. After some small but interesting litigation and much newspaper correspondence, I got my fine back again.

The law was ridiculous all round. You had to take your licence in the county capital, and it was good for that county only, and entitled you to kill so many moose or cariboo. If you went into another county, you had to get another licence and notify the number of game you had killed, and were fined if you did not. If you left game to spoil in the woods, you were heavily fined—and very properly. But, as county lines were very anciently blazed lines in the primeval forest, it was impossible to tell what county you were in. If you followed a wounded moose across the county line and killed it, you were fined, and if you did not follow it, and it died, you were fined, for the meat would be spoiled. It might take you weeks to get out to the road, drive to the country town, and back to pick up the trail. It was ridiculous.

Game laws are good. Big game should be preserved, and I hope has been in the coast provinces; but they should be sane and workable laws, and they should apply all round. Moose were getting scarce in those days. They were slaughtered in the spring. The cariboo has large hoofs which spread out like small snow-shoes and he can run in the snow; but the moose is, for its size, a small-footed animal.

When in early spring the hot sun melts the snow, that freezes hard again at night, a man can run on snow-shoes on the surface; but the moose, poor beast, breaks through and hopelessly flounders. It is easy for a man to run a moose down and kill it with an axe.

I sent home a few good moose heads from Nova Scotia, and splendid heads of cariboo from Newfoundland. I look at them now and can almost visualise myself back in those happy days. Strong is the call of the wild. Even now, after all these years, when the leaves take on their autumn tints, I seem to sense something urging, "Come, let us go into the woods." All my big game shooting has been done in Canada, Newfoundland, and the United States, hunting-grounds which are, I dare say, very inferior to others, but they have this advantage—the climate is good, there is but little risk of malaria in any serious form, and poisonous snakes are rare except in Florida.

My time in the West was not entirely absorbed with sport and pleasure. I knew Sir John Macdonald —to my mind the Father of Canada—very well; and many other statesmen and men notable in other lines—all engaged, though they may not have known it, in the making of a great nation. I saw the very beginning, and have followed with interest the opening-out and development of the great North-West. But all that is another story. Canada has grown to manhood since first I saw her rivers, lakes, barrens, and forests; and with infinite opportunities and a strong virile people to seize them, who can limit her future?

Have I said all about my wild game shooting? Well, not quite all. I was at St. Moritz with a friend one time, and we did the usual mountain climbing, guides, and ice-axes, and ropes, and all the para-

phernalia. There was no winter season in those days, and when the hotel closed we took the same two guides and crossed over to the Italian side—much more dangerous climbing, but axes and ropes were dispensed with. It was very cold work, for we had to start from our tent long before daylight to get above the chamois before they began feeding up, and chamois were very scarce. I only got one chamois; but on another occasion I shot several, and two or three red deer in a heavenly place in the Austrian Tyrol.

I have never done any deer-stalking at home. I am sure it is great sport, but it did not appeal to me. The stalking is done for one, and the quarry is not required for food. I do not like killing for killing's sake. The charm of the wild is that you are, like any other creature, "seeking your meat from God," pitting your skill and cunning against the skill and cunning of the creature you want for food. The great joy comes when, be it on the plains, among the mountains, or in the deep woods, you become craftsman enough to take care of yourself and realise the truth of what the Indian said: "Wigwam lost maybe, but Indian not lost." Oh, the joy of going out by yourself alone in the wilderness or woods, with your rifle, hatchet, knife, a box of matches, a tin pannikin, a little tea and sugar, and a biscuit, complete and independent. The delight of searching for and finding the sign of your quarry, the scientific stalk, the kill. Then to prepare and hang up the carcase, to build a little fire, boil a pannikin of tea, eat a biscuit, smoke a pipe, find your way back to camp, and lead your Indians out next morning to pack in the meat. Then you feel a man—a real man, free of the free woods, and, after all, is not the freedom, the liberty of self-dependence the one essential in life?

Until I made my wedding trip to America in 1869 I had but little time to travel; I was fully occupied with duties and pleasures at home; but I remember a trip with a brother officer to Rome and Naples, and another that took in Constantinople, the Dalmatian coast, Rhodes, Damascus, and the Holy Land. With Rome I was fairly familiar—that is with Rome religious and artistic. I had spent some of my boyhood in the Eternal City, choking in an atmosphere of religion a little relieved by art. My surroundings were the creations of perfervid converts. They did not appeal to me; they made no impression upon me. I was a very lonely boy, and Gibson, the celebrated sculptor, befriended me. How I came to know him I do not remember. He was at that time working on his tinted Venus. I used to spend hours in his studio, and he used to talk art—a relief from perpetual theology. I don't know, but I think he did what he could, from perhaps a slightly pagan point of view, to obstruct my progress towards the Church of Rome.

What can one say of Rome? Rome defies analysis, baffles description, and smothers imagination in the vastness of the subject. It may be possible to realise impressions made by Rome—historical, ancient and modern; by Rome in its bearing on religion; by art in Rome—ancient and modern; but Rome as a whole—Rome in all its aspects—is too large to grasp. To me the Eternal City presents itself as an eternal mystery. It is a riddle to which I cannot find an answer. But on the occasion I am thinking about, I and my Pal did not take Rome seriously. We were out to see life and enjoy ourselves. Of the second trip I remember little except the beauty of the Dalmatian coast, and the verdure of Rhodes. But the history of the Knights interested

me, as did Damascus, perhaps the oldest city now existing in the world.

I spent Holy Week at Jerusalem; and it shocked all my Christian sensibilities. A regular riot among various denominations of Christians took place on Good Friday in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. They fought and belaboured each other till some brawny Turks came in with big sticks and whacked them all. It was a horrible exhibition.

I made also one voyage "up the Straits" in a schooner belonging to the Sloane-Stanley of those days. We met with a very heavy gale in the Bay, were hove to for some days, and made a bad passage out. The cause of true love had not run smoothly for Sloane-Stanley, and he was very miserable; but at Gibraltar he heard that his inamorata (whom he subsequently married) was in Rome; so we proceeded to Civita Vecchia, and he left the ship telling us (that is myself and another) to go and play about for a while, and come back to Naples for him. So we cruised to Sicily and Tunis, and on returning to Naples found instructions from our owner to take the ship straight home, as he was remaining in Rome; and literally straight home we took her from Malta. We fell in with the beginning of a hard easterly gale in the Channel, and just scraped in under Hope's nose, and brought up. We had made a very long passage, and were hard up for grub; so we tossed out a boat and went at once to a little village and asked, "What can you give us to eat?" "Well, we have clotted cream and some crabs." So crabs and clotted cream it was, and mighty good they were.

I was filled with desire to see India, and made two attempts—both failures. The first after the Abyssinian War when I was at Aden. I forget what happened on that occasion. The second on a voyage

with Lord Crawford in *Valhalla*. I was taken ill, and I and my daughter had to be put ashore at Alexandria, and spent some months in Egypt—Cairo, very gay and pleasant; up the Nile and so on: but everybody knows all about that. There I met Mr. and Mrs. Clayton Glyn; he a great shooter of ducks, and she, to my mind, a most gifted author.

I have, of course, seen cities—the capitals and other cities of Europe; and I visited all the battle-fields of the Austrian-Prussian War. I hate moralising; but I often marvel at the sequence of events, and wonder what we might have been saved if we had done what I consider it was our bounden duty to do, and had backed the Danes in their gallant struggle against Prussia in 1864. That was the beginning of Prussian aggression: then came the successful wars with Austria in 1866, and with France in 1870–71, and the formation of the German Empire, dominated by Prussian determination to rule the world—broken, it is true, in the greatest of all wars for freedom, but at a cost in life and treasure that has ruined Europe.

I used to hunt a bit, not much or in any very fashionable country, for I could not afford it; but I was fond of the sport, and I have deeply regretted giving it up. I sacrificed it for big game shooting in Canada and the United States. I spent the winter months across the Atlantic for years, and never took to hunting again—it is too late now. I loved the wilderness—the woods, the mountains, and the prairies; but I am sorry that I devoted so many years to them. Hunting is a grand sport, and great exercise for an aged liver.

Racing and Horse-Breeding

During my early days, when I lived so much with Machell at Bedford Lodge, Newmarket, I was, of course, acquainted with the great luminaries of the Turf—Admiral Rous, George Payne, and others; they were not intimate friends. Of the lesser lights those I remember best are "The Mate" (Sir John Astley)—a most delightful person, Arthur Coventry—a fine horseman, Hastings (the Marquis), Andover (afterwards Suffolk), Harry Chaplin, and Machell. The latter was the owner of a curiously composite character: quiet, humorous, companionable; cold, hard, calculating; gentle, but liable to frenzied violence of temper dangerous to others and to himself; a great athlete, a man of conspicuous courage, physical and moral. He made a bold bid for fortune when, as a subaltern in a marching regiment, he sent in his papers, bought a three-year-old, Bacchus, in Dublin, for, I think, £16, entered him in a big handicap at Newmarket, and backed him for, I imagine, every penny he could scrape together. His courageous gamble was successful. He won a valuable race and a big bet, and so laid the foundation of his career on the Turf. I liked him well, and I think he liked me, for we never had any disagreements and I saved him once or twice from serious trouble arising from his ungovernable fits of temper. We went racing together, and I shared his early fortunes with all their ups and downs till I went out to Abyssinia. It was a fascinating phase of life. I can well understand any one devoting himself to racing. As a business or a pastime it is absorbing, and of all phases of society commend me to the racing set as possessing those qualities that make society enjoy-

able. But I was switched off by other interests and other duties; and, in any case, racing was not my predominant passion.

I have no real *flair* for horse-flesh. I never was, and never could be, a good judge of horses, for that gift is an instinct which was denied to me. Racing as a *pastime* requires a large command of money if it is to be successfully pursued. Racing as a *business* requires complete devotion and abandonment of all other sports and pastimes, and complete concentration upon the one job. In the first case I was deficient in the necessary command of money; and in the second case other sports would have interfered, to say nothing of public duties. It is possible for a man of moderate means to make money by racing and backing horses, provided he is a consummate judge of racing and horses and does not back favourites; but it is not easy. The only instance of success that I know of is to be found in the case of Captain Machell, who, beginning in a very small way, made, I think, a considerable fortune. But he devoted his whole life to the one object, and was an extraordinary good judge of racing and of horses.

Long years after I and Randolph Churchill owned L'Abbesse de Jouarre, in partnership. She was a first-class mare. She won The Oaks in 1889, and the Manchester Cup in the following year. She also won the Portland Plate, and as a five-year-old the Hardwicke Stakes. Mated with St. Simon, after I became sole owner of her, she produced Festa, a good filly that won several races, and Desmond. She died in foaling to Isinglass in March 1897; unfortunately, her stud life lasted only a very few years.

Desmond was a colt of exceptional promise, and I was offered a good sum for him by Mr. Richard Croker. Sir Waldie Griffith was also anxious to

acquire him; but I decided to keep him and train him for myself. Perhaps his best performance was the winning of the Coventry Stakes at Ascot by two lengths, beating a hot favourite on whom 6 to 4 was laid. He next ran at Newmarket in the July Stakes, and won by a neck from the late King Edward's Eventail. It was one of the most desperate races I have ever witnessed, and the punishment broke Desmond's heart for racing. He ran so badly after that I decided to send him to my stud farm at Adare.

I had a good mare, too, in Molly Morgan. She won the Cambridgeshire in 1893. The first news I had of it was at Queenstown, on my return from an unsuccessful attempt to bring back the America Cup, from some friends in the tug, who shouted to me to "Cheer up, Molly Morgan has won the Cambridgeshire." She was dam of several winners, including Combine dam of 7 winners, including Land League winner of the Cambridgeshire, and 82 races value £6503.

Breeding interested me greatly. In 1890 I bought Kirkham, a horse bred in Australia. He was sent over in 1889 to win the Derby in the following year; but he made a poor show. He had all the appearance of a good sire for breeding hunter stock, and I bought him for that purpose. His progeny did well, and he was useful in improving the breed of hunters and steeplechasers in Ireland. One of his progeny—Kirkland—won the Grand National at Liverpool in 1905 by three lengths, carrying the top weight—11 stone 5 lbs. There were 26 runners.

Desmond's stud career was very successful, as the following list of his principal winners shows:

Hapsburg	£14,082
The White Knight	14,107

*Craganour	£10,990
Sir Archibald	6,955
Aboyeur (Derby)	6,927
Lomond	6,689
Land League	6,503
Fairy King	6,400
Knockfeerna	6,389
Stornoway	6,253
Charles O'Malley	5,005
Ayn Hali	3,614
Saxham	3,610
Earla Mor	3,250

Desmond is also sire of Bobbina, the dam of Bettina (winner of the 1000 guineas, 1921), and Grand Geraldine, the dam of Grand Parade (winner of the Derby, 1919); and his record as a sire of winners is truly great, stakes to the value of £180,040½ being credited to his progeny.

In 1913 I bought Cellini, but was disappointed in him and sold him in 1917; and in 1914 I bought Lomond, by Desmond, out of Lowland Aggie. Lomond has not been so successful as I hoped, but he has sired winners of 69 races and stakes to the value of £23,351½ to their credit.

In 1919 I bought Hainault, who, I hope, may retrieve the fortunes of my humble stud. But that is on the knees of the gods!

Thinking about horses reminds me that in 1896 I was appointed Chairman of a Vice-Regal Commission to enquire into the subject in Ireland. Of course we examined into the subject very thoroughly in all its aspects; but the real point at issue was the comparatively small one of the thoroughbred stallion *versus* the hackney. The Congested Districts Board, seeing that the horses in the west and the districts which were under their control were of a very weedy character, thought to improve

* Won the Derby, but disqualified, and the race awarded to Aboyeur. *Two* winners by Desmond in one Derby!

the breed by importing hackney stallions; but they forgot that, though the hackney may be showy and the bone measures largely, it is very spongy as compared to that of the thoroughbred, and that the animal itself is soft. I think the hackney was well described by one of our witnesses, the late John Daly, who said, "The hackney was only fit for a Jew in a fur coat to ride down the Embankment."

We travelled all about the country, more especially in the west, and went out to various islands in the Congested Districts Board's steamer, and sometimes encountered very disagreeable weather. I remember one of my colleagues enquiring, under these distressing circumstances, "What is the best thing to drink"; and another of my colleagues putting his head out of his bunk and replying, "Well, whisky has the least nasty taste." We made our Report, and in July 1898 I put down a Motion on the subject in the House of Lords. In my speech on that occasion I dwelt upon the great importance of horse-breeding in a poor country like Ireland, where agriculture was the principal industry. I pointed out that often this was the only profitable part of a farmer's occupation. I said:

"It is clearly shown in the evidence of the Commission that the most profitable description of breeding in Ireland consists in breeding horses likely to make hunters, high-class carriage horses, and cavalry remounts, and that Ireland has, through the operation of perfectly natural causes, obtained a perfectly justifiable reputation for producing the best horses of this kind in the world. That being so, I hold that the majority are right in thinking that the industry has developed itself naturally on these lines, that any State aid should be employed in the same direction, and that experiments in other directions should be left to private individuals. . . ."

I held that all Government money should be employed in a way likely to be most profitable to the country generally, and that there could not be a shadow of doubt that that was in encouraging the class of horse for which Ireland had a world-wide reputation; that in their efforts to improve horse-breeding the Congested Districts Board had gone on wrong lines, and that a permanent Commission ought to be created on the lines of the Royal Commission in England.

I brought the subject before the House of Lords in 1902, and spoke on it again in 1906 upon a Motion made by Lord Donoughmore; but practically nothing was done.

Shooting, Fishing, etc.

In the old days I used to be fond of shooting. The best shooting I ever had was with Hirsch at Eichhorn in Bohemia, and at San Johann in Hungary. Eichhorn was a fascinating place, the last castle occupied by the Knights Templars, and reputed full of treasure. Many legends were told about it. The house has a lot of little towers or cupolas surmounted by weathercocks, and in one of them, so Hirsch told me, was found a paper saying, "Where the shadow falls, there is the treasure"—a horrid practical joke without mentioning the month, day, or hour. The shoot was wonderful in both places; but to my mind altogether too wonderful at San Johann. Hundreds of men drove the country for miles round to a square covert with a tall poplar in the middle, round which the guns sat and played bezique till the partridges began to come in. They came in such multitudes that presently the covert was full, and, as the beaters closed in, birds were flying in from every direction and flying out. It was altogether too much. If a man

let off his gun promiscuously, he was almost bound to hit something.

I liked Hirsch. He was unostentatious and most kind and hospitable. He did one well, and said nothing about it. I remember finishing one afternoon at Eichhorn, a very good shoot. We were given time to change and have tea, and were paired off into a number of little open carriages, and driven to the station. Then, after an excellent dinner we entrained for —— (I forget the name of the station), where another lot of carriages were ready to take us to San Johann, where we found an equally excellent supper waiting for us. Servants and luggage had been sent on, and our rooms were all ready for us. It was all admirably done.

As a boy I loved wandering about the country round Adare. It was not so well drained in those days as it is now, and was much more prolific in wild game. I roamed about with a dog and a gun, shooting anything that I came across—geese, ducks of all sorts, sometimes woodcock, snipe, or, *faute de mieux*, plovers, curlew, fieldfares, anything. But I never became fond of great battues. They are trials of skill of course, but principally trials of nerve. They did not suit my nervous system at all. I developed excruciating headaches, and abandoned those tremendous shoots. Partridge-driving was my delight. The best shoots I ever enjoyed in England were with Ashburton at the Grange, and at a shooting I rented at Cadland; but I had enough to amuse me at home at Dunraven in Wales. I used to shoot a good deal with Lord James of Hereford, the sort of shoot I liked—a fair amount of pheasants, but no red-hot guns; and rabbits, wild rabbits among the bracken on the downs—difficult shooting.

Eventually I gave up shooting altogether, and

rabbits were the cause. I was shooting at Wynyard, thousands of rabbits wired in, and by bad luck my place was along the wire—a brown seething mass of rabbits: it fairly sickened me, and I never shot rabbits again. Gradually I became reluctant to take away life—something I could not put back again—merely for sport.

Pigeon-shooting from traps I always abominated, and I got to dislike shooting of all kinds, which is, I admit, absurd, for so strong is the old Adam in me that when I go out with the guns at home, especially woodcock-shooting, I long for a gun.

Fishing I stick to under a pleasant delusion that anyhow fish don't feel. Salmon fishing is not very attractive to me—any one can hook a salmon. Perhaps, living within ten yards of a salmon river, I had too much of it; but trout, that is quite another thing—stalking a trout in clear water is more akin to stalking a moose or cariboo or wapiti; and fishing upstream in very low water with a little red worm is also a fine art. Sea-fishing, too, of all sorts and kinds I delight in, but with hand-lines for choice—the electric shock of a bite twenty or thirty fathoms down and the speculation as to what you have hooked by the feel of the fish is to me fascinating. It is a queer thing—one would think that fishing at the bottom in, say, 40 fathoms of water, one man would be as good as another; but it is not so. A good fisherman will beat the indifferent fisherman hollow all the time. Queer, too, that fish can sense an east wind with 240 feet of water above them; but they can, and an east wind puts them off their feed in the deep sea as surely as it does in a shallow stream.

Trawling, too, is interesting, for you never know what the trawl may bring up. I caught in Kenmare Bay a fine specimen of a rare fish—a six-gilled shark,

which is now in the National Museum of Science and Art in Dublin; and on another occasion a loathly-looking ray. One of the hands sorting the fish picked it up and dropped it like a red-hot potato; and then another with the same result. "The d—— thing gave me a shock; what is it?" One of the crew, an experienced trawler man, said, "What is it? Why, it is a numb ray." It was an electric fish, and did give a smart shock on being touched.

Games I never was much good at. I was fond of tennis—real tennis—the finest game in the world. But I was handicapped by short sight, and I funked rackets and cricket in spectacles. Golf I took to long after middle life, and I need scarcely say I never became proficient. I like it still. It gives me exercise, and it amuses me. As Sandy Herd said to a friend of mine the other day who asked him how I was playing: "Oh! He just taps them along, but he taps them straight."

IV

SOCIETY, AND PEOPLE I HAVE KNOWN

In the course of a long life I have naturally met and known, more or less intimately, many men, and of women not a few. Some are with us still, and about them I would not speak. Most of them have gone before; of them, some are so famous that their public and, indeed, their private lives are well known. Some of them have written autobiographies; about others, biographies and reminiscences have been composed. Description would be out of place and useless. I mention them just to try and weave the texture of the society in which I moved, and remind myself of the social atmosphere that I breathed. I cannot recall my old acquaintances to memory at will. I could not enumerate, catalogue, and classify them: but out of the little brain-cells, or whatever the "hidie-holes" are called in which memories and names and places and incidents conceal themselves, now and then a name pops out and flits across my mental vision, leaving sometimes a long trail of memory behind. So, just as they present themselves to me from time to time I jot them down—not all, for many do not present themselves at all.

Kitchener I knew well, and I liked him. By nature shy and self-centred, and by habit an oriental—one that must be obeyed—he was ill-fitted for departmental work subject to Cabinet control; and he was unused

to parliamentary methods. A great organiser, but not accustomed to have to explain and defend his plans. The War Office did not suit him. Restraint was irksome; but nevertheless, on the two or three occasions that I had to see him during the war I found him quiet, unperturbed, and kindly ready to listen. Wolseley I knew well too: and dear, delightful, wise, sagacious Roberts—would that his advice had been taken; but, alas! it fell on deaf ears. French, a great soldier as every one admits, but I think a greater soldier than the general public at present knows. I had the pleasure and honour of his friendship when he was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He was too much of a soldier, too fond of saying, "I am a plain soldier and obey orders." I could wish he had asserted himself more when he was responsible for Ireland in very critical times; and he reminds me of Sir William Robertson—a great man to my mind.

Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton), poet, author of such sweet poems—and a good raconteur of stories, not always quite similar to his poems—a great frequenter of the Beefsteak Club. Archie Wortley, one of my best friends—the founder, I think, of the aforesaid Club, of which I was an original member. Bernal Osborne, most witty of men. Wilfrid Blount, with his Arab steeds and his oriental complex. Richard Burton, who prided himself on looking like Satan—as, indeed, he did, if Mephistopheles is a fair portrait—also with an oriental complex, but of a very different kind. A great linguistic scholar, with an unrivalled knowledge of the East, he was an ill-used public servant—ill-used because his invaluable services were not put to the greatest use, and because for what services he rendered he received most inadequate reward.

John Walter, and Delane—the famous owner and

editor of the *Times* at a time when the *Times* exercised perhaps even more influence than it does now, and exercised it, as it does now, very wisely. Edward Lawson (first Lord Burnham); Lord Redesdale, Chairman of Committees in the House of Lords, who habitually wore, in London at any rate, evening clothes and a white tie. Choate—a great ambassador. I first met Choate in New York, when I went over in December 1895 to attend a belated inquiry into protests I had made concerning the racing of the American yacht *Defender* against my yacht *Valkyrie III.* in the previous September under the challenge of the Royal Yacht Squadron. The New York Yacht Club had appointed a Committee of Inquiry, and retained Choate as counsel. He knew as much about yachts and yacht-racing as I do about squaring the circle, and adopted a line of defence which he would not have taken had he been an expert in yacht-racing and protests. Anyway, we became good friends then, and better friends later when he represented the Great Republic over here. He was not only a great ambassador, but also full of wisdom, and brimming over with humour and fun; and he was a good friend to England. Another American of a very different type, but famous in his way, was Mr. Jay Gould. He came over about some business transactions—I think to buy a railway or two from the Dutch. Louis Jennings was a great friend of mine. I knew him well in New York what time he was editor of the *New York Times*. A very able man and a tremendous fighter. Long afterwards he and I fought the good fight of Fair Trade together, and collaborated in political literature. He was member for Stockport, and in politics was a follower of Randolph Churchill. Jennings acted as a kind of chaperon to Jay Gould on his trip abroad, and I went with them so far as Paris. Jay

Gould was as funny to us in his very natural ignorance of France and of the language as we were to him in our profound ignorance of affairs connected with his business. We drove him all about Paris. I suppose it must have been during a period of depression, for many houses were "to let." He did not appear impressed with any of the sights, and made no remarks till the end of the drive, when, turning to Jennings, he said, "Say, Jennings, who is 'A Louer'? he seems to do a big business." At the Saint Chapelle Jennings dilated upon Charlemagne and French early history, and Jay Gould, very much bored, interrupted by saying, "Well, Jennings, who was this Charley Main, anyhow? Cannot we go and see a depot or a railway, or something interesting?" When it came to buying the railway, he was, as Jennings told me, quick as lightning, settled all the terms and price in half-no-time, but became very much bored with the Dutchmen, who were making elaborate arrangements for payment. "What are they talking about, Jennings?" "Making arrangements for periodical payments and so on," said Jennings. "For the Lord's sake, why make all this fuss; give me a sheet of note-paper and I will write a cheque," said the impatient Jay Gould.

Lord Clanricarde—the quaintest of men, who occupied himself in vicariously defending the rights of property in Ireland, and in personally endeavouring to master the art of figure-skating—without much success. Sir Henry Lucy—"Toby, M.P."—quite unique in his journalistic knowledge of Parliament and of men. He fell foul of Randolph Churchill one day about something, I forget what. Randolph was very funny in his speeches at times, and at Manchester I think it was, he alluded to Lucy's attack upon him. "There is a person called Lucy who contributes comic

articles to *Punch*, and serious ones to the *Daily News*. She did me the honour to attack me; but by mistake the article to the *Daily News* was sent to *Punch*, and the article for *Punch* appeared in the *Daily News*."

Stead I knew well—to my mind a genius. With Tyndall and Huxley I was acquainted, and with the former I had a short correspondence that did not add to my admiration of him as a liberal-minded man eminent in science. I was hunting in Nova Scotia, and the Indians told me of a lake near by where the stones were walking out of the water. Of course I went to see it, and, sure enough, stones, from the size of one's head to big solid blocks, had the appearance of having been forced ashore. The lake was shallow, and the groove left behind the stones was plainly visible, and pebbles and earth were heaped up against them where they stood some yards from the water's edge. Well, I knew that the lakes do not freeze over solid for the winter until they are full, and I thought that in this case, as the outlet was deep, the weight of subsiding ice might have somehow driven the stones, big and little, ashore. So I wrote to Tyndall about it, and said that the rocks and stones *appeared* to have moved out of the water. All that I got was a somewhat curt reply to the effect that he did not know what I meant by *appearing* to move. Either they did move, or they did not. A somewhat evasive answer for a man of science.

Sir Henry Thompson, the famous surgeon, used to give notable dinners of eight, and with him I often dined. He was a great amateur in food and drink, and gave most excellent dinners and super-excellent wines; but, poor man, could not drink a drop himself. A sort of thirst-strike was self-imposed. His parties were always pleasant, often brilliant. He used to make experiment as to the effect of various

forms of alcohol in promoting bright conversation, and told me that, in his opinion, whisky was the worst, and really good red Bordeaux the best.

Alfred Austin, the Poet Laureate, was a great friend of mine; and so was Jimmy Whistler, always quaint, amusing, paradoxical, maintaining that nature was, after all, only a bad copy of art. They were frequent and welcome visitors at Coombe Wood, where I lived a good deal in those days, and Whistler had good opportunities of seeing nature at her best; for Coombe Wood was, before a tree was cut, quite lovely. They used to help Lady Archie Campbell (of Coombe Hill Farm) to get up pastoral plays—very pretty they were, and great fun.

Clarence King I knew well—a very remarkable man; and Marion Crawford, a relative of old Sam Ward, the Lobbyist King in Washington in the seventies and eighties. Marion Crawford was a very talented and prolific author; but, as is often the case, the first-born of his brains—*Mr. Isaacs*—was the best of all his works.

Oscar Wilde, a most extraordinary man. I knew his father and mother, his brother, and himself. What a genius, what a humbug, and what an awful fate was his! Knowles, of the *Nineteenth Century*—a very kind friend to me, the owner of the most charming house in all London. What pleasant parties I have assisted at at Pope's Villa when Henry Labouchere had it. Labby was of a curiously contradictory character. He had a great brain, and should have made with it a big mark in politics; but he did odd things, and said odder. He was too cynically humorous for the House of Commons; but, though he posed as a heartless cynic, a kinder-hearted man never lived. Corney Grain, a great humorist. The Grossmiths, I think three generations of them. Burnand. The

Lawsons, three generations of them. Valentine Baker. Alfred Paget, a yachtsman and a "Patron of the Drama." John Delacour, a type of the idle rich (though he was not rich) that does not, I think, any longer exist. Augustus Lumley, also a type as extinct as the dodo. No ball or party could "go" without his *imprimatur*. He could make, or mar, the society future of the youth of the day, gilded or otherwise. Paolo Tosti, the sweet musician, and Pellegrini and his inimitable cartoons in *Vanity Fair*. Frank Lawley, of the *Daily Telegraph*, the best-looking man I have ever met. Edwin Arnold, also of the *D.T.*, an extraordinary character. How a man slaving all his life in Fleet Street, living in the roar and hustle of a great newspaper, could find time and detachment to write such books as *The Light of Asia* and many others passes my understanding. In early youth he saw and coveted (which is, I believe, immoral) a certain house at Dartmouth, and determined to have it; late in life he succeeded, and got his heart's desire — that does not happen to many. Gilbert and Sullivan. They must always be thought of together, collaborators in immortal works that I rejoice to see are still being produced. I knew them both well. Gilbert somewhat sarcastic, and somewhat bitter in his sarcasm. Sullivan an altogether charming character. I also knew D'Oyly Carte very well. He produced all the Gilbert and Sullivan operas at the Savoy. He was in very bad health, poor man, and at the beginning of one season he had chartered my yacht *Cariad*. My secretary having occasion to go to the Savoy on some matter with regard to the charter, was told a curious story by, I think, D'Oyly Carte's valet. At the time that Sullivan was *in extremis* D'Oyly Carte was so ill that it was necessary to keep the sad news from him. Carte's bedroom over-

looked the Embankment along which the funeral cortège passed. After it had gone by, some one went to D'Oyly Carte's room and found him out of bed and prostrate by the window; asked what he was doing there he replied, "I have just seen the last of my old friend Sullivan." Do some people under some circumstances develop an abnormal or embryonic sense of perception? I do not know; but it is curious that some impulse induced D'Oyly Carte to leave his bed and struggle to the window and to assume that a passing funeral was that of his friend, for, though doubtless he knew Sullivan was ill, he did not know that he was in danger of death. Frank Buckland, the eminent naturalist. My dearest friend Billy Russell. Sir John Hare, a great comedian and a very lovable man. George Augustus Sala, and a goodly company of what may be called the aristocracy of Bohemia at the Garrick Club, of which I was a member.

The "Savage"—a club of "working men" in literature and art—somewhat more Bohemian than the "Garrick." In 1871 they paid me the great compliment of electing me a member, my eligibility being that I had been an author and war correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* in the Abyssinian Campaign and the Franco-German war. The members were the best of fellows, and the cheeriest of mortals.

I was greatly addicted to the club, and whenever I could I attended and enjoyed its Saturday night dinners. The Saturday night dinners were a regular institution; but the club occasionally broke out into more extended functions. There are three which specially stand out in my memory—first, a dinner at the Pall Mall Restaurant in 1879. I was Chairman, and Mr. Gladstone was the principal guest, and responded for "Literature." It was rather funny. I opened the proceedings after dinner by calling upon

George Grossmith to give his well-known lecture on "The Dark Races." Mr. Gladstone immediately became all alert, evidently anticipating a lecture which might bear upon the Bulgarian atrocities. He took out a piece of paper—prepared to make notes. But the opening observations of George Grossmith in his humorous lecture convulsed every one with laughter, and Mr. Gladstone realised he had been mistaken. His face relaxed, and, crushing up the piece of paper, he threw it under the table.

Then there was the dinner at the Connaught Rooms in 1913—a Ladies' Night. On that occasion I was also in the chair, and proposed the toast of "The Ladies"; and thirdly, the dinner in the present year, when the club honoured me by asking me to take the chair at one of their weekly dinners—a special dinner in celebration of my fifty years of membership. I spent an exceedingly enjoyable evening, and was made an honorary life member.

Curiously enough, the only other compliment I have ever received was also connected with literature, when the Athenæum elected me a member in 1890. Mallock—best known as the author of *The New Republic*. Rosslyn (Lord), very gifted in many ways, the cleverest, happiest, most audacious of men. Morell Mackenzie, a great surgeon, and in every way a gifted man. General Henry Stracey, gallant soldier and singer: and General Brabazon—"Brab," the *beau sabreur*. Bob Martin, of Ballyhooley fame, the last of the Martins of Connemara. Max de Tuyll and his wife—what a good fellow and good rider to hounds. Soveral, one of my oldest friends—the most popular man in England; and he loved England too. Hwfa and Mrs. Hwfa Williams. Poor, dear man, he was seedy and wanted sea air, so one March I undertook to take him out to the Mediterranean in *Cariad*.

It was awful weather, gale after gale from the south-west. Time after time we got down to Ushant and bore up sooner than battering it out lying-to. Ranksborough, a dear man. He used to sit on the cross-benches in the House of Lords. I miss him greatly. Wynne Finch, a good friend, very quaint and humorous. He often cruised with me.

The hunting lot—Peter Flower, Chicken Hartopp, Sugar Candy, Bay Middleton, and all that rather rough lot—a phase of Society passed away, I think, for ever: and Whyte Melville, equally devoted to hunting, but of quite a different type. He died as he wished to die—in the hunting-field. All passed away:—well, no—the dear old squire, now Lord Chaplin, is, thank God, still with us—a link with the past, and he still rides to hounds. He reminds me of Hastings (the Marquis) and of his *fidus Achates*, Peter Wilkinson. Hastings was a great friend of mine, and gay old times we used to have, more especially in Paris. Hastings was at a private school with me; he was a strange boy, and used to sleep with his eyes open and in full glaring candle light. He was a strange man too. Very aristocratic, very charming—a good fellow, though somewhat provocative. We used in those days to drive to Epsom, and the national holiday was conducive to much fun and chaff—good-humoured to start with, but sometimes degenerating into a pretty lively scrap. I well remember one occasion when we arrived at Long's Hotel in a very dilapidated condition. And all that reminds me of Hermit! Dear me, *that* race I shall never forget. Hermit had broken a blood-vessel and went to nothing—started, I think, at 66 to 1. Machell had backed him to win a large sum, but, I think, laid it all off. I had not, and Hermit made for me what was at that time a fortune.

Long's Hotel in Bond Street was in those days a fashionable resort, almost a sort of club, frequented by a pretty fast set. The head waiter—Williams—was a great character. He knew everything about everybody. There was not much going on in London, on or below the surface, that he was ignorant of; but he was an excellent servant and no mischief-maker. His weakness was to be thought an authority on racing. He was prolific of tips, and they were generally wrong. At Long's I met the Claimant in the celebrated Tichborne case. The real man was known to be a trout-fishing expert, and I put the reputed Tichborne through a rigorous cross-examination on that art. I confess he converted me. Well, Long's has disappeared long ago. So has the "Blue Post" in Cork Street, famous for the very best of plain English fare and A1 red wine. Hotels in the modern sense—great luxurious caravansaries with equally luxurious restaurants attached to them—were not in existence in those days. We were content, I think, with what we should now call the somewhat stuffy comfort of the old-fashioned British hotel. The Café Royal was always good, and Verey's, and some others; but lunching and dining at restaurants was not the fashion. Later on the gourmet found real satisfaction in the Amphitryon under Emile and at Willis's under Edouard—restaurants which for super-excellence cannot in my humble opinion be approached at the present time.

Among statesmen whom I remember, Beaconsfield stands out pre-eminent in the respect and affection with which I regarded, and regard, him. Next in my affection comes Hartington[1]—a politician by birth rather than by inclination—wise, imperturbable, full of common and most uncommon sense; a

[1] The eighth Duke of Devonshire.

statesman because he could not help himself; an embodiment of the liberal sagacity of an historic Whig house; a great gentleman, and a delightful friend.

Lord John Russell lived in Richmond Park at the time I resided principally at Coombe Wood, and I used often to walk across and chat with him. He was interesting; but the great little man was getting very old. I remember walking up and down the garden one day with him, when he stopped, turned to me, and with a sweeping gesture said, "Trees everywhere; Ambassadors everywhere."

Granville—sauve, delightful, also one of the best specimens of exponents of the best Whig principles. I knew him very well, and he was always kind and considerate to me. What delightful dinner-parties he used to give. Not many guests as a rule, but guests carefully selected. Comfortable armchairs; the best of refined food and wine, few courses, everything quite different somehow from the ordinary somewhat stuffy and very lengthy London party. Gladstone I did not know intimately; and, frankly, he did not appeal to me in himself or in his political career. Politically he partook too much of the character of a "quick-change" artist, and—well, judging, or misjudging by physiognomy, he did not give me the impression of patriotic sincerity. He did in his time much harm. He was the first to preach that violence is the test of sincerity, and that, whether justifiable or not, force, or the threat of force, must be given way to. A poisonous doctrine from which we are suffering still.

Salisbury—preternaturally wise, and looking wiser still, calm, imperturbable, formidably polite, very subtle. Very much aloof with colleagues and sub-

ordinates, but in private life I am sure he could be genial and entertaining in the best sense, for I both enjoyed and valued a visit to his villa at Dieppe.

Joe Chamberlain I knew well, and watched with interest the change from Republican to Imperial ideals. He was often good enough to visit me at Dunraven—he and his perfectly delightful wife. We used to discuss Ireland frequently, and I could never make him understand how Irishmen are moved by sentiment. I forget the occasion, but I remember remonstrating with him for some rather brutal expression he had used, and saying, "Whatever you have, or think you have, to do, or to say, why not do it kindly? Why not say it sympathetically? Why not a word or two of sympathetic understanding?" No, he could not see it. "What is the good of kind words? What is the sense of sympathy? Material facts are all that count." A typical Englishman. Yet he was the first in the front rank to explode a Home Rule bomb in the Liberal camp. I admired and liked him greatly. He was always accessible, and a fair arguer.

George Wyndham—of all the men I have met he possessed, I think, the most charming personality. A wise statesman, a brilliant writer, a man of letters and of art, a good and true friend.

Bob Lowe (Lord Sherbrooke), who painfully broke down in speaking in the House of Lords. Dilke, with his fencing and Republican ideals. Stafford Northcote. The Fourth Party—Drummond Wolff, most amusing of men, Gorst, Randolph Churchill, Arthur Balfour. I remember meeting all of them, and some others, since famous, oh, long long ago, at a house party at Hatfield. Lord Grey, who at a private meeting did me the honour of asking me to

move the rejection of the first Home Rule Bill in the House of Lords in 1886. It did not get there. His nephew — Governor-General of Canada. Oh! what a loss to me and his many personal friends, to the cause of Federalism and to the Empire. Lord Milner—I made his acquaintance at Cape Town when I was invalided down from Bulawayo during the Boer War. I like not commenting on the living; but I think all will agree with me in describing him as an exceptionally good representative of English administration and statesmanship. Justin M'Carthy, a very gifted Irishman and a true patriot. I remember a conversation one evening with him in which his daughter joined in lamenting that though, of course, their politics were right, all the pleasant people were in the enemy's camp.

I never, alas, sat in the House of Commons; but I have had some experience in the House of Lords. There is a vast difference between oratory and persuasive speaking. Among orators of the past—the Bishop of Peterborough and the Duke of Argyll, Beaconsfield, and Granville for his conversational style; of the present—Lord Curzon, incomparable in beauty of style, the Lord Chancellor, eloquent and lucid, and Lord Buckmaster, eloquent and compelling. Some speakers know what they want to say, at least so it seems to me, and cannot say it. Others do not know what they want to say, and say it very well. There are those who rise to great heights of eloquence in an effort to convince themselves, and a few who aim at convincing an audience against its will. But to my mind plain words and simple phrasing show sincerity, and for persuasive speech give me Lord Loreburn (Bob Reid). Listening to him I always felt almost persuaded to be a Christian, though convinced that in sacrificing to Diana lay

the only hope of safety and salvation. Lord Halsbury, what a wonderful old man. In his youth on the South Wales circuit, I think his first brief was given him by my grandmother, then living at Dunraven. Hicks-Beach: Cromer, very kind to me in Egypt. Alfred Wallace, a great naturalist. Cecil Rhodes, in many ways a superman. Dr. Jim (Sir Starr Jameson), my best of friends, and a man for whom I had profound respect. Rhodes was one of those men who had to be obeyed. He decided to be buried by a big rock on the top of the Matoppo Hills overlooking a great tract of territory that bears his name. He pointed out the spot on the map to Dr. Jim and said, "Doctor, you are to be buried there," indicating another rock. Dr. Jim demurred; he had made other arrangements. "Oh, no," said Rhodes, "you will be buried there":—and he was. Crookes. Ben Tillett, with whom I became well acquainted during the Sweating Committee of the House of Lords. John Redmond, a true patriot, and, as a statesman, wise, but weak as a leader. William O'Brien I met for the first time at the Land Conference, but, funnily enough, we had been indirectly connected long before; for when he fled the country (Ireland) in 1889 in order to avoid arrest and to keep an engagement in Manchester, he landed at Porthcawl, a wee little harbour close to Dunraven, and put up for the night in a house, of which I was the landlord, in Bridgend. I think that he contrived to get from there to Manchester, delivered his speech to the audience, and delivered himself up to the police. Tim Healy—a brilliant and sarcastic speaker and an inexhaustible well of information—and his brother Maurice.

Among leaders of Society I remember the Duchess of Cleveland, Lady Palmerston, Lady Waldegrave,

the Duchess of Montrose (Caroline). She raced as Mr. Manton. She was a true sportswoman, devoted to racing, and a good judge of racing and of horses, a master of expressive language uttered in a most melodious voice. She was also a great lady. The Duchess of Manchester, and afterwards of Devonshire —a very great lady. I well remember delightful visits to Compton Place and my first introduction to "bridge." Lady Londonderry—quite pre-eminent in the art or science of conducting Society with the biggest kind of S. Lord Londonderry was a good friend of mine, and one of the best Viceroys that Ireland has had in my time. They were both very kind to me, and she made me free of Londonderry House, though she was a very strenuous party partisan and I differed widely from her in politics. A genial host and gracious hostess; at luncheon and dinner-parties one always met interesting people. It was there that, among others, I made the acquaintance of Edward Carson, now Lord Carson, and there, as I think, he imbibed and assimilated the seductive poison of extreme Northern Unionism. I don't quite know what I, with my Home Rule and Fair Trade heresies, was doing in that very pleasant galley—perhaps it was because of my seafaring propensities; for Lady Londonderry was devoted to the sea, and was a first-rate boat sailor. She loved Mount Stewart, and we had many pleasant sails upon the loch.

Mrs. Singleton (Violet Fane), an author in verse; Marie Corelli, a very gifted author conveying much truth veiled in fiction. I rejoice to see her name before the public again, but her earlier works, *The Romance of Two Worlds* and *Ardath*, are, and will, I think, remain, unsurpassed. Elinor Glyn, gifted in many respects and in literature a genius. Kate Vaughan—the first in time and the first in excellence

of all graceful dancers. Nelly Farren—the joyous embodiment of witty cockney London, and dear to Londoners' hearts in those old Gaiety days. Mary Anderson, Mrs. Bernard Beere, Mrs. Ronalds and her musical coterie.

I don't know what I had to do with "The Souls." I have never been able to make out about them—what they were, why they were, or whether any introductory ceremonial was necessary to become a Soul. I certainly was not a Soul, but looking at a list of them in the *Autobiography of Margot Asquith* I find I knew them all, and some of them very well. And that reminds me, Mrs. Asquith in her *Autobiography of Margot Asquith* describes Randolph Churchill as "impossible for any one to feel ill at ease with!" Well, I knew Randolph very well, and liked him greatly; but with that delineation of character I cannot agree. I never felt "ill at ease" with him, but I never met any one who, if bored or annoyed, could be more politely rude than Randolph.

Henry Calcroft—Government official and man about town—and Alfred Montgomery were *liaison* officers with former days; but among all links with the past, Lady Dorothy Nevill stands out clear-cut in my memory. Hers was a beautifully composite character. Looking on the past and the old order with affectionate reverence, she was yet receptive of everything new. Fixed in her own opinions, she was tolerant of and interested in the opinions of others; and she was intimate with history-making men and women.

Oh, the good old days! The London season was more pretentious, more formal than it now is, but it was great fun. Ascot! Well, Ascot is always gay, and it was gay then, though more select than it is now.

The jolly Ascot parties! I wonder if two ladies—still with us I rejoice to say—remember putting, or trying to put, the horses wrong end first into my phaeton, and how, having eventually harnessed them all right, we drove George Holford back to Windsor Barracks at four o'clock one beautiful summer's morning. Parliament did not sit perpetually as it does now, and Cowes was an institution. It had quite a merry little season all to itself. Among my friends, the Duchess of Manchester (Consuelo) generally had a party at Egypt House. Lady Randolph Churchill often took a house for two or three weeks, as did Lord and Lady Algy Lennox. I remember one year they had Lady Angela Forbes staying with them—a child, though she did not think so—a very determined young lady, perhaps a little impetuous, qualities which stood her in good stead in her war work in France in later years. Mrs. Hartman was a frequent visitor, often on Allan Young's yacht, and her sister Madame de Joucourt. It was Cowes month in those days rather than Cowes week, and it made quite a bright and cheerful conclusion to the London season—a sort of break between London and the moors or stubbles, and rivers and loughs.

During the period in which I flourished (to use a common but most inappropriate and ridiculous term) Society was moribund. It was dying, but dying slowly. It had not quite succumbed to Mammon. The " upper classes " were still upper in the influence they exercised in public affairs. Mayfair was still a power, and politics were largely in the hands of a few great houses. The country gentlemen set the tone of the House of Commons, and the House of Lords had not become a waste-paper basket. Art was not of a high order, and taste was execrable. Solidity,

and dismal brown and drab colours prevailed until Oscar Wilde came and taught us all to gaze upon a daffodil and to drape ourselves, our houses, and our furniture in more harmonious, but still sad, terra-cotta hues. It was an ugly and uncomfortable age judged by the present standard, perhaps especially in the matter of travelling. To be locked up in a compartment for many hours was abominable, and not infrequently dangerous to health. But, after all, the law of relativity, if there is such a law, certainly comes into operation in considering comfort and luxury. It all depends upon habit and environment. In one extreme is all that money can buy; the other owes little to riches, but gives more in solid comfort—material and mental. Take for example a half-breed or Indian furring in the far north. He has a line of traps twenty, or perhaps five-and-twenty, miles long; a little shack at one end, a lean-to at the other. Early in the morning, off he starts after a pint of strong tea and a biscuit, clearing and rebaiting his traps—probably very heavy going in fresh deep snow. Long after the few hours of daylight have passed he arrives at his lean-to, very tired but happy if he has made a valuable catch, philosophically content if he has not, for the wilderness breeds philosophy—well, perhaps philosophy is not the right word; close communion with nature intuitively brings much peace of mind. He will have left plenty of wood on his last trip, and with the help of some birch bark and kindling stuff he soon has a big fire blazing. The next step is to cut a few fresh sapin branches to strew on his bed-place, and then he kicks off his snow-shoes, sticks them up in the snow, and takes off his outer moose-skin moccasins. He has put the kettle on, and impales a piece of cariboo meat on stick to a toast at the fire with a biscuit under it to catch the

drip; or, if he has no fresh meat, a slab of pork is soon sizzling in the pan. And then with the appetite that only such a life can give he eats his supper—slowly, yes, for he is not bothered about time, and washes it down with hot strong tea; and then, with his Hudson Bay Co. coat rolled up for a pillow, he, a tired and well-fed mortal, warmed by a blazing fire of sweet-scented birch, lies back on his clean-smelling bed of sapin and smokes strong black tobacco till he dozes off. I maintain that of sheer bodily comfort and contentment of mind, such a man enjoys a larger share than can be given by all the money spent on all the cooks and on all the choice vintages, and on all the other accessories of civilised life.

In the eighties disintegration set in, perhaps owing to the influx of foreigners with much money. "Society" was hard pressed, and took to worshipping the Almighty Dollar unabashed. It is a demoralising cult. Wealthy personages "in the know" climbed up the back-stairs, and sauntered out of the front door. A good tip as to when to buy for a rise or sell for a fall was very useful to men and women, perhaps chiefly to the latter. Whether the deal always came off or not is another matter; but I wonder in how many cases cash was delivered if it did come off, and was not demanded when it did not. Wealth and notoriety became the prime necessity of political and social life. It was silly to be too fastidious as to how those necessary qualifications were acquired. In the first case inside information was obviously an easy method, and as to the second, well—get the necessary section of the Press to turn on the limelight, and there you are; and the easiest way of arranging that is to supply it with some scandal, no matter what, so it be scandalous enough, or with some extravagance in thought, action, or

dress that will sufficiently excite the public. The Press exercises a tremendous power for good; and its educational value is great, but in some respects our morning papers create a distorted view. All the catastrophes, earthquakes, cyclones, accidents, murders, suicides, plagues, pestilences, and famine, divorces, scandals, occurring all over the world are crammed into the sheet we read at breakfast. It gives a false impression of human nature, and of the vicissitudes of human life, and is not a very wholesome diet upon which to begin the day. Society was languishing. It received a charming tonic in the arrivals of Americans of the gentler sex—Lady Essex, all the Isnagas, Jeromes, and many others—my very good friends, and some still among us. But the tonic failed. Society was dying. Luxury and extravagance became almost insane during the few years before the War. I wonder why? Was it perhaps premonition that the end was near!

Did people drink more in later Victorian and early Edwardian days? I think so. The men drank more; the women less. Steady drinking after dinner is a thing of the distant past. The "Ouida" hero of iron nerve and superhuman muscular development who drank brandies and sodas for breakfast is a myth. The ever-present "glass of sherry" has gone. The cocktail has taken its place; and though mixed drinks are not good stomachics, there is very little vice, and some virtue, in a dry martini. Yes, men certainly drink less now. The mother of to-day could scarcely be heard to say, as did a dear old lady of some years ago, "Well, at any rate I know *my* boys don't drink too much at night, because they are always so thirsty in the morning."

The Passing of the Old Order

London was a very different London from what it is now, or ever can be again. I think those, and they must be many, who can visualise a ball at Stafford House—the beautiful chatelaine with her lovely sisters receiving her guests—or a reception at Lansdowne House, or at others of the great houses, will regret the passing of that phase of Society and all that it meant. What it signified was the refining influence that alone can counteract the crude, ostentatious vulgarity of mere wealth. Well, the great historic houses in London have gone down, and with them "the stately homes of England." That phase of Society has passed, and with it all that it connoted—a loss to the world.

The war killed Society. The old order passes. What the new order will be the future will unfold; but Democracy has not improved us in any way as yet. It has robbed us of originality, of individuality. It interferes unwarrantably with our natural liberty, has smothered us with humbug and hypocrisy, and has made life dull and sad. Will it improve the world? Will it "make good"? I think so. I do not dread the future; but the change in values is very great, and Society must have time to readjust itself.

Was Society with a big "S" pleasanter in those distant days? In what respects did it differ from Society as it is now? I don't think that Society changes in essentials—the differences are only in outward form.

The conventions were in my young days far stricter than they are now. The use of tobacco was endured, but was not encouraged. It was very bad form to smoke in public, in the Park, or strolling on the Mall,

or on the fashionable streets in clubland. In country houses votaries of the great consolation smoked surreptitiously up their bedroom chimneys, or by connivance in the pantry. Frock coats and top hats were the only wear. Fashions in men's clothes have changed but little, and only in details. Nowadays most men are clean-shaven. Then they shaved the upper lip, and had whiskers and sometimes beards, except in the cavalry. A moustache, but otherwise a clean shave, was the trade-mark of a cavalryman. Men change but little in dress and personal appearance; but women, God bless them, have rung the changes from the vast inconveniences of huge crinolines, or long street-cleaning skirts, to the short-clinging scantiness of modern attire two or three times over. And in some miraculous way they change their forms and their characters. They are helpless and swooney, or athletic and independent, as they choose. They are tall and slim, or short and stout, angular or curvilinear, developed in certain particulars and not in others, or developed everywhere or nowhere, just according as fashion dictates. But the eternal feminine persists, and will continue to persist. All trades, pursuits, careers, are now open to them; but after the first fervour is spent I doubt if much use will be made of their unlimited opportunities. Women are, and always will be, naturally handicapped in many obvious ways, and in one not perhaps so obvious. A man ambitious and devoted to his ambition may fail and be miserably disappointed; but, though he may have sacrificed much on the altar of his ambition, he has not necessarily sacrificed all. His retrospect need not be an absolutely barren waste. But with a woman it is otherwise. Marriage with or without children, and children with or without marriage, are incompatible with that devotion to a career necessary for

success. A woman has, if she makes a failure, sacrificed all, and the failure is complete.

Human nature remains the same, generation after generation, though it sometimes wears, and at other times discards, a cloak. Things happened among our Puritan forefathers as they did in the reign of the Merry Monarch. If the attributes of human nature are to be catalogued, I presume some must be labelled "vice." I do not know, but it seems to me that vice decently clothed and somewhat ashamed is less repulsive than vice naked and not ashamed. Were we the worse for demi-mondaines such as Skittles and Mabel Gray? I doubt it. Half a century ago there was no early closing. London was full of night restaurants such as the Continental, the Corinthian, the Argyll Rooms, and places for supper-parties and dancing like Vauxhall, Cremorne, and others; all conducted with decency and decorum. Men and women in evening clothes often frequented them merely for supper, a talk, a dance. Their place has been taken by night clubs. Judging by newspaper accounts of suicides, doping and other disagreeable incidents, the change does not appear to have improved society. The seamy side is seamier than ever. What could be more respectable than dear old Paddy Green, or more gentlemanly? You stayed as long as you chose, talked with whom you pleased, ate and drank what you liked. No bills and no bother; when you left you were asked at the door what you had had, and paid for it. Well, as I say, I don't know, but it seems to me that vice driven into the open is more blatant than it was when camouflaged in colours of decency.

It is curious how in the last thirty or forty years the views of Society have changed on certain social subjects. We have become intolerant in some things,

tolerant in others. Society was tolerant in the matter of sex relations; quite intolerant of discussing them; and when in May 1897 I called attention to the prevalence of contagious diseases in the Army, especially in India, I made the most difficult and distasteful speech of my life. Nowadays nobody would feel shy in debating the subject in Parliament, in the Press, or in conversation; but so strong was the feeling against it then, that I appealed mainly upon the pounds, shillings and pence argument as the most likely to prevail. A large increase of the Army had lately been sanctioned, and in moving for an Inquiry into "the effect of such diseases upon the Forces of the Crown," I relied mainly upon the argument that if efficacious steps could be taken to check the ravages of disease, the gain to the efficiency of the Army would be greater than the increase in numbers that the Legislature had recently sanctioned. A useful two days' debate took place, after which I withdrew the motion, and nothing happened. Nothing ever does with us until it is almost too late.

Why and how, I wonder, has modern civilisation reversed the natural order of adornment as between the sexes? All through Nature, from the humble stickleback to the lordly savage, though the female is often the larger, the stronger, and the more ferocious, it is the male that puts on brilliant colouring and gorgeous feathers, that sings seductively, or decks himself in shells and trinkets. It is the male who loves to dance and strut and display himself before his somewhat drab-coloured and apathetic would-be mate. Among my friends the Red Indians it is the "Brave" who "makes-up" with paint, beaded clothes, and feathers, before paying a visit, while the "squaw" trudges humbly behind.

We have reversed all that. The men go drab-

coloured, and no longer dance and strut. The women slay hundreds of thousands of beautiful and innocent birds to adorn their hats, and drape themselves (most becomingly) in other creatures' skins. They despoil other women to eke out their own not always superabundant locks. They hang round them strings of the product of diseased oysters, bore holes in their ears to insert precious stones, give themselves headaches by wearing huge tiaras, spend fabulous sums upon garments beautiful but scanty, and have generally monopolised personal adornment, and do all the strutting and the posturing.

As to garments among men, democratic ideas have levelled down, and they have become drabbier and drabbier in deference to the theory that, all men being equal, equality must be evidenced even in their clothes. In attire, with the exception of the lingering top-hat, the most exalted member of the House of Lords legislates in the same pattern of garment as the most plebeian Member of the House of Commons. In evening dress the perfect knight is indistinguishable from the imperfect waiter. By day we all walk abroad in a uniform monotony of dress. It is doubtless all right; but the odd thing about it is that this process of levelling-down does not apply to women. Those who can afford it spend money lavishly upon dress, and it is not resented by their less fortunate sisters. Great ladies go "slumming," and, provided they don't talk "goody-goody," and don't patronise, but are kindly, natural, and honestly anxious to help, their slum sisters like to see them in brave attire. Women can seek to attract by personal adornment; but the mere man, poor thing, is in his search for a mate restricted to a more brilliant tie and socks to match; and I think he resents it and desires to gratify his desire for fine plumage in fancy-dress balls. Why

women like them I cannot imagine, for I do not know of any ancient costume enhancing the charm of the young and pretty as at present dressed, or, shall I say, undressed? The best *bal costumé* I remember was that ball at Devonshire House in 1897. I went as Cardinal Mazarin, and was quite pleased with myself until late in the evening Irving arrived as another cardinal. That was a beastly shame, and put my nose out of joint, for though I was a good presentment of Mazarin in particular, Irving was certainly a better one of cardinals in general.

Another famous ball in which I participated was held in the Albert Hall, now some years ago. I danced in the set made up by Lady Randolph Churchill. We were all in sort of 14th-century dress, very picturesque, and we danced some sort of 14th-century dance. The whole ball was a very pretty sight, and our part of it the prettiest. And that reminds me of a ball given by Lady Paget (Minnie), when four of us, dressed as pierrots and pierrettes, invaded the ball-room as a prearranged surprise. The quartette consisted of Mrs. (now Lady) Leonie Leslie and Mr. (now Sir) Ian Malcolm as pierrots, and Lady Florence Astley and myself as pierrettes. We had carefully rehearsed a sort of *ronde fantastique* under the tuition of Madame Cavalazzi, of Alhambra fame, and burst into the room, danced our *pas fantastique*, chaffed the guests for a bit, and escaped without being found out. We had dressed in Mrs. Frewen's house close by, and bolted back there, changed into our ordinary garments, and went back to the ball. It was great fun.

Moreton Frewen, the kindest-hearted man, has for very many years been one of my closest friends. I have looked up to him with admiration, not unmixed with awe, for his intimate knowledge on subjects which I have never been able tenaciously to grasp.

Bimetallism, the relative value of gold and silver, the value of silver as expressed in terms of itself; exchanges, currency, inflation—in fact, *haute finance* has always been to me a sort of occult science, but to him simple propositions to be lucidly explained. But we had much in common. We worked together in the good cause of federalism. He suffered for the cause of Ireland, and we had both had experience of the great prairies and the Wild West. A man gifted with high intelligence and a tenacious memory, I hope he will some day give us the records of a most interesting life.

Latterly, fancy-dress has greatly increased in popularity—due, I think, to repressed desire for fine plumage on the part of one sex, and of both to the childish love of "dressing-up" and of "let us pretend." After all said and done, we are only children playing with toys.

But what comparison between eras or phases of Society can be drawn by the old who have forgotten, or by the young who have never seen the past? How can I judge as to the relative beauty and charm of the women of the Victorian period and those who adorn the reign of King George? To each generation of men the women are divine, whatever their own shape, or the shape of their garments, may be. Paris had a difficult job with living specimens to deal with, but a much simpler one than comparison between the present and the past. Nevertheless, a galaxy of beauty beamed upon Society in those days. Lord Cowley's daughters—divinely tall; Duchess of Leinster and all the Duncombes—radiantly superb; Lady Dudley (Georgina) and all her sisters; the Grahams, Lady Dalhousie, Consuelo Duchess of Manchester, her angelic twin daughters; Lady Warwick and her sisters; Mrs. Cornwallis-West, Mrs. Wheeler and Mrs.

Langtry; Lady Randolph, dark but very comely; Mrs. Ralph Sneyd, fair and fascinating; Lady Plymouth. Oh! I recall them all, and so many more; and I apologise to those in the flesh and the shades of those I have omitted. They were beautiful women. They caught it from the Princess of Wales, and I doubt if they can be matched now; but the young men of the "now" will say "How can you judge?"—and that is true. Well, my benediction for what it is worth upon them all, past, present, and in the future.

Well, I could go on for ever jotting down names, and about some of them I could say much; but what is the use? Some are with us still—the vast majority have gone before. Of such were the men and women who constituted Society as I knew it, who influenced my life, who made for me the world in which I lived. They pass before me, warriors, poets, men wielding the great power of the Press, statesmen, politicians, men eminent in science and the arts. Ladies, great ladies, lesser ladies, beauteous ladies, clever ladies, silly ladies, ladies of the whole world, the half-world, and the no-world—they pass before me; but of them the present generation knows little, and cares less. God be with them and the good old times in which they lived!

V

WARS AND RUMOURS OF WARS

THE Chartist riots can scarcely be designated as war; but they are my earliest recollections of war-like operations. I can well remember the intense interest I took in my father's outfit as a special constable.

John Palliser, a Tipperary man, and a mighty hunter before the Lord in North America at a time when a large portion of the United States was called "The Great American Desert," was a very early friend of mine, and inspired a boyish mind, not indisposed to adventure, with the awe and admiration due to a hero. He was frequently at Adare, and infected my father with the microbes of the big-game shooting and exploring diseases. We all built wigwams in the Deer Park, and shot deer by lantern light; led, in fact, the simple life—great fun for a boy; but I am not sure the "grown-ups" enjoyed it so much. I remember we all came home to our meals. Well, John Palliser went blockade-running from Nassau into the Southern States. I was most keen to go with him, and he was willing to take me; but I was too young to assert myself, and parental authority was too strong for me in those days, and I did not go. I have greatly regretted it. I made many good friends in the Southern States after that awful conflict had come to an end, and I would dearly like to have

seen a phase of civilisation that can never occur again. However, it was not to be.

1st Life Guards

My acquaintance with military matters, and, in fact, my military career, commenced at Oxford in my undergraduate days, where and when I became a volunteer in 1860, rose to the giddy height of a Corporal, and was, or thought I was, very proficient in the profession of arms, so far as infantry was concerned. To become proficient all round I entered the service of the Queen as a Cornet-of-horse in the 1st Life Guards in 1862. The Regiment was at Knightsbridge Barracks, not by any means the present superior building when I was gazetted; but I actually joined when we were in camp, at or near Cobham, for big manœuvres of sorts.

We lay next to the 16th Lancers, if I remember right. Those were the times when one could dine well and hilariously—perhaps a little too hilariously, and much too well, and carry on, with an interval for grilled bones, till morning, and then, after a bath, feel well and fit for a hard morning's work. All very unhygienic, grossly material, involving pains and penalties, gout, and so on in the future. Granted; but never mind! they were jolly good times, and happen only once in a man's life. So I went the round of Knightsbridge, Windsor, Albany Street—field days at Windsor, squadron drill on Primrose Hill and at Wormwood Scrubs (what a change in those localities!), and guard-mounting for about six years. I went on Lord Kimberley's Staff when he was Lord Lieutenant, and that was the cause of the only disagreement I had with my C.O., Colonel Lord de Ros. I was kept pretty busy when doing regimental duty

as a Lieutenant; for my Captain, Henry Wyndham, afterwards Lord Leconfield, was in Parliament and always took first leave, so that practically I commanded my troop. When I returned to the Regiment from staff duty in Ireland, Colonel de Ros took it into his head that I could not be fit to take the troop on parade on some ceremonial occasion—I forget exactly what it was. I was furious, and remonstrated, and swore to take desperate measures. However, I thought better of that, and contented myself with vengeance of another sort. De Ros was a good soldier, and he was also an accomplished sailor man. Amateur races were common in those days, and he and I sailed in one on the Thames (I forget the name of the boat), on, of course, terms of complete equality; and I took it out of him then, jumping on his toes, and generally hustling and abusing him.

I used to ride a bit between the flags. A queer little man, James Dally by name, lived near Windsor and trained a few horses, and I had some tuition riding gallops for him. He gave me a nickname that stuck to me for some time by declaring that I had the heart of a lion but the body of a fly. "The Fly" I became until that name was superseded by "The Skipper." I was very light, and always laboured under the disadvantage of having to carry dead weight. I owned parts of two or three horses myself, and I rode for a brother officer, Captain (afterwards Lord) Greville, and for Captain Machell—steeplechasers, I mean. One of his horses I shall never forget—"Acrobat." He was a tremendous horse. It was like riding a bolting locomotive: a great jumper if he chose, but he generally preferred to go through rather than over an obstacle—a terrible horse to ride, with an awful temper. I stayed a

good deal with Machell at Newmarket. Oh, the glorious days—the gallops in the morning, and the gigantic appetite for breakfast; the schooling of horses not good enough for the flat; the arguments and discussions in the evening.

The only military episode in my career in the Life Guards that I can recall is fighting in the battle of Hyde Park in 1866, when the Home Secretary, Spencer Walpole, closed the gates of the Park against a meeting of the Reform League. London was in a considerable turmoil. We were all confined to barracks in Albany Street for some days, and amused ourselves playing rounders—a fascinating game, as it permits of taking "pot" shots at flying superior officers, and an honourable one as the progenitor of the American national game. The mob pulled down the railings and stormed the Park, and we were called out to quell the riot—"Piccadilly butchers," they called us, I know not why. Mobs are curious and unreasonable. Really a mounted man in a dense crowd is helpless. The horses have not room to kick, and are not trained to bite, and it is easy to throw a man off his horse. Nevertheless, a mob funks cavalry; and we achieved an easy victory.

I was on duty at Windsor on the occasion of the marriage of the late King Edward in 1863, and had an unrivalled opportunity of forming an unbiassed opinion on the understandings of the female British aristocracy. In those days distinguished people rode in state chariots—I think they were called—hung very high; and exalted personages of the female sex wore very voluminous exterior garments. The ground slopes down steeply from the entrance to where my troop was drawn up. On alighting the external covering of the occupants of chariots of necessity remained behind in the carriage for a length

of time, appreciable to any one sitting at ease, leaving an exposure sufficient to call any one to attention. On the whole, I would say of the display that it was fair to middling.

Well, my time in the 1st Life Guards was a very happy one. Cheery mess dinners, friendly scraps in which I came off second best. Johnny Willoughby was, I think, the smallest officer in the Household Cavalry. When twitted on the fact by a lovely lady he made a very apt rejoinder, which, I regret to say, will not bear repeating. In stature I rivalled Johnny Willoughby, and in scraps I generally selected Waterford, the biggest man in the Regiment, hoping to overcome force by agility. Delightful companions in the Regiment, plenty of society, gaiety, balls, suppers at Pratt's, eggs and bacon and beer (so much better than the best of ball-suppers); and, when the Regiment was at Windsor, a rush to catch an early train —which often failed—necessitating a special train to be in time for parade, a field-day of sorts, a big luncheon and a sleep.

I raced a bit of course—Epsom and Ascot in the regimental coach. Goodwood was a joy. Some of us took a house at Bognor, and Algy Peyton drove the coach down. I don't know how I managed, for my allowance would be considered absolute penury now. I was lucky racing, and scraped along: moreover, Cox & Co. were very kind on Mondays. Of all my regimental friends of those good days, I think only Lord North, Lord Heneage, Reggie Talbot, and Charlie Needham now remain. It was a good time; but there was not the remotest chance of active service; and promotion was very slow. Constantly being orderly officer, incessantly going on guard at the Horse Guards, was wearisome; good time though it was, it became monotonous; and, when an ex-

pedition to Abyssinia was imminent, I sent in my papers and volunteered for the war.

The Abyssinian War

King Theodore of Abyssinia had seized and imprisoned Captain Cameron (British Consul) and several other Europeans. He refused to release them, and eventually in 1866–7 the British Resident at Aden (Colonel Merewether) made a report to the Government of the day (Disraeli's) which induced it to take action. In August 1867, General Sir Robert Napier was appointed to command an expedition against Theodore, with General Sir Charles Staveley second in command. With the exception of some 3000 men from home, the expedition of about 16,000—including an elephant train of big guns, mountain batteries, and a rocket battery—was furnished by India. To my dismay the whole outfit was organised from India, and volunteers were not accepted; but my very good friend, Henry Hozier, came to the rescue. He was going out as *Times* correspondent and advised me to try and get some newspaper to send me out. I knew nothing of newspapers or of the art of making long and picturesque letters out of nothing, or next to nothing, and the prospect dismayed me; but Hozier promised to help me along and gave me a letter to Edward Levy of the *Daily Telegraph*. He was very kind and sympathetic, said they had a special correspondent going out from India, but would be glad to apply for facilities for me as "a sort of extra"—so off I went. At Marseilles I got a wire to say their correspondent could not go, and would I undertake the whole job? Taking my courage in both hands, I accepted, and got along pretty well, but saw nothing more of Henry

Hozier. I was lucky. The expedition disembarked in Annesley Bay, and wandering on the beach one morning, I came across the Quartermaster-General, Colonel Phayre, in despair because he knew no French, and French was the only European language his native interpreter spoke. I jumped in, and was attached to the force as interpreter. That, of course, gave me many advantages. I went up with Colonel Phayre in advance—sometimes many days in advance—of the column. Colonel Phayre was all for pushing on. Lord Napier was always ordering him to go slow. We, in advance, marking out the road, had all the interesting part of the show, and if there was anything to eat in the country, we got it. I was tent-mate for some time with Stanley, who afterwards discovered the illusive and reluctant Livingstone. He used to ask the assistance of my imagination when episodes were few and far between. I helped him, but need scarcely say my imagination was not invoked for my own paper. Correspondence was easy work. Mails were infrequent, and plenty of material, though not usually of a sensational kind, was at hand. Colonel Phayre was awfully good to me, even to sharing tobacco when it was very, very scarce. I got very sick—dysentery—and there came a day when a momentous decision had to be made. Colonel Phayre came to me and said: "I can send you down to the coast in a doolie; you are very ill, and I think you ought to go. If you stay I cannot send you down later, and you will have to ride." What a dilemma to be in! Well, I was working for others, and decided to stay. It was not pleasant; barley bread and tough goat flesh is not a good diet for dysentery, but, being young and vigorous, I got the better of the disease. But I lived for some weeks almost exclusively on opium—the raw drug.

The Abyssinian campaign was not much of a war; but it was a marvellous expedition. To construct roads through 400 miles of roadless and difficult country, high altitudes intersected by deep ravines, and roads that would take guns—and for those days heavy guns—and elephants, was a formidable operation, brilliantly accomplished. To strike out a path through the wilderness was no easy task. I was out one day on a sort of scouting survey, well in advance, got turned round and lost myself, or rather lost the camp; but discovered a short-cut over a much better line of country—a valuable find; so I got honour and glory, and was recommended in despatches for losing myself! Honours are sometimes a mere matter of chance.

Theodore (who employed a number of German artisans in casting guns and mortars) had destroyed his capital (Debra Tabor) by fire on October 10, 1867, and set out for his mountain fastness of Magdala, 100 miles distant, and arrived there about the end of March 1868. He had with him 6000 "troops" and very many thousands of camp followers. No opposition had been offered to our landing—in fact very little opposition was offered anywhere at any time. Our difficulty, and it was a stupendous one, was to construct a light railway across the strip of flat sea-board country, and to make a road capable of bearing elephants and heavy traffic all the way to Magdala. It was a race between us and Theodore. He got there first towards the end of March, and we, that is some of us, arrived a couple of weeks later. Napier was cautious and slow, kept up his lines of communication, and, doubtless wisely, ran no risk of getting ahead of his supplies. Colonel Phayre, the Q.M.G., was all for pushing on and dragging Napier a little unwillingly behind him. Phayre

arrived in front of Magdala on, I think, April 9, with quite a small force—a rocket battery, a mountain gun battery, some Indian troops, and, I think, one British regiment; and on the 10th a sort of battle was fought. Theodore attacked with 3000 men, armed with muskets, matchlocks and flint pieces, and "a host of spearmen." Some other troops had come up, and we had about 3000 and a rocket battery. It was a massacre rather than a battle. They came down, poor wretches, in great masses, and were blown to pieces. Against a British loss of 2 killed and 18 wounded, the Abyssinians had 750 killed and 1500 wounded.

We correspondents had a little battle all to ourselves while Magdala was being shelled. Some of us got up to the little plain below the town, and found some small guns and a little powder and shot. Theodore and some of his braves were what they call "fakering," galloping about on ponies and firing their guns; and we let off our guns very harmlessly, for we could see the balls hopping along like cricket balls; our artillery practice was bad, and was speedily and severely put an end to.

Theodore immediately sued for peace, Napier informing him that he must surrender the captives and "submit to the Queen of England." He returned Napier's letter, but on the same day (April 10) released the captives and sent them into the English camp.

On Easter Sunday, April 12, Theodore sent to Napier a gift of 1000 cattle and sheep; but these were stopped by the British pickets. At 4 P.M., after a brisk bombardment of Magdala, Napier ordered a storming party to carry the heights. As the British entered the "Koket Bir" of Magdala, Theodore shot himself with a pistol, saying (so I

was told), "Rather than fall into their hands I will kill myself": but he did not destroy himself—he was still alive, but dying, when I saw him. Magdala was a horrid sight. Theodore had thrown hundreds of men over a cliff some days before, probably because he was short of food; but he was not a savage—he was a fine character according to his lights. It had been Theodore's wish that his only son, aged ten, should be taken care of by the British; and this was done. Theodore's Queen elected to return to her own native province; but she died on the way down. I acquired a lot of loot, so much that my horse could not carry it all down to camp, and I "cached" half of it on the mountain-side. The powers-that-be played a dirty trick in making us "on our honour" give up all we had. When I gave up what I had brought down, I had the satisfaction of saying I had left as much more on the mountain-side if they liked to look for it.

The Expeditionary Force commenced its long and dangerous march to the coast towards the end of April. The long defile that leads from the highlands to the coast was liable to sudden floods; the rainy season was coming on; and the troops just scraped through in time. The expedition was admirably planned and was admirably carried out. Sir Robert Napier was a very competent commander, the quietest and most impassive man I ever met. He always looked as if he was asleep, but he was not. He received the G.C.B., a pension, and a Peerage, and well deserved the honours. In moving the thanks of Parliament to Napier and his forces, Disraeli grandiloquently said that "We have seen the standard of St. George hoisted upon the mountains of Rasselas." It is worthy of note that St. George is also the patron saint of Christian Abyssinia.

On the way down to the coast I got a severe wigging from Lord Napier. Orders against lagging behind or straggling were very strict; and rightly so, for our troops were followed by a whole horde of natives, looters, and scallywags; but I could not resist the temptation of switching off about 80 miles from the line of march to visit the little-known city —Axum. According to Abyssinian legend, Axum was the capital of Menelek, the son of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba; a yarn, doubtless, but certainly Axum is a very interesting and ancient place. I was hospitably received and spent a night there, and another night in the open on the way back, and nothing happened, but it was risky. My native servant was in a blue funk, and said the people did not believe that Theodore had been killed, and might murder us. I got back by a very forced march just in time to hook on to our rear-guards. Napier heard of it, sent for me, and gave it to me hot for disobeying orders. Afterwards he asked me to dinner, and wanted to know all about Axum. I brought away some coins—valuable, I believe; at any rate the British Museum was glad to get them.

I liked Abyssinia. The country is very interesting—deep tropical valleys or gorges, flat-topped mountains, that look as if ranges of high mountains had been planed down to half their height. And I liked the Abyssinians—their customs and their manners—their Christianity, which seemed to consist mainly in wearing a blue cord round their necks. It is an offshoot of the very ancient Coptic Church, and is not, I think, subject to Rome. The people are a handsome race, with aquiline features—not negroes, nor, I should think, related to negroes. The Galla women are very comely, and the men handsome. They are Mohammedans, and I am not sure whether

ethnologically they are Abyssinians; for there are two or three fairly distinct races and languages among the inhabitants of those uplands. They vary greatly in colour, the upper classes being comparatively white. I liked the way in which a man who gave you food or drink held up his "shama" to screen you from observation. The native beer is not bad, and their drink "tedge," made from honey, something like the ancient British "mead," I suppose, was very good; and I liked their great luxury, raw beef. It sounds beastly, but it is not. You are provided with two platters and a bowl, all made of plaited fibre. The bowl contains a very hot pepper sauce; little dice of raw beef are in one platter, and very thin cakes of some very fine meal—perhaps buckwheat—in the other. The bread is about the thickness of brown paper; you tear off a bit of bread, grasp a dice of raw meat with it, plunge it in the sauce, and eat it, believe me, with satisfaction.

The Abyssinians liked us, but said we had an abominable odour, and believed that our feet were like sausages and had to be kept from squashing by wearing boots.

It was terribly hot on the coast, 120° at night—condensed water as warm as tea. The troops suffered greatly, and Abyssinians who had come down with us suffered more than we did. I was, like most of us, in indescribably filthy rags and tatters, and I was glad to get away on a troopship bound for India. Colonel Merewether, the then Resident at Aden, was with the expedition, but kindly made me free of his house. Oh, the luxury of Aden, not generally deemed a desirable residence in June. To cast off and burn one's clothes with their inhabitants, to get clean garments, newspapers, and good food; to sleep under a clean sheet on the flat roof; and to revel in the

cool sea breeze that set in in the early hours of the morning! What joy! I received many kind invitations to visit India, and intended to do so, but I was required at home, and took the first chance to get there.

After the Abyssinian War I strutted somewhat idly for some time glorious in the plumage of the Gloucestershire Hussars.

The Franco-German War

One fine day in the summer of 1870 found me sitting on the top of a cliff in West Clare enjoying the clean breeze blowing over 2000 miles of sea. To me comes a telegram from the *Daily Telegraph*. War was certain, and would I go out for them? I did not know that declaration of war was so imminent, and I thought, as did many others, that it would be all over in two or three months. So I wired "Yes," and "when would I be wanted," and prepared to take the next train home to Adare, where I had left my wife. Before I could leave, I got an urgent message to come to London at once. Of course I obeyed that summons, went straight to London, got my instructions, and proceeded to Berlin.

If I was lucky in the Abyssinian War, I was equivalently unlucky in the Franco-Prussian War. Everything went wrong with me. At Berlin I failed to get any official recognition or any facilities whatever, and had a mind-and-a-half to chuck it and go home. I never found out where the difficulty lay, but fancy the *Daily Telegraph* was looked upon as Napoleonic and not to be encouraged. However, I had undertaken the job, and was bound to do my best to see it through, and I did for others what nothing would have induced me to do for myself—

drove out to Potsdam, and asked for and obtained an interview with the Crown Princess—our Princess Royal—and explained the situation, but without much reference to the fact of my failure to obtain proper official credentials. The Crown Princess was awfully kind, and gave me an autograph letter to the Crown Prince with a huge official seal. Armed with that I penetrated to the Crown Prince's Headquarters just across the frontier. He was very good and kind, and I remained with him during the earlier part of the campaign, and was present at the battles of Worth, Weisenberg, and Forbach. Then the Crown Prince was ordered by Bismarck to send me back across the frontier. So I went to Karlsruhe, Strasburg, and various places, picking up what I could to write about; I was in an impossible, and very disagreeable, position, and after a while I came home. Bismarck relented, or at any rate arrangements were made, and I went back again, bought a carriage and pair of horses, and a driver, at Antwerp, got them hooked on to the train, and taken off at Boulion, and drove across France to Versailles soon after Sedan.

It was a beautiful drive, through a naturally beautiful country, but devastated by war, and interesting on that account, but not agreeable. The people were furious and sullen, small blame to them. *Nous sommes trahis* was on every tongue, and the villagers scowled and muttered about *espions*.

I had an interview with Bismarck at the King's quarters at La Ferrier, and made satisfactory arrangements for my future "status." I also visited another house full of beautiful things, but otherwise empty and abandoned, and a horrid temptation to loot assailed me. But I refrained for sentimental and practical reasons. I could not loot the French; and, moreover, I found the clocks going. Some one was

about. All I brought home as a souvenir of the war were two or three of the Emperor's plates from St. Cloud.

Life at Versailles during the long and bitterly cold winter of 1870–71 was easy enough and smooth. I had a delightful and accomplished colleague—Beatty Kingston—and we shared comfortable billets assigned to us. But the ease was the ease of enforced inactivity and the smoothness due to lack of episodes. I greatly disliked the life. There was so little to do. We were given whatever information it was thought well to give us at Headquarters. As a treat now and then we were allowed to creep down to observation posts, and we could ride about freely and try and see what was going on in that curious "no man's land" that stretched from Paris to the line of fortifications—a debatable land where French and Germans met on ordinary occasions on terms of tacitly accepted neutrality and exchanged newspapers for cigarettes. Occasionally little actions of the nature of sorties took place. But for us correspondents it was a case of "nothing doing," and to write frequent long and picturesque letters involved the difficult problem of creating something out of nothing.

My real sympathy was for France. The Prussian officers were arrogant almost beyond endurance. England was in bad odour. There had been trouble, I think about coal—whether it was or was not contraband of war; and that delightful man, Odo Russell, came out to smooth things down. Versailles was brimming over with Grand Dukes and Chancellors and Field-Marshals and Generals. Oh, the ceremonial! The heel-clicking at dinner-time in the hotel! Prussian militarism swollen to bursting-point. They did not like us plain civilian English, and did not hesitate to show it. No, it was not an agreeable time. But,

on the other hand, we made a pleasant little society of journalists and others, first among the former my very dear friend, Billy Russell of the *Times*, and among the latter Keith Fraser, an old brother officer of mine. He had charge of an ambulance at St. Germain; but the German hospital system was good and complete, and I think he found leisure enough to shoot pheasants at St. Germain. Beatty Kingston was a most accomplished pianist, and, having a good piano in our lodgings, we used to give dances—the men representing ladies turning the coat sleeves inside out. On one occasion, the ball being at its merriest and Odo Russell waltzing with Billy Russell, the door was thrown open and a stentorian voice announced *der Kanzler*, and in strode Bismarck. Consternation! I do not wonder that Germans, a serious people, dislike us. It is not strange that foreigners should fail to understand the curious casualness of our character, our fear of the sublime falling into the ridiculous, our ability to mix the frivolous with the serious. I do not know what Odo Russell's mission exactly was, or what was his official style and title, but he was on a very important mission, and to find him, an eminent statesman, solemnly waltzing round the room with his coat inside out must have been something of a shock to Bismarck, who, among his great qualities, did not possess a keen sense of humour, and did possess a very keen sense of etiquette and of the importance of high position.

I recollect another little episode which was comical, though it might have been tragic to me. I was sent for home about some telegraphic arrangements, and started to drive to Langly, the railhead, in a sort of four-wheeler. My departure, fortunately, or unfortunately, synchronised with the one big sortie of the

siege about the end of November, and I found myself in the middle of a big battle, for the sortie was right across my road and my objective. I am free to confess that I was in a blue funk. So was the driver; but I had, I think, the better right to be. He, had he been killed, would have died doing his duty. I kept thinking, what will my friends at home say? "What was the damn fool doing there?" However, nothing happened. I got home all right, and found, as I dare say many other war correspondents have found, that I knew a great deal more about the war in the *Daily Telegraph* office in Fleet Street than I did at Versailles. I returned to Versailles in two or three days.

On November 9 von der Tann and his Bavarians were beaten by D'Aurelle de Paladines near Châteaudun. I was there, and left later that night and drove back to Versailles, and did not meet a soul till challenged by the sentry at Versailles. I have often thought what a chance for a scoop. Two or three squadrons of cavalry might have caught pious William, Bismarck, and the Headquarters Staff, and got away. Shortly after, the Red Prince's army, which had been freed by the surrender of Metz, was drawn across the way. I have often wondered why a dash for Versailles was not attempted. Well, queer little things happen in war. History is never written. No one can ever know what have been the consequences of laziness, fatigue, sea-sickness, indigestion, an aching tooth, or a violent pain in a C.-in-C.'s tummy. But I am not moralising on war, or writing a history.

Paris blockaded and starved was forced to surrender. An armistice was declared on January 28, and Beatty Kingston and I went into Paris. We did manage to take a little, but only very little, food to our colleague inside—Frank Lawley, and Mr. (now Sir John) le

Sage—though it was, of course, absolutely forbidden. Beatty Kingston spoke German like a German—probably better than most Germans. I am ashamed to say I knew not a word of that gutturally complicated language. To their credit I must add that, whenever I found myself in any difficulty with German troops or officials, plenty of them could understand and speak English. Well, when we were stopped to show our permits, Beatty Kingston made a moving appeal to the sentry. He had been desperately in love with a girl—charming, but hard-hearted. She had resisted all his ardent devotion, "but now," he said, "poor darling, she is starving, and if only with this so little leg of mutton . . ." The sentry was a good chap. He said nothing, laughed, and walked away.

Paris was dreadful, indescribably dreadful. The gay city! Dirty, draggled, shivering, starved, broken-hearted, and mad with despair. We went to the Hôtel Chatham. It was bitterly cold, and the fuel we burned consisted mainly of bits of furniture and pianos. What the people must have suffered during the months of the siege no one knows but those who suffered with them and were among them all the time. And yet great is the power of money. People who could pay enough could, I believe, buy something to eat. Some food was produced all the time in the *enceinte*, and was precariously gathered.

Among us correspondents there, those I remember best are Henry Labouchere, Billy Russell, and Laurence Oliphant—all now "gone before." Labouchere is the only man I know of who liked horse-flesh—at least he said he did, and I really believe he did. To me it is an abomination. Donkey is not too bad, but horse-flesh has a sweet, sickly, disgusting taste. Billy Russell, ever afterwards one of my dearest friends, and a constant visitor at home, was the most

kindly, intellectual, genial of men—a typical Irishman of the best brand.

I got pitched out of a *fiacre* one morning and put my shoulder out, a circumstance of which I was unaware. I went to see Billy in the evening, and, seeing I was in pain, he asked me what was the matter, and hearing I had hurt my arm asked to see it, and said, "My dear chap, your shoulder bone is sticking out under your armpit," and seemed to think it rather humorous. But he sent for a doctor and they got it in, though after rather a strenuous time—and how kind Billy was! That arm bothered me for a long time after I got home; one eminent surgeon bade me keep it tightly tied up, or the joint would get in the habit of getting out of the socket, while another told me if I did not use the arm it would get so stiff I would not be able to use it any more. What is a poor layman to do?

Laurence Oliphant was a most extraordinary genius—a highly cultivated, very intellectual, greatly gifted English gentleman, and yet he was hypnotised, or something, by a weird person named Harris, who induced him to join his community at Brockton, in N.Y. State, where he was put through a most degrading initiation. For a long time he was too evil, too full of little devils, to associate with the brethren. He was rigidly secluded, and had his food pushed to him at the end of a long pole. When the little devils had yielded sufficiently to this course of treatment, he was employed on the lowest kind of farm work, carting manure and so on, till he became sufficiently purified to be sent to Europe to earn money for the community by his gifted pen. I knew him well in New York. He had a nice sunny room, and I used to lie on the sofa during the time I was sickening for a very bad attack of typhoid. The dear man used to tell me that what I

thought was physical illness was really obsession by quantities of little devils, and that I must go to Brockton to be cured.[1] He got rather seedy himself, and to my delight sent for a doctor. He married a very charming Irish lady, who was, I think, the means of disillusioning him about Harris. Harris used to find "pivotal" persons among his disciples, and, discovering that Mrs. Oliphant was pivotal, wanted her to go and pivot with him in California. Oliphant demurred. He broke away from Harris, but retained to the end, I think, Harris's peculiar tenets. He certainly was completely under Harris's influence while acting as *Times* correspondent during the Franco-Prussian War, and in Paris received warnings to return to New York. Not telegrams or letters, but occult warnings. He told me all about them. The first and second he neglected, but the third came, emphasised by a bullet that grazed his face while looking out of the window. He packed up and quitted, leaving Blowitz, whom he had employed as amanuensis or clerk, to carry on the *Times* work. Blowitz blossomed into de Blowitz and considerable fame. I knew him well. A very astute, and acute, and, in many respects, a gifted, man.

The peace negotiations lasted for about a month. The old diplomacy in the hands of Bismarck was prompt and decisive. Peace was signed on February 24. On January 17, 1871, the King of Prussia was proclaimed German Emperor in the *Galerie des Glaces* at Versailles —a religious ceremony, a political occasion, and a military display, the apotheosis of *Deutschland über alles*. I little thought then that I was destined to see peace with defeated Germany signed in the same place.

[1] I did not go to Brockton, but I paid two interesting visits, one to the Shakers at New Lebanon and the other to the so-called Freelovers at Oneida Creek.

On February 24 the Commune broke out. I was out of action by a disabled right arm, I could not write any more, and went home by the last train that left Paris. On March 1, the German troops marched round the *Arc de Triomphe*, down the *Avenue de Champs Elysées* to the *Place de la Concorde*.

The Boer War

On October 10, 1899, an ultimatum was received from the Transvaal Government demanding the recall of British troops stationed near their frontiers, and, as this was not complied with, a state of war began the following day, and we slithered into a long, arduous, and costly campaign, totally unprepared—as usual—in spite of the warnings of General Sir William Butler and many others.

In December 1899–January 1900 some of us[1] formed ourselves into a committee, of which I was elected Chairman, for the purpose of raising a body of men, good horsemen and men skilled with the rifle. Our standard was very high, but we stuck close to it and raised, I may safely say, a very efficient corps, though through the fortunes, or misfortunes, of war it was denied the full opportunity it deserved. We raised from first to last about 1700 of all ranks. The powers-that-be were good enough to offer me the Second-in-command of the 18th Battalion Imperial Yeomanry (the first battalion we raised). But I declined, as I thought my regimental experience had by that time become too rusty for so responsible a post, and I

[1] Sir James Fergusson, Bart., M.P.; Rt. Hon. Col. E. Saunderson, M.P.; Mr. Lionel Phillips; Major the Hon. T. F. Fremantle, V.D.; Captain A. C. Christopher, late recruiting officer, N.W.D.; The Rt. Hon. Horace (now Sir Horace) Plunkett, M.P.; Sir John Dickson-Poynder, M.P. (now Lord Islington); Mr. Bruce Vernon Wentworth, M.P.; Mr. (subsequently Sir) Henry Seton-Karr, M.P.

accepted a captain's commission. We were inspected by the late King Edward—then Prince of Wales—at Chelsea Barracks, and sailed under the command of Col. R. K. Parke from Southampton on the s.s. *Galeka* on April 6, 1900.

The weather was very bad, the bay tempestuous. We had all been inoculated for enteric, an operation that in those days not infrequently caused considerable illness. All hands were wonderfully and fearfully sea-sick. It was a regular "hurrahs nest"—"everything on top and nothing at hand." The first few days were not pleasant, but as we drew into warmer weather things sorted themselves out all right, and we made a fairly pleasant, but very slow, voyage of twenty-nine days to Beira, in the province of Mozambique, in Portuguese South Africa. We saw nothing, and did not speak to any one till closing in to the land, when we were met by a gunboat. We had been a long time at sea—travelling into the unknown to fight for our country, cut off for a month from any knowledge of our country or that we had a country; and I shall never forget the symbol of Britain's might and length of arm in the White Ensign flying on that little ship, tumbling and wallowing in a great ocean swell. I don't know—it is hard to describe—but I felt somehow as if England was everywhere. We anchored in a beastly muddy river off Beira on May 5. Here we found other transports full of other volunteers, from Australia, New Zealand, and everywhere, waiting to disembark, who greeted us heartily and vociferously with cheers and various war cries. Some considerable, but I have no doubt inevitable, delay occurred, but eventually we were all landed. Good Lord, what confusion! Some 6000 men and a multitude of horses, mainly young unbroken horses from the Argentine. All the food, forage,

guns, equipment, ammunition, transport, etc., etc., etc., dumped down anyhow—anywhere—on the sandy desolation of Beira. Naturally, medical stores lay under mountains of other stores; everything was where it ought not to be—nothing where it should be. I am sure that every man jack did his level best, but General Sir Frederick Carrington and his staff had an almost superhuman task in creating order out of chaos.

Beira was not a very agreeable residence in those days. It is, or was, all sand, and you get, or got, about the town on little trollies running on wooden rails and pushed by natives. It was very hot, and mosquitoes were awful; and I was very glad when I was sent up with some horses to the base camp at Marandellas. A little narrow-gauge railway ran as far as Bamboo Creek, then a break of gauge occurred and another little railway continued up to Salisbury. No locomotives or rolling-stock had been sent out, and such railway material as remained was in a very dilapidated condition. We used to charge at a bit of steep gradient two or three times before surmounting it, and were hung up for interminable hours in disagreeable places. I was stuck up for days at Bamboo Creek with nothing to do but try and stalk lions. I never saw any, though there were plenty about. It is all luck. A friend of mine persevered for weeks near Bulawayo and never got a lion; one day a picnic party, with nothing more formidable than sunshades and ladies' hats, came upon three or four of them. Fortunately, lions, like all other wild beasts except buffaloes, always run away, if they can.

The country was beautiful—I mean the flora; tropical foliage, trees covered with orchids, but deadly unhealthy. It was a swamp. When you got up in the morning you found a brown unpleasantly smelling puddle under your ground sheet, and yet,

so curious is human nature that two very nice fellows who were in charge at 23 Mile Peg, and had been there for some time, asked not to be relieved. They enjoyed it. There is no accounting for taste. I did not, and was glad to get up to Marandellas. I did not like Beira or the low country about it. I dislike a place where every one gets malaria and no one is supposed to report sick till his temperature is over 103.

General Carrington was very good to me while I was at Marandellas waiting for my battalion to come up. I messed with him and his staff, and did what staff work I could. I there met that great man, Cecil Rhodes, and afterwards Sir Starr Jameson—dear Dr. Jim. I made a friendship with him lasting till his untimely death. I have never met any man more lovable in character, more attractive in manner, and more worthy of esteem and respect. A man truly wise and truly unselfish. Get a thing done, no matter who gets the credit for it, was his theory; and he acted on it.

My career was brief and not glorious. Sharpshooters dribbled up, and some of them got through to the relief of Mafeking; as for me, I got very sick indeed with dysentery at Salisbury, and came very near leaving my bones there. As soon as I could move I was jolted across to Bulawayo in a coach: my bones ache now at the thought of the jolting. I remained a couple of weeks at Bulawayo in the hopes of rejoining my battalion, but I was hopelessly sick, and was invalided down from Bulawayo to Cape Town. I was very seedy, and the journey was very long and wearisome; but I had good company—Johnny Willoughby and Dr. Jim—and I was well looked after by my soldier servant. He was my yacht steward, and enlisted in the 18th Battalion,

though very reluctantly. "They can never make a horse soldier of me," he said: "I have used the sea all my life." However, he came as my servant. How the sea does stick to men! Goodrum took little interest in the war or in the country: but, on reaching Cape Town in the early morning, he rushed into my compartment and awoke me with, "Get up! get up! We have come to a place; here's ships." I spent two weeks convalescing at Groote Schuur (Rhodes's house near Cape Town), and eventually was invalided home and resumed my work on the Sharpshooters' Committee. Groote Schuur was delightful; but how I hated the Mount Vernon Hotel at Cape Town: full of gentlemen (so-called) interested in gold, or diamonds, and wearing large quantities of the latter, cursing the army for not finishing the war; and ladies — amateur nurses, I think, they styled themselves—desirous of soothing the fevered brow.

When the troops came home and were disbanded, I obtained permission from the War Office to raise a permanent battalion of Yeomanry, and the 3rd County of London Imperial Yeomanry was formed on a nucleus of veteran sharpshooters. I had the honour of commanding them for the first three years, and became Honorary Colonel when I retired from the active command;[1] and so ended my experiences in that war.

The Great War

In July 1914 I and my chow dog Sam were enjoying, or undergoing, a harmless but expensive cure at

[1] In August 1914 they mobilised and served as Mounted Infantry in Egypt. Later they were dismounted and served in Gallipoli, Sinai, and Palestine, and eventually in France as Motor Machine-gunners. On returning home they became an Armoured Car Corps, and are now known as the 23rd County of London Armoured Car Company (Sharpshooters), under the command of Major D'Arcy Francis, an old Sharpshooter.

Buxton. Expensive, because I took long walks on the moors, and my dearly beloved Sam would chase the moorland sheep. He never killed one; but it seems that a sheep pursued involves a heavier pecuniary loss than a sheep dead; and my walks cost me 30s. a day. That was a disadvantage, but the advantage of the cure lay in its being harmless. My experiences of watering-places, foreign and domestic (and as a professional exponent of gout I have seen many), is that after a couple of weeks you get very ill. This is called a "crisis." After a couple of weeks more you get better, nearly as well as when you arrived. That is called a "cure."

Well, I had no crisis at Buxton. I enjoyed the beautiful country and the bracing air, and would have put in the orthodox four weeks but for the nervous excitement consequent on alarms of war. Before leaving London I had met Mensdorff at a big dinner-party—I forget where, possibly at Lansdowne House—and had a little talk with him. Jocularly I asked him where he was going for his summer holidays, because, I said, I have noticed that when the Chancellories are more or less "closed down" and Ambassadors cease from troubling and go to Karlsbad and similar places, the world generally settles down. He looked very solemn about it, and with good reason. The atmosphere becoming thick with rumours, the call of the nearest source of information became imperative upon me, and abandoning my cure I went to London to get in touch.

It must have been quite early in August, the first or second week, that Lady Dudley (Rachel) called me up on the telephone, told me she had an Australian Voluntary Hospital about ready, but there was great difficulty about transport. Could I help her, and

provide a yacht for the purpose?[1] Well, I had a yacht—*Cariad*—but not large enough, and a sailing vessel was of course useless; but I said I would do what I could. I telephoned Southampton, found a steam-yacht—*Greta*—just going out of commission, and chartered her all standing just as she was, making up my mind to abandon my regular autumn cruise with sails, which I adored, and substitute a cruise under steam, which I disliked, in order that I might be of what use I could in the War. Little did I think that taking out the personnel of Lady Dudley's hospital was to lead to four years' service at sea.

Mrs. Blennerhassett, sister of my son-in-law, the Knight of Glin, and her three daughters, were in the habit of coming with me for an autumn cruise in *Cariad*, and I persuaded Mrs. Blennerhassett and two of her girls, Hilda and Vera, to come in *Greta* instead of *Cariad*, and they consented. Nesta, the eldest girl, stayed at home, and did splendid work in sending out food, clothing, comforts, and things to the Munster Fusiliers. Her mother and sisters came along with me, and good service indeed they rendered as V.A.D.'s.

The hospital, under the command of Colonel l'Estrange Eames, was accepted by Lord Kitchener, then Secretary of State for War, and I was ready at Southampton by the 18th; but the unit was not, and we did not sail until the 28th. We lay there watching the transports going out. Oh, the incomparable Expeditionary Force! "Are we downhearted?" they would shout. "No," we would return, and "Shall we win?" "Yes!" they would yell. Oh, the dear splendid men! How many went out!

[1] I owe Lady Dudley a deep debt of gratitude. With my house at Dunraven full with 100 Tommies, my house at Kenry with 25 officers, I would have had a dull time in London during the war.

and how few ever saw Blighty again. Well, God be with them. Happy are the Glorious Dead. I put in my time helping Colonel l'Estrange Eames to organise his team. So we found ourselves attached to a hospital. The Admiralty accepted the ship as a tender to the hospital, and gave me a Lieutenant commission R.N.R. and all possible help—coal, water, pilotage, and facilities. We flew the Red Ensign and Geneva Red Cross flags.

We disembarked at Havre on the 29th, and went into temporary quarters. We were given our brassards by the Australian Hospital (by Major Horne), but did not receive our identity discs, because they were not stamped, when we had to clear out of Havre in a hurry. At St. Nazaire everybody was too busy to think about anything, and we forgot, and Major Horne forgot, all about our discs. This omission eventually caused some trouble, for at the close of the War nobody seemed to know whether, in the earlier stages, we belonged to the Army or the Navy. The War Office said we served in a ship, and they had nothing to say to us. The Admiralty contended that they had nothing to do with us because we were on the strength of the Australian Hospital. The fact was that during the first few months the hustle and confusion was so great that nobody worried about details and departmental exactitude. I, for instance, paid all expenses connected with *Greta* and *Grianaig*, and continued to do so, being content with getting coal, water, and pilotage, and much too busy to think about the future. At the close of the War the Admiralty said they had no official cognisance of the ship till she was commissioned and attached to the Harwich Flotilla in 1917. Had I chartered her at a nominal rent when she was appropriated in 1914 it would have saved me much trouble and great expense.

Havre was evacuated on September 3. Colonel Eames, the C.O. of the Hospital unit, had warned me that evacuation was imminent. I thought to myself, "You are a very small ship, tucked away in a remote dock, and, if it comes to clearing out in a hurry, you will get left." So I took the ship out and brought up under the breakwater: and very lucky it was that I did so, for it enabled us to bring some help, terribly needed, to the wounded at St. Nazaire. We embarked sixteen nurses, a Director of Medical Service, and a R.A.M.C. officer, and everybody and everything, except heavy material, sailed on the 3rd and arrived and disembarked at St. Nazaire at daylight on the following day. Some people have curious notions of discipline. Dr. Shields—the head surgeon—and Lady Dudley wanted me to land them at Cherbourg on some wild-goose chase after a site for the hospital. However, I was ordered to St. Nazaire, and put an end to that. Dr. Shields came near suiciding himself. The sea was, thank goodness, as calm as a clock, but Dr. Shields was afraid of sea-sickness, and took a big overdose of mothersill.

Lady Dudley had the rare art of combining the practical and the ideal. She and Mrs. Cyril Ward had mutually determined to assume a nurse's costume of the most severely practical kind; but Lady Dudley presented herself to admiring eyes at St. Nazaire in diaphanous white, with a ruby red-cross—and such becoming headgear. She certainly looked more ideal than practical; but all the same she proved herself intensely practical, and worked like a steam-engine, as did Mrs. Ward and all the others. They found temporary accommodation at once, and a good job too, for wounded were coming in from Mons in cattle-trucks, and no preparation had been made for them at St. Nazaire. Transports began to arrive from

Havre a couple of days later, and we all turned to, to assist Colonel Eames to get the heavy impedimenta ashore till I was sent home with wounded.

The Director of Medical Service asked me to take four officers—bad cases that they could not operate upon then at St. Nazaire—to Southampton. I refused —naturally, I think, as I had then no medical officer on board—but I was under Colonel Eames, and when ordered by him to take them, of course I did. Fortunately, the weather was perfect, and I landed my wounded safely at Southampton. One of them had a great piece of shrapnel in his skull and various bullets in his body, and was more or less off his head. He went to Sister Agnes Hospital, and was, as I afterwards heard, operated on most successfully by Sir Victor Horsley. The other two were bad cases also; but my V.A.D.'s were splendid. They were the first wounded brought home, I think, from the Retreat from Mons—certainly the first shipped from St. Nazaire, for, when hailed at the examination ground at Culver, "Where are you from?" my reply, "St. Nazaire," met with a "What? Where is that?" St. Nazaire had not been heard of.

It dawned upon me that for that kind of business *Greta* was not well suited, and I then and there bought *Grianaig* from the Duchess of Westminster, and left orders to fit her out with all speed. We made several trips to St. Nazaire, St. Malo, Havre, and Rouen for the Australian Hospital in *Greta* and *Grianaig*, and at St. Malo had a great reception. I think that we were the first object-lesson of the War. Towards the end of October *Grianaig* was appropriated by the Admiralty as a Hospital Transport Carrier, No. E2806. I was ordered to fly the Blue Transport Ensign, instead of the Red, and was given a Commander's Commission R.N.V.R. We had nothing more to do

with the Australian Hospital, and came entirely under the Admiralty; but when the Australian Hospital became finally established as No. 32 Stationary Hospital at Wimereux we often met Colonel l'Estrange Eames and our old friends at Boulogne. Colonel Eames was a splendid man. Women, the best and wisest of them, do not shine in organisation. Lady Dudley thought she could do whatever she liked, and would say, "Oh, but Winston told me I could go where I pleased." The preliminaries required great tact and management. The difficulties that he had to encounter at the commencement, before bewildered Departments and hustled individuals began to get things ship-shape, were tremendous; but he overcame them all. We plied between Southampton or Dover and Havre, Boulogne, and Dunkirk. It sounds monotonous, but it was not; it was interesting. I loved carrying Tommies. They were so grateful. It was the little relaxation of discipline that they enjoyed. Of course in a big hospital ship things must be in order—food at regular hours, and so on, but in the yacht every man could get what he fancied, broth if he could not eat anything solid, tea if he could not eat at all. We used often to lie alongside one of the *Saints*[1] at Boulogne, and sometimes, when perhaps one of our wounded was having a cup of tea, some poor fellow lying on the deck of the *Saint* would say, "Oh, if only I could have a cup of tea now; there will be dinner presently, but I can't eat." Well, we did what we could for them. How unselfish they were! We used to distribute cigarettes to them, and how often a man would say, "No, Sister, I have had some; this man has not had any." How kind to each other! How the

[1] The four ships that used to run from Fishguard to Rosslare were named *St. George, St. Patrick, St. Andrew, St. David.*

slightly wounded would help the badly wounded, and how patient they were! What gentlemen! What splendid men!

We ran down to a torpedoed ship once standing, or I should say floating, on her head—a melancholy sight—but found the crew had been taken off her. We often saw submarines, and knew their particular haunts pretty well. Of course I always reported them, but, as they respected the Red Cross in those early days, I felt rather mean in doing so. Going into Dover one day we bumped on a submarine—at least I believe so, though it could not be proved. I know we struck something—every one felt it, and it was proved the next time we docked—and two or three minutes later a submarine showed itself at the spot where we had been, and the batteries ashore opened on her. It was said that they sunk her. I don't know, but I never saw it recorded.

One little episode I must mention. We left Dover for Boulogne on a St. Patrick's Eve, and two enormous boxes of shamrock had arrived the day before—one to me from Adare, and another to one of my V.A.D.'s. We trimmed the bowsprit of the yacht with quantities of it and green ribbons, to the delight of many of the warships, armed trawlers, etc., in harbour, who evidently had Irishmen among them, as they took off their hats and cheered and cheered again.[1] But plenty remained to give to our many Irish friends in various official capacities at Boulogne, to Irish wounded ashore, and to those we were bringing back. We had sufficient for all the Munster Fusiliers[2]

[1] That was the feeling in Ireland in those days.

[2] On Whitsunday the Regiment War Memorial, in the shape of a Celtic Cross, was unveiled at Etreuse by General Sir G. M. W. Macdonogh. The Memorial is erected at the scene of the last stand of the 2nd Battalion, when it was cut off and annihilated in the Retreat from Mons, to its eternal honour. The Munsters are disbanded. So passes a gallant Regiment after 270 years' glorious service.

at the Front, and the following was written in acknowledgment by Colonel Rickard, who later was killed leading his regiment:

"The shamrock you sent arrived lovely and fresh. We had a special service on St. Patrick's Day in the little country church near us. It was a most impressive incident, in times full of incident. The shamrock was brought up in an ammunition cart, and placed on the steps of the altar. It was blessed by Father Gleeson, and the men came up one by one and received a spray. All the time we could hear the guns firing away quite near. I am sure the men will never forget it. As luck would have it, we were not called out to fight that day. The men made wreaths of shamrock and put them on the graves of all the men killed in that district, and a wreath and cross on Major Ryan's grave—the only officer buried there."

The dear men—I do not think that any but Irish would have done anything so *spirituelle*—so full of beautiful sentiment.

By chance I brought home my son-in-law, Ardee, now gazetted out with the rank of Brigadier-General, who had been severely wounded at Kreinzellebeke on November 7, 1914. The life may sound dull, but it was not so dull as it sounds; we had many good friends on shore. Commodore Bourchier Wrey and General Donovan at Southampton; the Naval Divisional Transport Officers at Dover, Havre, Rouen, Boulogne, and Dunkirk; my old friends Colonel Eames and his Staff at Boulogne. Charlie Needham, my old comrade in the 1st Life Guards, was censoring, and Sir Hutcheson Poë and his brother Admiral Poë were employed at Boulogne. Sir Arthur Sloggett and Sir Alfred Keogh were often there, and Colonel Wilberforce, the son of the late Archdeacon Basil Wilberforce, a man for whom I entertain feelings

of profound gratitude, affection, and respect. People one knew were constantly passing through—King's messengers, and, among them, Lancelot Lowther. He, it was, by the way, who came on board in 1916 at Malta and informed me that I was dead—shot in Dublin—a statement with which I did not agree. General Asser I met often at Boulogne, and later at Havre; and he reminds me of a small difficulty I fell into at Havre. I had come home from the Mediterranean, for some reason or other, and was ordered out to join my ship at Cannes. I lunched with General Asser, and took my seat and made myself comfortable in the train. I noticed a Red Hat peering suspiciously into the compartments, and presently he stopped and asked my name. When I told him he said, "Well, I have got to pull you out of the train." "At whose orders?" "At General Asser's." "That is odd," I said, "for I have just come from lunching with him." That fact, or alleged fact, did not make much impression; but my orders from the Admiralty prevailed. "All the same," said my Red Hat, "you ought to have had a military permit"; and I think he was right. The military and naval authorities stand rigidly on their respective rights. I remember once during the early months of the War standing chatting on the Quay at Southampton with the military and naval officers after landing my wounded, and the military officer said: "Oh, six of these men have to go to Osborne. Cannot you take them over to East Cowes, and I will have an ambulance sent to meet them." I replied that of course I *could* (I did not say would), upon which my naval friend said, "You will take the ship out to the buoys at once," and informed my military friend that if he would apply for transport for the men to Cowes it would be supplied. The only other occasion on which I got into trouble was

at Alexandria—where an Engineer-Lieutenant was temporarily in charge. I had brought wounded from Mudros, and was bound back again. A Red Cross Sub-Commissioner asked me to take a doctor and some hospital necessaries. That sort of thing had often happened to me before. I had given a passage to Malta to Sir Courtauld Thomson, and had often taken army surgeons and Red Cross officials, and assuming that, as had always been the case, permission of the Naval Authority had been applied for and received, I assented. But permission had not been asked for, and I was sent for, and got a pretty strenuous reprimand. That is the only lapse of discipline that I can charge myself with—not bad, I think, for an amateur; but truth compels me to admit that I, by looking the other way, did connive at smuggling across to Dover a lady who urgently required to get home at a time when cross-Channel steamers were temporarily stopped.

Lady Algy Lennox was at that time in charge of a store on the Quay at Boulogne. How wonderful are women! How a delicate woman, who never spent the winter at home, managed to stand the work of many winters in Northern France beats me. Afterwards her activities were greatly extended. Lady Angela Forbes had a canteen also on the Quay. One or other of them often lunched or dined on board when we were lying at Boulogne. Lady Angela did splendid work. Beginning on a very small scale on the Quay, she eventually managed large buffets and canteens at Boulogne and Étaples. The Duchess of Westminster was at Étaples, and the Duchess of Sutherland (Millicent) at Malo near Dunkirk. I liked Dunkirk. At that time the Boche did not pay much attention to it. It was clean and spacious as compared with the dirt, congestion, and narrow waters of

Boulogne, and it was interesting at night to listen to the guns and watch all the beautiful but horrible fireworks of war. Lying there one fine day waiting for our load, we were taken for a joy-ride by Lionel Holland to La Panne and Furnes. La Panne was once the fashionable Belgian seaside place, but all the villas, including the King's and Queen's, were laid down with straw and converted for the use of Belgian troops coming for a few hours' rest from the front. All the arrangements for their comfort, and their cleanliness and disinfection, seemed to me to be admirably made. From there we drove to Furnes—a pretty little old-fashioned town which had been pretty nearly shelled to pieces. The Germans had left it alone for some little time, but they took the opportunity of our visit to commence shelling it again rather severely. As it was not our business to be there at all, we retreated with as much rapidity as our dignity would allow and took refuge in Miss Maxine Elliott's barge on the canal. Miss Maxine Elliott had a large barge and dispensed comforts and necessaries to the Belgians great and small: food, clothing, and everything that was required for homeless men, women, and children. She was doing most excellent work. She gave us tea, and we sat there for a while and then proceeded back to Dunkirk. It was an interesting day.

At all the ports we plied to, but more especially at Boulogne, people one knew were constantly passing backward and forward. Some on their legitimate business, some in search of a " cushy " job that would warrant a medal, and a few out of curiosity or a strange desire to penetrate into G.H.Q., or at least to say they had a talk with some very big Brass Hat and were primed with inside information. Boulogne was, until things became regularised, a sort of hotbed

for forcing rumours, yarns, lies, gossip, scandal, and intrigue. Boulogne was a wonderful place; so much under our occupation that the people really believed that we would never leave it. The port was practically, but by no means entirely, under our control. There were British naval, military, and transport authorities, and French military, naval, and civil authorities. It speaks well for the tact and goodwill of them all that no serious friction occurred. It was all very interesting, and the life was not dull. Moreover, we were a very happy party on board—my V.A.D.'s, my medical officer, Mr., afterwards Lieut.-Colonel, Frank Romer, and myself. So the winter and early spring passed. The ship was taken off for a short time, and I had some alterations made, to give a little more accommodation.

In May 1915 I was ordered to take on board a cargo of hospital necessaries for the Serbians, and to report to the Admiral Superintendent at Malta.

We made a good passage out to Malta, coaling at Gibraltar, and were ordered to hand our stores to the Serbian Consul at Salonika, and report to the Senior Naval Officer at Mudros Bay, Lemnos. Salonika was, like most oriental towns, beautiful from a distance, but at close quarters badly paved, congested, dirty, and very evil-smelling. Most of it has been burned down since—greatly, I should say, to its advantage.

The Bay was barred by a net, and on coming in I was signalled to await convoy. So I awaited and was convoyed through the gap by a gunboat, and was signalled—"The convoy will disperse and proceed to destination"; so I dispersed and proceeded. I lay alongside the *Erin*, Sir Thomas Lipton's, stem on to the quay. I entertain much ill-feeling to Salonika, for there I developed a spurious attack of gout. A

fiend in a Greek material body, a chiropodist by trade, but a butcher by inclination, exercised his calling upon me by proceeding to excise the ball of my big toe. When I saw, and acutely felt, what he was about, I stopped the operation and howled for Mr. Romer, our medical officer. He fired the operator out of the ship, stuck the pieces together, and fixed me up, and that was all right; but later on it brought on a fit of gout, which got pretty bad for lack of colchicum.

We arrived in Mudros Bay the first week in June. The conditions were very bad. Wounded were packed like sardines in a tin in the hospital ship that was in the Bay at that time. They lay head to foot so close together there was not room for nurses to move. The few surgeons were exhausted with operating. Of course the difficulties were very great. Wounded had to be taken off from the Peninsula under fire in boats, flats, rafts—anything indeed which could be got alongside, and transferred to tugs or drifters or anything, and then again to the hospital ship at Lemnos. It was all put right—in time; but at the moment it was rather awful. I hope never again to see such suffering. The island was hot, dusty, swept by violent sand-storms, and the French camp not, I think, in a very sanitary condition. Austrian aeroplanes used to have an occasional look-in, and very bad shooting they made—if dropping bombs is to be called shooting. One of them one day, its target being, I suppose, the camp on shore, came mighty near to putting a summary end to poor little *Grianaig*—"The Little Lady," as she came subsequently to be called—a mile away. It was pretty to see the white puffs of bursting shells above, below, behind, and in front, of the aeroplane as she got away. A flying aeroplane is hard to hit. You cannot follow it as you would a pheasant with a shot-gun.

Mudros Bay contained a most extraordinary flotilla of ships and other things that floated—things that looked like Noah's Arks or houseboats, river steamers, country sailing craft with motors stuck into them. Where they all came from and where they all went to, the Lord only knows. But among them were the good little old trawlers and drifters that came out from home, and some beautiful Arcachon fishing-boats—open boats, but powerful and seaworthy. I would like to have got hold of one of them. Admiral Sir John de Robeck, who was then commanding in the Mediterranean, and Admiral Sir Rosslyn Wemyss came on board, and Colonel Romer got some colchicum for me from the flagship. I wonder who suffered from gout. Sir John de Robeck had, in the eyes of my V.A.D.'s, a most beautiful Flag-Lieutenant, and Sir Rosslyn Wemyss becoming jealous about it, produced *his* Flag-Lieutenant, also beautiful. It was a sort of Judgment of Paris upside down. I don't know what the verdict was.

Mudros Bay and Gallipoli were in an awful state of confusion, and no wonder. It was the usual story —under-estimation of difficulties, want of preparedness. I believe Malta had been warned to have 600 beds ready. The last time I was there 30,000 beds were in use. All honour and all credit to those on the spot who, by almost superhuman labour and determination, overcame difficulties insurmountable to most men. Admiral Sir Rosslyn E. Wemyss (now Lord Wester Wemyss) was in command at Mudros, and Lord Methuen was Governor at Malta.

I liked Malta; in itself a most quaint and interesting place, it was intensely so in the full activities of war. Everybody was most good to us. The Governor and Lady Methuen made us free of the glorious gardens at St. Antonio. Sir Arthur Limpus, then Admiral

Superintendent, Lady Limpus, and their so musically gifted daughter, were kindly hospitable, and so indeed was every one. I cannot thank them enough. Yes, I liked Malta—its quaintness, the Palaces of the Ancient Knights of St. John, its antiquities, the remains of Roman, Grecian, Phœnician occupation, and of prehistoric cave-dwellers; its gardens and wild flowers—delicious little dwarf daffodils and irises growing on bare rock: but I could not live there; it is too crowded, and too small.

In the early autumn we all got ill—medical officer and all, and were ordered to Cannes, and home by sea or land as we thought best. Cannes was insufferably hot in the harbour, but we lay there till the V.A.D.'s, pretty bad with fever, were on the fair way to recovery. They came home in the ship; Colonel Romer and I by land. The ship was given a thorough cleaning and disinfecting; and needed it badly, for she had carried a great many sick, as well as wounded.

After disinfecting the ship, we made some cross-Channel trips, and were sent out again to the Mediterranean late in September, with hospital stores for Malta. The ship worked between Malta, Mudros, Alexandria, Salonika, Leghorn, Syracuse, Palermo. I remember that the first time little *Grianaig*, 440 registered tons, went into Mudros Bay we passed close to the *Mauretania* Hospital Ship, 30,000 tons—the largest and the smallest in the service. The big ship dipped to us—rather nice of her.

On one voyage empty I brought up in Phaleron Bay and spent a few hours in Athens, and had a talk with Sir Francis Elliot. It was interesting, for mobilisation was going on. The city was full of troops, and there was much excitement and enthusiasm for Venizelos. The next day we passed the Greek Fleet going East.

At Salonika Sir Bryan Mahon was in command of the British, General Sarrail of the French. Sir Bryan was camped about five miles from the town—a good camp, and among friends of mine on his staff were Headfort, Granard, and Percy Thellusson. Salonika was not flowing with milk and honey, or greasy with butter, and Headfort went back to camp after luncheon on the ship, happy with 7 lbs. of butter.

The Greeks were also camped close by—a miserable-looking crowd, not a fair sample of the army. There were a few mountaineers among them, very fine-looking men; but most of them were a seedy, dirty, decadent-looking crowd, like the sweepings of the towns.

When circumstances compelled, or permitted, I made my passages to or from Mudros and Malta inside by the Corinth Canal, instead of by the Cervi Channel, Cape Malia, and the Dora Channel. The Corinth Canal was begun in A.D. 108 by Nero, and completed on August 6, 1893, and opened by the King of Greece. The trip inside was a little longer, but far better for my wounded and sick in bad weather. Oh, the glorious scenery of those sheltered waters! But I am not advertising a Mediterranean trip. I could not do so, for, of all the frauds that Nature perpetrates, the Mediterranean in winter is the worst. I suppose the Riviera—the *côte d'azure*—has caused the delusion I suffered under of balmy breëzes, blue seas, and sunny skies. For bitter cold, violent gales, and beastly steep seas, the Gulf of Lyons, the Malta Channel, and the Ægean, and all the Eastern Mediterranean in winter cannot be beaten.

We used to take convalescents from Malta to Leghorn *en route* for Florence and Fiesole, where Lady Sybil Cutting had placed a sort of a paradise at the disposal of the R.A.M.C. There were many Australians

among them, and I liked them greatly. I had a little trouble on one occasion. A party returning to Malta were due on board at Leghorn at 5 P.M.; only two of them turned up. I would have sailed without the rest, only all their kits had come on board. The Italian authorities were very good about it, and sent them off in a picket-boat at 4 A.M. They got it hot at Malta.

Curious things happened among convalescents: at least I recall one incident that seemed to me very strange, though for all I know it may be common enough. We were taking wounded from Mudros to Malta, "sitting-up" cases most of them, and one evening at tea they all sort of gasped with astonishment, and then hurriedly resumed the conversation. On asking afterwards what had happened, "Why," I was told, ". . . has been dumb for weeks. He was dumb when he came to hospital in Mudros, he had not spoken a word since, and suddenly he began to talk; naturally, we were astonished!" The odd thing to me was that the man himself was not the least astonished; he entered into the conversation quite naturally, and could not, I think, have been conscious that he had been speechless for weeks.

We had hospitals in Sicily in those days, and, so long as they were in use, the ship did nearly all the work between Malta and Syracuse or Palermo. They had to be abandoned; I think because the Italian authorities raised objections on the ground that our sick introduced infectious diseases. When the hospitals were closed down nothing remained for us to do in the Mediterranean, and we were ordered home.

Submarines we saw pretty often, and I think we stumbled upon one of their bases for getting oil in Crete. We were bound from Mudros Bay to

Alexandria, and owing to a very heavy gale we took shelter in a little bay in Crete (I forget the name of it). Something mysterious was going on there, for before we dropped anchor somebody lit a big fire ashore—evidently for a signal, and two native crafts cleared out. Submarines at that time respected the Red Cross; in any case submarines were not nearly so bad as mines. I greatly disliked mines. On one voyage coming from Lemnos with wounded to Malta, I was much astonished at not finding any examination boat outside Valetta. When I got near enough to distinguish it I made out a signal, "You are standing into danger." So I went astern a little and remained there some hours. Eventually we were signalled, "Must not come into Valetta, but you may go into Slema;" so into Slema we went. It turned out that submarines had thickly strewn mines all round the fairway into Valetta right up to the very entrance to the harbour. I think in the next day or two some sixty or seventy mines were picked up. A vessel, I forget her name, was blown up; the *Erin*, Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht, was sent out to pick up the people and was also blown up. The whole place was a nest of mines. On another occasion, not very far from the African coast, we passed within a few yards of a mine that had broken loose, I suppose, with its nasty tentacles sticking out almost brushing our sides. No, I do not like mines at all.

The Admiral at Malta was so good as to give me permission to go home leisurely, and as I liked; and we made a heavenly but somewhat expensive trip—expensive because I had conscientious scruples—probably my liver was a little out of order. I had coaled for home at Malta; but, taking the roundabout trip I did, it became necessary to coal again at Naples, and, being too conscientious to draw Govern-

ment coal for what was partly a sort of joy-ride, I bought coal and had to pay £10 a ton for it. It is a mistake to be troubled with scruples in connection with Departments. Virtue in excess becomes a vice. We stayed a couple of days at Syracuse—wonderfully beautiful and most interesting: the ancient history attaching to it brought vividly before one by the huge Greek amphitheatre capable of seating 50,000 people, I was told; and the quarries—but I am not writing or quoting from a guide-book.

A couple of days at Taormina, described by Humboldt, a pretty good judge, as the most lovely spot on earth. Three or four days at Naples, or, to be accurate, at Castellamare. Oh, the glorious motor-trips in that heavenly weather! Cività Vecchia and two days in Rome, where Sir Rennell Rodd was very kind to us; Leghorn, Pisa, and a day in Florence, just to see my favourite picture, Andrea del Sarto's "Madonna and Child"; a visit to Fiesole, then Cannes, and home.

Pisa is intensely fascinating, and appeals more to my imagination than any spot I have yet visited, except Jerusalem. Pisa is such a little spot. It is very ancient. A "place" in prehistoric times, an important "town" in Grecian and Roman history, it developed into a "state" in mediæval days, great, not in size, but in trade and commerce and in sea-power. Trading all over the then known world, its citizens were perpetually at war with the Moslems, and usually with Genoa and other Italian states. Can any one explain why, and how, it is that certain localities become great and famous without any special advantages? Pisa must, of course, have been a port in those days, though it is now six or seven miles from the sea; but a very small and inferior port. In the case of Pisa greatness was ephemeral. But

look at Rome. So far as I know, the men who built Rome differed in no material aspects from the builders of other cities and founders of other states in Italy. The site of Rome possesses no special advantages from a geographical, military, or commercial point of view, and yet this little city, on its seven little hills, by its muddy little river, dominated the whole of the then known world, and, having exhausted itself in conquering, civilising, and ruling in terms of this world, grafted its Imperialism on to a religious stock, and in matters spiritual still governs and dominates human nature to a very large extent. Are there mighty genii of localities, or are localities infected with imperial microbes?

Pisa appealed tremendously to me. The Campo Santa—the most beautiful "God's acre," sanctified by soil brought from the Holy Land—I loved its cool and spacious silences, distilling a sense of perfect peace. And all kept just as it should be by a sensitive, spiritualised people, clean and tidy but not artificial, natural but not ragged. And the Duomo, the church hung with knightly banners.

I could sit for hours in the Campo Santa dreaming of the past, the fights with corsairs, the strange mixture of pure religion, gross superstition, honourable warfare, cold-blooded murder, love of pure beauty, brutal sensuality, the joy of life, the glorious art, and all the glamour of those wonderful little Italian states. I don't know why, but Pisa seemed to me more vividly saturated with memory than Florence or Venice, or even Rome.

Altogether it was a most delightful trip. If the Mediterranean is a gross fraud in winter, it surely passes all possible expectations in summer. And Italy! well, nothing on earth can compare with it even in its gross material aspect. I can believe a

tale told me by, I think, the Vice-Consul at Syracuse, of a man driven to separate from his wife, "a most beautiful woman," because she loved Italy too well, and in matters of food was somewhat violently Italian, of the people. She would indulge freely and frequently in bread, olive oil, garlic, and the rough red country wine—a very good diet; and to my mind garlic is essential to good cooking, but I must admit that garlic in bulk is not to the taste of every one, especially at second-hand. I offer my best thanks to Mr. Lobb, the Vice-Consul at Syracuse, and to Mr. Carmichael, Consul at Leghorn, for all their kindness to us.

By the autumn of 1916 all the Services were thoroughly equipped, and the Admiralty agreed to the ship being employed in taking convalescent officers from Georgina, Lady Dudley's convalescent department, for little cruises about the Solent. The ship retained her status. The Germans were torpedoing hospital ships, and I was confined to the very limited area of Southampton Water and the Solent, from Ryde to Egypt Point. It was dull but useful work. We used to just potter about and fish for dabs and pouts—plenty of pouts about in October and November. That job ceased when the weather got too cold and the ship went through her Lloyd's survey, then long overdue. I was in London now and then when the ship was refitting or getting disinfected, and well remember my first raid. I was asleep and enjoying a most interesting dream. I was fighting a great artillery battle at home at Dunraven and getting the worst of it, because the enemy guns were much heavier than mine, when my servant woke me to the knowledge that bombs and gun-fire were actual facts. He urged me to go down to the basement. I wanted to stay in bed, but he was persuasive. He had

made a nice fire in his room and a nice cup of tea; he had brought down a box of cigarettes and a book. So I went down on that occasion, but on that occasion only. I used to extinguish all lights and go out on my balcony overlooking the Park. It was pretty to watch the flashes of the guns in the Park, the search-lights, and the raiders if we could spot them. What was not pretty, but was, on the contrary, beastly and disgusting, was groping one's way through the darkness of the gloomy streets with the help of a hand-torch and a stick.

In 1917 Lord Methuen, the Governor at Malta, cabled for the ship; but to my great disappointment the Admiralty would not let her go. She was "too small to warrant an escort." That was undoubtedly true, and could not be gainsaid. Failing Lord Methuen's request, *Grianaig* was employed as an annexe to Osborne Hospital, taking batches of convalescent officers about the Solent—very uninteresting, but useful. I flatter myself patients improved very rapidly owing to relaxation of discipline, more variegated diet, and plenty of fresh air.

Though the Germans formally notified their intention of torpedoing hospital ships, they most certainly had no justification for such brutally uncivilised conduct; but I think our authorities made two mistakes. The same ships were used at different times for different purposes—that was one mistake. The rule should have been "Once a hospital ship, always a hospital ship," or nothing. A distinctive uniform should have been adopted for R.A.M.C. or Red Cross officers and orderlies at sea—that omission is the other mistake. Hundreds of men in khaki were employed in the huge hospital ships, and, though the accusation was absolutely

false, the khaki uniform gave a tinge of colour to the German assertion that we carried troops in them.

In July 1918 *Grianaig* was denotified as a hospital ship, commissioned under T. 124 Z, painted grey, armed and attached as a hospital ambulance to the Harwich force under Admiral Sir R. Tyrwhitt. The arrangement was that I retained command, my first officer was promoted to Lieut. R.N.R. I kept on all the ship's company, making good to them any difference between the pay officers and ratings received and the pay they had previously had from me. The customary muddle occurred at the start. I was ordered to proceed to Harwich, reporting at Dover. At Dover I was given instructions as far as Deal, and ordered to report there. At Deal I was told to bring up for the night, and on the following morning was given instructions for Harwich, and proceeded. I arrived off Harwich in a tremendous black thunderstorm—thick with rain, and got mixed up. The Cork lightship and all the buoys had been shifted, and no information had been given to me. So we slowly groped our way in till we met two paddle-wheel sweepers, who told us where we were and gave us a course. When we got into the harbour I did not know where to go, and proceeded leisurely up through miles of ships till presently, to my relief, we were boarded by some one who took us to a berth. Being ordered to report to the senior naval officer, I went on board his ship. I saw the Admiral, Sir R. Tyrwhitt (then Commodore). He looked rather surprised, and said, "Well, and what can I do for you?" I said, "It is rather, sir, what am I to do for you?" He had never heard anything at all about us. *Dido* was my mother-ship, where everything could be got from anchors and chains to a packet of cigarettes. She was commanded by Captain Moir. He was very

kind to me. I think he eventually went as Flag-Captain to Admiral Tyrwhitt at Gibraltar. Equally kind was Staff-Surgeon Newport. After the War he was in charge of the *Renown* during the Prince of Wales's tour, and is, I think, in her now.

Being armed, and having a gun crew, I hoped for some active work—perhaps taking sick and wounded off the patrols; but that was not to be, and my job was somewhat dull, but naturally very interesting. If there was little to do, there was much to hear and see. Alarums and excursions—the scampering of men and boats from shore—the rapidity of concentration—destroyers going out and coming in—submarines; what nerve-shattering times they endured in their most perilous enterprises—the search-lights and signals—in short, all the movement and action of an ever-watchful, ever-active "flotilla." I was shown over a submarine. What a bag of tricks! How any one can manipulate that complicated mechanism beats me. And I made my first flight in a sea-plane. I frankly admit I had no intention, or any desire, to do so. I was being shown over the vast aerodrome at Felixstowe. Oh, most interesting—containing specimens of every conceivable instrument for navigating the air. And when my kindly conductor said, "Now, you would like to go up, wouldn't you?" well, what could I say but "Oh yes, of all things." I did not think that I should like it; but I did, and enjoyed it immensely. Quite contrary to my expectations, the predominant sensation was one of complete safety and immense superiority over all things below, and over people and ships crawling about on the earth and sea. But nowadays every one has been flying, and knows all about it.

My ship was really a stationary hospital, brimful

most of the time, and generally with influenza patients. What the sick and convalescents were supposed to be fed on, I am sure I don't know. I drew only beef and bread. Fortunately, she was well supplied on arrival with some luxuries and medical comforts, and I kept up the supply. Personally, I had little or nothing to do at Harwich. The Admiral was most kind, as was every one. He was good enough to say that the ship had been very useful, which was gratifying.[1] Captain Moir of my mother-ship—*Dido*—gave me what leave I wanted. In fact, provided that he knew where I was, I was free to go when I liked, and I took advantage of it to make a joy-trip to France. In March 1919 the ship was paid off, and in June I was demobilised. She had a bad and slow passage back to Southampton. She met with a hard head wind, and was very dirty after lying so long at Harwich, and from the same cause—long inactivity—most of the hands were sea-sick nearly to immobility. And so ended my experiences of my last war.

I have no desire to enter into criticism of the conduct of the War. I have heard more than enough of that sort of talk from some who certainly had no more, and possibly had less, inside knowledge than myself. I saw nothing of great events, and but little of what are sometimes called side-shows; but one gets general impressions, and my impressions are, first, the ubiquitous fact of the Navy and its auxiliaries

[1] In a letter which he wrote me on Dec. 20, 1918, he said:

"I take this opportunity of thanking you for your good ship. She has been of great value to us here, and I should like to add that the good food, comfort, and absolute quiet on board has saved the country several lives and been an inestimable benefit to those who have been lucky enough to have partaken of them. The Harwich Force are deeply in your debt, and wish me to thank you from the bottom of their hearts."

And in a subsequent letter in February 1919 he wrote:

"Once more in the name of the Harwich Force our heartfelt thanks for your yacht and your personal kindness. The H.F. will never forget you and what so many of them owe you."

as an everywhere, ever-present force. A power not demonstrating its existence in heroics—though, when it had a chance, it did become very evident in dramatic action, but permeating everything as an irresistible force. Secondly, the resilience of the Empire. Never has any nation in the largest sense performed so gigantic a task in creating out of nothing an army so great in numbers, unsurpassed and unsurpassable in courage, indomitable cheerfulness, and patience. I doubt whether it is sufficiently realised that, taken as a whole, our forces, naval and military, but especially military, were largely made up of amateurs. With the exception of the incomparable "Contemptibles," ours was an amateur army, improvised at a very short notice, opposed to the most perfect military machine ever devised. In the Navy ships had become fighting-machines, the Service highly specialised, and operations more and more scientific; and yet the curious fact is true that though in the late War technical science was displayed to an extent hitherto unknown, no war since the days of Queen Elizabeth has made so great a call upon shipping built for, and employed in, the pursuits of peace. Of the Fishing Fleet 1155 trawlers and 1651 drifters were taken over for mine-sweeping and other work; and, besides, the cross-channel steamers and other maritime vessels were employed as hospital ships. Thirdly, the super-excellence of the medical, commissariat, and transport services. Of course lamentable episodes occurred, as, for instance, in connection with Mesopotamia and Gallipoli; but they were not due to any fault on the part of the Services concerned. Take it all round, no armies have ever suffered so little from disease or from waste of war through wounds: and, as regards the commissariat, surely no troops were ever so well-nourished or

suffered so little, right up at the front, from lack of rations. Two great brains were at the back of supply —Sir John Cowan and Sir Alfred Keogh. All honour to them, and all honour also to many thousands of men who never went over the top or stood in the firing-line. And as to transport! Well, as a small example of activity and organisation in Southampton, the locality I naturally knew best, I believe eight million personnel passed through and fifteen thousand ships, besides endless other things, such as guns, horses, etc., etc.; and the casualties were four men, one horse, and one gun.

In all these Services organisation was splendid. When and where things went wrong it was due to under-estimation of difficulties by those responsible for the campaign, and things were put right by the exertions of those responsible on the spot.

The "joy" trip to which I have alluded took place in November 1918. By the kindness of good friends I was permitted to visit the Front, but, when I got there, the Front had belligerently disappeared. I arrived out on the 10th, the day after the Kaiser's abdication, and the day before the Armistice. On Armistice Day I went through the mining district to the battlefield north of Arras, visiting the various sites of battles fought in 1915, and Vimy Ridge, where was fought the historic battle of the spring of 1917. It so happened that I was on the Ridge at the moment of the Armistice, and heard the last guns faintly in the distance. I then drove through Lens, Douai, Arras, Gavrelle, and Rœux, across the Hindenburg Line. News of the Armistice had begun to trickle through, and, naturally, there was great enthusiasm on the roads. We spent the evening at Radinghem, celebrating and making fireworks with Véry lights.

On the following day I drove through the ruins of Bailleul, past Kemmel and Poperinghe to Ypres, and afterwards through the Ypres–Passchendaele battlefield, along the Menin Road to Menin; and from Menin to Lille, where I lunched with Sir Bryan Mahon, the British Military Governor; and then drove home through La Bassée and Bethune—all very interesting. But I never wish to see that devastated country again. Oh, the horror of the protesting mutilated trees, the destruction of beautiful buildings, the débris of tanks and wire entanglements and waggons and all the dirt and brutal consequences of war! The next morning I went to Amiens. Why the Germans did not destroy the cathedral I cannot understand, for they were not generally inclined to respect ecclesiastical architecture, and the cathedral offered a good target; but they spared it and did not greatly damage the town. I lunched there at an excellent restaurant—a very good lunch, and was waited on by a very pretty and well-known young lady, and, after an awful struggle to get into a train bulging over with people, arrived in a Paris still wild with joy. I went to the Ritz, and was promptly seized and kissed by a few ladies I knew and others whose acquaintance I had not previously had the honour to make. It was a trifle embarrassing until I discovered that every one was kissing everybody. A sort of universal kiss of peace, eliminating any sense of personal gratification. The streets were wonderful, thronged with laughing, singing, cheering, dancing crowds; and—a good mark for Parisians—crowds drunk with excitement, and not a trace of horse-play or vulgarity.

Thanks to the efforts of some very good friends, I witnessed the final episodes of the Great War. I was privileged to be present at the signing of Peace in the Galerie des Glaces on June 28, and to see

the French and Allied troops march through the Arc de Triomphe on July 14. As to the second—the triumphal march—it was splendid beyond expression. The only mental comment I could make was that our Navy was not adequately represented, and that our detachments marched so close together that the strains of the bands became confused. As to the first, it was of course intensely remarkable in the fact—the signing of Peace; but beyond that, remarkable only in the contrast between it and the Proclamation of the King of Prussia as German Emperor in the same place forty-seven years before. The Proclamation was a great political, military, religious ceremonial; Germany united hailing its War Lord and worshipping its God of Battles. The signing of Peace was celebrated outside the Palace as a great military and civilian spectacle; but within—in the Hall of Mirrors—it was, as a ceremony, drab, commonplace, beneath contempt. Yet how it stirred the heart. What must Clemenceau's feelings have been! He was not at Versailles in 1871. I think he was at Tours, a member of the Provisional Government; and it is probable that I was the only individual present on both occasions, in 1871 and 1919. But conceive the feelings of a man in the position of Clemenceau, who had lived and fed on hopes for the regeneration of France for forty-seven long years. I did not have an opportunity of meeting "le Tigre" during my short stay in Paris. I wish I had. I met him years and years ago in a house I had taken for an Ascot party. I don't think he was in any office then, and the occasion sticks more in my memory from the fact that Joe Chamberlain played lawn-tennis in a closely buttoned black frock-coat and top hat. I was only a very few days in Paris, and did not gyrate in high political circles; but the personalities which

impressed me most were M. Venizelos and Mr. Hughes.

Finally, in 1920 I and my ex-V.A.D.'s made a sea pilgrimage in the ex-H.M. Yacht *Grianaig*, and, through the kindness of Captain Evans, V.C., of Polar and *Brooke* fame, visited and saw all that there was to be seen at Zeebrugge. How human beings accomplished that work, neither I nor any one else can tell. It looks impossible; it sounds incredible; but it was done, partly, I think, because it never entered into the German head that mere human beings would, if sane, dream of attempting so impossible a task. When history comes to be written, I think that Zeebrugge will be acknowledged one of the most—if not the most—astounding feats in naval annals.

END OF VOL. I

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